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\*Deceased, May 31st, 1926.



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## **AN APPEAL TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.**

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### **Objects of Collection Desired by the Illinois State Historical Library and Society.**

(MEMBERS PLEASE READ THIS CIRCULAR LETTER.)

Books and pamphlets on American history, biography, and genealogy, particularly those relating to the West; works on Indian tribes, and American archaeology and ethnology; reports of societies and institutions of every kind, educational, economic, social, political, co-operative, fraternal, statistical, industrial, charitable; scientific publications of states or societies; books or pamphlets relating to all wars in which Illinois has taken part, especially collections of material relating to the Great Rebellion, and the wars with the Indians; privately printed works; newspapers; maps and charts; engravings, photographs; autographs; coins; antiquities, encyclopedias, dictionaries, and bibliographical works. Especially do we desire.

### **EVERYTHING RELATING TO ILLINOIS.**

1. Every book or pamphlet on any subject relating to Illinois, or any part of it; also every book or pamphlet written by an Illinois citizen, whether published in Illinois or elsewhere; materials for Illinois history; old letters, journals.

2. Manuscripts; narratives of the pioneers of Illinois; original papers on the early history and settlement of the territory; adventures and conflicts during the early settlement, the Indian troubles, or the war of the rebellion or other wars, biographies of the pioneers; prominent citizens and public men of every county, either living or deceased, together with their portraits and autographs; a sketch of the settlement of every township, village, and neighborhood in the State, with the names of the first settlers. We solicit articles on every subject connected with Illinois history.

3. City ordinances, proceedings of mayor and council; reports of committees of council; pamphlets or papers of any kind printed by authority of the city; reports of boards of trade; maps of cities and plats of town sites or of additions thereto.

4. Pamphlets of all kinds; annual reports of societies, sermons or addresses delivered in the State; minutes of church conventions, synods, or other ecclesiastical bodies of Illinois; political addresses;

railroad reports; all such, whether published in pamphlet or newspaper.

5. Catalogues and reports of colleges and other institutions of learning; annual or other reports of school boards, school superintendents, and school committees; educational pamphlets, programs and papers of every kind, no matter how small or apparently unimportant.

6. Copies of the earlier laws, journals and reports of our territorial and State Legislatures; earlier Governors' messages and reports of State Officers; reports of State charitable and other State institutions.

7. Files of Illinois newspapers and magazines, complete volumes of past years, or single numbers even. Publishers are earnestly requested to contribute their publications regularly, all of which will be carefully preserved and bound.

8. Maps of the State, or of counties or townships, of any date; views and engravings of buildings or historic places; drawings or photographs of scenery; paintings; portraits, etc., connected with Illinois history.

9. Curiosities of all kinds; coins, medals, paintings; portraits; engravings; statuary; war relics; autograph letters of distinguished persons, etc.

10. Facts illustrative of our Indian tribes—their history, characteristics, religion, etc., sketches of prominent chiefs, orators and warriors together with contributions of Indian weapons, costumes, ornaments, curiosities, and implements; also stone axes, spears, arrow heads, pottery, or other relics.

It is important that the work of collecting historical material in regard to the part taken by Illinois in the great World War be done immediately before important local material be lost or destroyed.

In brief, everything that, by the most liberal construction, can illustrate the history of Illinois, its early settlement, its progress, or present condition. All will be of interest to succeeding generations. Contributions will be credited to the donors in the published reports of the Library and Society, and will be carefully preserved in the Historical Library as the property of the State, for the use and benefit of the people for all time.

Communications or gifts may be addressed to the Librarian and Secretary.

\*(MRS.) JESSIE PALMER WEBER.

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\*Deceased, May 31st, 1926.





MRS. JESSIE PALMER WEBER



## **JESSIE PALMER WEBER.**

**August 1, 1863–May 31, 1926.**

By DR. OTTO L. SCHMIDT.

Distinguished child of a distinguished father, few daughters of Illinois have deserved better of the commonwealth than Jessie Palmer Weber, for more than twenty-eight years the librarian of the Illinois State Historical Library, since January 1, 1898; one of the founders of the Illinois State Historical Society in 1899 and one of its directors since 1904; and editor-in-chief of the quarterly *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society* since its foundation in April, 1908. Born in Carlinville, on August 1, 1863, all her later life was spent in Springfield. She died at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, on May 31, 1926, and is buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery in Springfield.

Her father, the late Honorable John McAuley Palmer, originally a Democrat, was one of the founders of the Republican party. The close friend of Abraham Lincoln, he became major-general of volunteers during the Civil War, and won commendation for his gallant conduct at the battle of Stone River. He was governor of Illinois from 1869 to 1873, from 1891 to 1897 United States Senator from Illinois, having rejoined the Democrats, and was the presidential candidate of the Gold wing of that party in 1896.

Mrs. Weber's mother, Malinda A. Neely, was the daughter of pioneers in Illinois before her marriage to her father. Mrs. Weber was educated in the public schools in Springfield and by private tutors, and was graduated from the Bettie Stuart Institute in Springfield while its principal was Mrs. M. McKee Homes, a noted teacher. In 1881 she was married to Norval W. Weber, since deceased, the youngest son of George R. Weber, for many years editor of the *Illinois State*

Register. One daughter was born to them, Malinda, now the wife of Dr. J. W. Irion, a prominent practitioner of medicine in Fort Worth, Texas.

Entering public life as secretary to her father during his term as senator before she was thirty years old, Mrs. Weber gained her experience as a woman of affairs in Washington, that best of practical schools; she served also as clerk for the senate committee on pensions, of which General Palmer was the chairman. He was universally beloved for his uprightness, genial and equable nature, and his tact in dealing with men and affairs, and these qualities Mrs. Weber, too, possessed in an unusual degree.

By nature and inclination profoundly interested in the history of her native State, upon her return to Springfield after the expiration of her father's term of office as senator, Mrs. Weber, in addition to the positions already mentioned, became the editor of the Annual Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society, was made one of the trustees of the Fort Massac State Park when the site of that historical fortress was purchased by Illinois in 1903 through the efforts of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and served as such until the park was taken over by the Department of Public Works and Buildings of the State.

When on April 8, 1913, the Forty-eighth General Assembly of Illinois created the Illinois Centennial Commission to prepare for and take charge of the celebration in 1918 of the admission of Illinois to the Federal Union, Mrs. Weber was appointed one of the commissioners by Governor Edward F. Dunne and was duly elected secretary of that body, serving in this capacity also in the permanent commission created by the Fiftieth General Assembly in January, 1916, until it was discharged by the Fifty-first General Assembly after she had compiled its final report.

Mrs. Weber was also secretary of the State commission which erected the monument at Edwardsville in 1912 to the memory of Governor Ninian Edwards and the pioneers of Madison County. She had charge of the exhibits of Illinois



historical material and of the Lincoliana at the several expositions held at St. Louis in 1904, at Portland, Oregon, in 1905, at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1907, and at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915, attracting much attention and favorable comment at each.

Mrs. Weber was a member of the American Historical Association, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the United Daughters of 1812, the Dames of the Loyal Legion, the Daughters of Veterans, the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, the American Library Association, the National Association of State Librarians, and the Illinois State Library Association, holding office in several of these organizations.

In addition to her editorship, Mrs. Weber wrote numerous authoritative articles on historical subjects. The growth of the Illinois State Historical Society into the largest body of its kind in the United States in point of numbers was largely due to her unfailing energy and devotion in her conduct of its affairs. It and the voluminous publications which have been issued by it will remain as her chief monument and claim to fame.

## THE DANIEL BOONE MYTH.

By CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD,

American University Union, 173 Blv. St. Germain,  
Paris, France.

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The name of Daniel Boone brings to consciousness a romantic and mysterious picture replete with historical and literary associations. We see the gloomy and dangerous Kentucky wilderness, "the dark and bloody country" over whose hills and valleys, hitherto unexplored, an intrepid trapper in buckskin clothes, coonskin cap, with gun and tomahawk, wanders, at times alone. This alluring picture of Daniel Boone recalls to mind momentous events in our country's history. This hero is the protagonist of all pioneers. Behind him are grouped shadowy forms of thousands, nay millions, of immigrants into the west. The lone wanderer is a superman guiding his generation and future generations across the mountains into the fertile woods and prairies of the Mississippi valley. Surely he has named himself aright; he was an instrument "ordained by God to settle the wilderness."

The fame of Boone was so universally accepted that few, if any, raised a question, when his name was inscribed among the greatest of the land in the Hall of Fame. Democratic America readily gave its approval to the apotheosis of this man of the people who had made history; and the intellectuals, including the historians, remained silent. Many circumstances united to promote the unity of opinion, ignorance of western history, knowledge of Boone's own acts, little or no information about his contemporaries, and misinterpretation of the forces driving immigrants westward. Popular fancy

was granted opportunity for unrestrained imagination in creating a myth, which age so hallowed that even well trained historians have hesitated to submit it to the violet rays of scientific analysis.

The elements of the myth are quite simple. Boone was a great Nimrod, honored by all lovers of outdoors; he explored an unknown but fertile section of the country; he led thither the earliest immigrants; and in this way he started into the Mississippi Valley the flow of settlers which never ceased until the west was populated. Perhaps more potent in winning over the learned has been the gradual and unconscious intertwining of Boone's career with an intriguing doctrine of the frontier. In the Kentucky hero has been found the typical figure of the roving "pioneer farmers," who formed the vanguard in every assault upon the wilderness.

\* \* \* \* \*

To puncture the myth, to deprive the lovable Daniel of the glory he has enjoyed so long, may appear to be an ungracious and irreverent act of defamation. But the cause of historical accuracy compels me to bear witness that with the exception of the buckskin clothes, the coonskin cap, the accoutrements, and some of the personal qualities, there is not much in the story of Boone, as told either by the ignorant or taught by the learned, that can be accepted by the critical. Boone's exploits were not exceptionally venturesome, certainly not unique, and do not justify ascribing to him honor beyond that rightly belonging to hundreds of his fellows.

The Kentucky wilderness was not the discovery of Boone; nor was it an unknown and untrodden land of milk and honey whose allurements were suddenly advertised among men by the heroic achievement of some colossal among the explorers. I do not have in mind only those two or three well-known early visitors to its depths, whose exploits have proved something of a barrier to the eulogistic biographers of Boone, for I, as well as they, could lightly jump over these precursors to save the halo around the brow of Saint Daniel of the West. The truth differs very materially from the teachings of biog-

raphers and historians. During the hundred years preceding Boone's famous exploration in 1769, the land called Kentucky had been visited by many hundreds of white men, explorers, hunters, speculators, geographers, soldiers, and was consequently extremely well known.

To enumerate all the visitors of primitive Kentucky would be wearisome. A few of the more notable, however, must be mentioned and the general character of the others indicated. The first British subject, of whom we have any record, to see western Kentucky was a Dutch trader of Albany—Arnout Viele—who led a trading expedition manned by Indians to the Cumberland River in the year 1692. No consequences followed this audacious attempt to capture the Ohio trade for the Albany merchants, because the Iroquois resented direct intercourse with the western Indians as an encroachment upon their prerogative. Not until 1743 did another Albany expedition seek wealth in the same Ultima Thule.

The men of the southern colonies were nearer the charmed territory of furs, or rather skins, for only the coarser pelts were hunted in Kentucky. The trade of the English colonies with the southwestern Indians was opened in the same year Joliet discovered the Mississippi River, 1673, by James Needham, an agent of the grand company of speculators who were founding the Carolina colony. Starting from Virginia he crossed the mountain barrier and established relations with the Cherokee living on one of the rivers which water the present State of Tennessee. He was murdered by one of his Indian companions, thus becoming the first martyr to the southwestern trade. In the case of Viele and Needham we have explorers of much earlier date than Boone and in daring his equal, if not his superior, yet it would be difficult for the reader to find the name of either in any recognized history of America, whether text-book or more pretentious work.

Whether Needham's remarkable achievement was immediately utilized by others is unknown, but interest in the region beyond the mountains was soon greatly stimulated by



the appearance within the British colonies of two French-Canadians from the Mississippi River, Martin Chartier and Jean Couture. The latter, who was probably the first white man to gaze upon the blue grass land of Kentucky, journeyed by the Tennessee River to South Carolina sometime between 1690 and 1693. By his accounts of rich mines and abundant furs he aroused the cupidity of the colonists, and he startled them by his tales of French operations, which the South Carolinians made preparations to oppose. In the year 1698 Captain Walsh led an expeditionary force westward. He crossed the Mississippi opposite the mouth of the Arkansas River and established a trading post on the western bank. This enterprise was supported, the next year, by a larger force under the guidance of Couture, who followed the course of the Tennessee to the Ohio and Mississippi. Many merchants from now on sought wealth in the Indian trade, until pack trains were annually skirting the southern end of the Appalachians and making their way to all parts of the Old Southwest. In an early manuscript map preserved in the Colonial Office of London are laid down the courses of the most important of these expeditions. Therein Captain Nairns and Squire Hughes are credited with far-flung wanderings in 1708 and 1715, respectively. The value to the British Empire of the deeds of these unrecognized adventurers cannot be exaggerated, for through them political and trade relations with all the Indians of the Southwest were established, before the French had made themselves secure in Louisiana.

The goings and comings of the Southwestern traders have been hidden from historians, for like all men of their nation, character, and business they did not publish memoirs. Their rivals, the French, have been much more informing. Occasionally the curtain of ignorance is raised by some dark forest tragedy, and we catch a view of the wide ramblings of the British in their pursuit of gain. When the French were waging war, in the fourth decade of the eighteenth century, upon the Chickasaw and Natchez, who lived in northern Mississippi and western Tennessee, they learned that their

enemies were receiving advice from British traders. The great success won by the Indians in 1736 was due to a manoeuvre planned by thirty traders from South Carolina. There is no absolute proof of Englishmen regularly trading as early as this in the territory of modern Kentucky, although they were frequently along its southern boundary. It is inconceivable, however, that knowing Tennessee so well they remained in ignorance of the important game region to the north. Certainly the French did not think that such was the case, for the commandants at Illinois were continually complaining of English encroachments; and many times the Governor of Louisiana recommended to the home government the erection of a fort at the mouth of either the Tennessee or Cumberland to put an end to their operations.

\* \* \* \* \*

For various reasons the French were late in exploring the upper reaches of the Ohio River, but their visits to the famous hunting grounds to the south were naturally frequent. From New Orleans they came by the Mississippi. Kaskaskia was only four or five days land journey distant, but the river route was generally preferred. The hunters did not always stop their journeyings in the fertile blue grass valleys but followed the example of Jean Couture and offered their packs of skins in the market at Charleston. Convincing evidence of their expeditions is furnished by the complaints of the British traders who ventured west after the Treaty of Peace in 1763. An eye witness reports that he saw in the Kentucky waters during August and September, 1767, twenty large pirogues from New Orleans. This means one or two hundred men were still engaged in hunting there after the height of the season of that year had passed. George Morgan, a Philadelphia trader at Kaskaskia, wrote in the same year: "The great number of French Hunters that are procuring Meat on the Ohio for New Orleans as well as for the Settlement on the West side of the Mississippi, have so thinned the Buffalo and other Game there that you will not see the 1/20 Part of the Quantity as formerly." Morgan's testimony is confirmed by

an officer stationed at Fort de Chartres. In a gossip letter to a friend concerning measures employed to prevent encroachments in the Kentucky region by the French traders and hunters from Spanish Louisiana, he writes: "It is likewise to prevent them from killing buffalo, which the people from New Orleans have done in such quantities lately that were they allowed to continue it, they would soon destroy all those animals."

While Fort de Chartres was occupied by British troops, their rations of salted buffalo meat were procured by Illinois hunters in the valleys of Kentucky's rivers. At first a Frenchman, named Daniel Blouin, had the contract, his profits being shared with the commanding officer. When George Morgan, representing the Philadelphia firm of Baynton, Wharton & Morgan, arrived at Kaskaskia, he entered into negotiations in the hope of superseding Blouin; in fact, his firm offered a bribe to the private secretary of a high official at Westminster. Anticipating huge profits Morgan made arrangements in 1767 for hunters, recruited in Pennsylvania by a Mr. Hollingshead, to make a winter hunt in western Kentucky. This was carried out with success. How many men Hollingshead had with him is not known; but for the next year's expedition Morgan prepared two boats manned with twelve or fourteen men for hunting and the making of tallow, and he planned to send later two larger boats to bring back the product. We have further information about this undertaking; shortly after Mr. Hollingshead's departure, June, 1768, in the second hunting boat with the intention of meeting the first "300 miles up the Cumberland," the latter was attacked by Indians and all but one of the crew, the youthful Simon Girty, were killed.

Morgan's parties were not the first Pennsylvanians to visit Kentucky in pursuit of game. From 1749 to 1754 the well-known Indian trader, George Croghan, with some fifty employees and a hundred pack horses was wandering up and down the Ohio Valley. At least one of his parties, of which John Finley, later to be Boone's guide and companion, explored, in 1752, the land of western Kentucky. It was from



Croghan that Lewis Evans gained his knowledge of the region south of the Ohio, which he depicted in his map published in 1755. After the close of the French and Indian war, hunting and exploring parties from the East were of frequent occurrence. In 1766 Uriah Stone was in Kentucky. In the next year a party from the Yadkin journeyed as far west as the Mississippi River, and John Finley made his second visit into the land. In July, 1768, a party of Virginians exploring the far western valley of the Green River were attacked by the same band of Indians who frustrated George Morgan's speculation in buffalo meat. In the year of Boone's exploration, 1769, two other groups were wandering over this supposedly unknown territory; one of these consisted of twenty members under the guidance of Uriah Stone.

\* \* \* \* \*

The men who had hunted in western Kentucky before the year 1769 must have numbered several hundreds, those who had familiarized themselves somewhat with the topography by coasting along its northern border must be counted in the thousands. Most of these placed their feet on little more of the land that might lie around a camping ground, but others wandered farther afield and gained an idea of the fertility of the soil. Passing over the doubtful journey of La Salle, the first large expedition of which there is a record occurred in 1739 when the Governor of Canada sent a company of soldiers via the Ohio to participate in the war against the Chickasaws. No similar convoy of troops was seen on the lower Ohio until the time of the French and Indian War. In 1757 Charles Philippe Aubry built the long contemplated fort (Fort Mastic) to protect the Ohio River from the English and then led a force of forty men up the Tennessee River for "about 120 leagues." The occupation by France of the forks of the Ohio and the building of Fort Duquesne where Pittsburg now stands formed part of the new strategy designed to confine the British colonies to the country east of the Alleghanies. Rations, munitions and troops for Fort Duquesne were conveyed regularly from the Illinois country. In 1756 some



British prisoners, among them three women, were brought down the river.

The contingent of 100 British troops under Captain Stirling that took possession of the Illinois country in 1765 came from Fort Pitt, and to this fort the regiment in this far western territory was attached throughout the period of the British occupation. The intercourse passing along the Ohio River was constant, as supplies and troops were moved. To the official boats must be added the very large number owned by the Philadelphia firm of Baynton, Wharton & Morgan, whose enterprise in the Illinois country was one of the largest in the annals of colonial business. They built their own boats at Pittsburg and sent them with supplies twice yearly to their partner at Kaskaskia. At one time they boasted of employing over three hundred boatmen on the Ohio. In 1768, a rival firm which had received the contract for rationing the troops sent to Kaskaskia their agent, William Murray, a notable land speculator, to represent their interests.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is evident from the above narrative that by the time Daniel Boone started in 1769 on the expedition which has made his name a household word, the region of Kentucky had been extensively advertised in the East; and, although traveling in the West was dangerous, Boone did not undergo risks greater than those which hundreds had taken before him. It is asserted, however, that his was the expedition that brought the knowledge of the rich blue grass region to the common people and was the occasion of the westward rush of settlers that followed so shortly after his return. Unfortunately this distinction cannot be granted to him. First of all the earlier visitors had not remained silent concerning the attractions of Kentucky. Even the topographical information that the French possessed became common knowledge at Pittsburg and Philadelphia, for frequent visits were made by the Kaskaskians to the British colonists in the interest of trade and politics.

The rush of the settlers was no mystery. There is no

need of materializing a fictitious superman to explain a perfectly natural phenomenon which has been in evidence at every stage of the advance of Americans towards the Golden Gate. Clio has often heard our historians sing of the deeds of the stalwart pioneers with guns and axes following the buffalo traces into the West; she has been obliged to listen to the hymns of the squatter with family and household goods in his conestoga wagon trekking across the prairies; but less frequently has there reached her ears the epic of big business whose devotees have been present at the opening up of every new territory and whose pervading and powerful influence has been experienced as wilderness gave way to frontier and frontier to civilized settlement. Evidently the activities of land speculators have made little appeal to American historians. Interesting and romantic as are the individuals composing the immigrant army that invaded the primitive West, their generals have been the land jobbers who have caught a vision of sudden wealth in the exploitation of free land. Kentucky was the first of the transmontane regions into which big business led the way.

It was natural that the impulse should first come from Virginia, a colony claiming by charter right all land to the west and northwest as far as British rights extended. The speculative mania began in 1737 when John Howard petitioned for permission to go on an exploration of the Mississippi waters. He started in 1742, voyaged down the Ohio and was taken prisoner by the French on the Mississippi. Our knowledge of him is derived from an account written by one of his companions, John Peter Salley, whose relation was eagerly read and copied by other land hungered persons. In 1749 the government of Virginia granted to Bernard Moore land at the mouth of the Ohio; and although nothing seems to have been done with it, the fact that Moore's name appears as a member of a later important company founded to colonize the same region is enlightening. From the time of Howard till the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, the mania for speculation in western lands, particularly in the territory of

the modern states of West Virginia and Kentucky, developed with ever accelerating force; each year greater and greater became the westward push; each year more get-rich-quick schemes were started; each year more men became engaged in the business until at the end there was hardly a prominent man in Virginia who was not taking a flyer in western lands. All the Lees, all the Washingtons, all the Lewises, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, George Mason, the Randolphins; it is almost impossible to name one of the Revolutionary fathers of the colony who was not drawn into the stream of land speculation. Besides these leaders there were thousands of the lesser folk always pushing westward in the hope of economic betterment. Land speculation was the incentive of many journeyings into the West, and it also explains the appearance of several important new maps based on the most recent information. In 1748 and 1750 one of the most influential of Virginia land jobbers, Dr. Thomas Walker, made exploring trips into western Kentucky, and his account of the region became the *vade mecum* for the men associated with him. At about the same time Christopher Gist, representing another group, was at the falls of the Ohio. The map maker, Thomas Hutchins, voyaged down the Ohio in 1766 and again in 1768; and judging from his map, published later, he gained a concrete knowledge of the territory south of the Ohio. Equally important was the trading trip in 1768 of the indefatigable speculator, Dr. John Connolly, to the Illinois country. Two years before Boone led his wandering pioneers across the mountains, this same Connolly and others had driven in their stakes on the site of the future Louisville.

The barrier which prevented settlers from rushing into Kentucky after the close of the French and Indian war was not ignorance of its riches but an imperial prohibition. The hopes and desires of speculators and frontiersmen were temporarily frustrated by the British ministers. Fearing the danger of a hasty decision concerning the grave issue of opening the West, wherein lay many conflicting interests, they procrastinated year after year. Then, too, the rights of the



Indians to their hunting grounds was a serious hindrance. These the speculators removed by bribery. First, the Iroquois in 1768 conceded their claim to the Kentucky territory. There remained only the claims of the Cherokee, somewhat shadowy, which in a series of treaties the Virginians partially bought, thus opening to speculators the land stretching to the western boundary of the present State of West Virginia. Kentucky lay just beyond, across the Big Sandy River, which the imperial prohibition forbade crossing. Could it be evaded? Evasion of irritating laws has always proved easy to Americans. Between 1769 and 1773 various expedients were evolved by which the solemn pronouncements of His British Majesty could be circumvented. All was now ready for the grand rush; the speculators were balancing on their tip toes.

\* \* \* \* \*

To understand the situation in the early seventies, attention must be paid to four distinct groups of land hungry individuals. Citizens of Pennsylvania and North Carolina denied that the Virginians possessed any prescriptive right to transmontane speculation and entered into competition with them. Prominent Pennsylvanians had taken a speculative interest in the West as early as had their southern neighbors; and some of them, among whom were Samuel Wharton, Benjamin Franklin and Joseph Galloway, were successful in gaining the favor of the British Ministry, by methods well known today, for the establishment of a new colony, named Vandalia, to occupy the territory of the present States of West Virginia and Kentucky as far west as the Kentucky River. The project, which would have cut Virginia off at the mountains, was on the point of being authorized when the colonies revolted. Citizens of North Carolina also were hoping to find wealth across the mountains. Under the able leadership of Richard Henderson, the Transylvania Company was founded and succeeded in buying from the Indians the territory to the west of the colony proposed by the Pennsylvanians. It was with this enterprise that Daniel Boone was connected. He was in

the employ of Henderson, when he made his first exploration of western Kentucky. Under the orders of Henderson he marked out the Wilderness Trail, already trod by numerous feet, and led the settlers over it. Boone was one of the many pawns in the magnificent game of chess being played on Kentucky territory.

A third group includes the speculators of Virginia, separated into several powerful companies but all working in the interest of their own colony. Their greatest energies were exerted to settle the region east of the Great Kanawha River; but their eyes never lost sight of the farther western land. In 1763 the Mississippi Company was formed to establish a colony at the mouth of the Ohio. Its registry of members reads like the roster of the leaders of the patriotic party of the Old Dominion. For several years without success it pressed its petition in Westminster where another company, promoted by General Phineas Lyman of Connecticut, was asking for the same territory. Other plans for occupying western Kentucky arose later. At the critical period we have reached, a company, in which Patrick Henry was interested, was proposing to buy from the Indians exactly the same territory which the North Carolinians secured. Individual Virginians of means were likewise staking out their claims in the far west. All these speculators found a patron and protector against the British ministry in their new governor, Lord Dunmore, who became the head of what may be called an inclusive holding company, the exact purpose of which is obscure; but it was Dunmore and his associates who precipitated, in pursuit of their ends, the Indian War of 1774, called by the governor's name. The trouble between the colonies and the mother country occurring just at the crucial moment brought to naught what was probably the most cleverly conceived, carefully planned, politically strongest, and most extensive speculative enterprise in the annals of the colonies.

The fourth group was of a very different character from the foregoing and without form and void. It was composed of individuals without capital who desired to take up farms

in the fertile river valleys. These frontiersmen, unconscious of the game of politics being played, had been stirred by the glowing accounts of the fertility of Kentucky which had been so freely advertised by their betters and, not waiting for the larger land jobbers, were constantly pushing their way westward mile by mile. They are the backwoodsmen with whom Daniel Boone has been so completely identified by tradition. In 1773 these common people began their infiltration into Kentucky; but they were brought to a halt in their march westward, for a short time, by the outbreak of the speculators' war in 1774. At the announcement of peace they pushed on again. Months before Henderson and his lieutenant, Boone, led their colony—in the year 1775—along the Wilderness Trail, the frontiersmen had founded Harrodsburg and two other settlements in the land of Kentucky. It was to these private adventurers that George Rogers Clark appealed, when he raised the standard of the Old Dominion against the enterprising Richard Henderson; and it was through their loyalty that the sovereign State of Virginia was finally able to sustain her claims and proclaim her authority in the West not only against the North Carolinians but also against the more influential speculators of Pennsylvania.

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The narrative has placed Boone in his proper niche. He was the employe of a land jobber and the companion of the innumerable surveyors and other agents of speculators who swarmed over Kentucky. Can he then be associated with the class technically known to historians as pioneer farmers, the restless nomads of the West ever being driven onwards by the pressure of the advancing population? The question raises the difficult problem of his motives. In the continuation of his so-called autobiography written by a relative, Boone is quoted as saying: "I had much rather possess a good fowling piece, with two faithful dogs, and traverse the wilderness with one or two friendly Indian companions, in quest of a hoard of buffaloes or deer, than to possess the best

township or to fill the first Executive office of the State." The often cited statement is a proof of what requires no proof; Boone loved the forest and its game and like all true sportsmen possessed a roving disposition. But this is an atavistic attribute which crops out in all classes of men from ex-presidents and noble earls to diggers of ditches. It cannot be identified with the motive assumed to be the driving force of the pioneer farmers. Nor can Boone's assertion that he would not live within "a hundred miles of a d——d Yankee" be used as evidence of a love of solitude around his home, for it is merely the forceful expression of a southerner's prejudice. Much more enlightening was his purchase, just before he started with his family for the new Kentucky home, of a town lot in Pensacola with the intention of moving there; but the proposal was vetoed by Mrs. Boone. His close association with the Transylvania scheme points in the same direction. Evidently in his young manhood his breast was stirred with hopes of wealth by the current mania of land speculation. He desired many neighbors as purchasers of his claims. Much later in life the motive of the speculator still lies concealed in his *wanderlust*. After his Kentucky holdings were lost in law suits, he moved to Missouri, attracted by the very generous concessions offered Americans by the Spanish government. The case may not be proved, but Boone's earlier acts certainly raise grave suspicions concerning the accuracy of the recollections of his old age that have been so credulously accepted by the public and historians alike.

The forces which brought about the settlement of Kentucky were of too complex a nature to be simplified into the naive symbolism of the Daniel Boone myth. The unlearned who love concrete symbolism will continue, no doubt, to cherish the name of the simple soul who exemplifies so fully their idea of historical causation and typifies so fittingly their conception of the common man in history. That they will continue to repeat the story of Daniel Boone need not disturb the historian who is more than familiar with the public's ignorance of the past; yet it may be regretted that in choosing



a western hero, caprice had not hit upon a figure nearer the centre of the moving forces. Frontiersmen like Boone were romantic, but so were those who had the vision of empire builders. Why did the people select a fictitious Aaron for honor, when in Morgan, Henderson, Walker and others they might have paid homage to a would-be Moses?



**A RARE JUDICIAL SERVICE.  
CHARLES S. ZANE.**

By JOHN M. ZANE.

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A PAPER READ BEFORE A JOINT MEETING OF THE ILLINOIS STATE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AT SPRINGFIELD,  
ILLINOIS, MAY 7, 1926.

Judge Zane passed many of his active years in Illinois, but had it not happened that he was appointed in 1884 Chief Justice of the Territory of Utah, there would probably have been nothing in his life to characterize his judicial service as rare, and naturally, therefore, any notice of his life must be mainly concerned with his service as a Federal Judge. As a judge in Illinois his performance of his duties would present no features more interesting than would that of many another good judicial officer. But in Utah the field was altogether different, and offered opportunities to a man of his characteristics. In describing his work in Utah, I hope that I may visualize for others the attractive personality whom not only his family but all his friends loved and revered, and that I can explain the strange surroundings where his unique judicial service was performed.

The relation of these strange surroundings must begin as far back as 1820, when two angels of the Lord, presumably winging down from Heaven, alighted in a small community in Western New York, seeking a boy of fifteen named Joseph Smith, with an important message. One angel would have been enough, but two angels give undoubted verisimilitude to the mission. Joseph was told by the heavenly envoys that he must reserve himself for special work, and that he must not join any religious sect whatever. The boy was obedient,

although displaying at times tendencies toward the Hard Shell Baptists, and the preliminary warning was fulfilled seven years later by another angel named Moroni, who led Joseph to the hill of Cumorah, near Palmyra, New York, and there disclosed to him golden plates, whereon was written in "reformed Egyptian" the history of the lost tribes of Israel. They had sailed over the ocean by means of a compass, a startling anachronism, and had reached not Scotland, as the wits contend, but South America. On this continent, the better part of them had been wiped out by the worse part, leaving their history of misfortune written on the golden plates. The angel had thoughtfully provided with the plates, in order that Joseph could decipher the "reformed Egyptian," a pair of stone spectacles, called after the most mysterious thing in the Old Testament, the Urim and Thummim.

By virtue of these plates and magic spectacles, which never turned up later, Joseph claimed to be the Prophet of the Lord "in these latter days," and he at once announced the new dispensation, and the new means of salvation through faith in Joseph, to supersede the original redemption by the Saviour, which was apparently assumed to be a complete failure.

Joseph found followers in those days of Stygian darkness, when it was an easy matter to found a religion, for he had other unusual powers. He could summon spirits from the vasty deep and they came when he called. He summoned the angel Gabriel to confer upon him the Aaronic priesthood, and the apostles Peter, James and John were called from Heaven to induct him into the preposterous priesthood of Melchisedek. His apostolic succession was thrice fortified, and had presumably three times more authenticity than that of even the successors of St. Peter, who wear the triple crown and seal with the signet of the Fisherman.

The story is well known, how Joseph first led his flock to Kirtland, Ohio, thence to Missouri, and how they were driven to Illinois. Friction arose with the Mormons in this State but the sect might have remained a wholly harmless exhibi-

tion of the maxim, *Credo quia absurdum* (I believe it because it is absurd), had Joseph not cast eyes of longing upon the maid servants. He had neither rounded Seraglio Point nor passed Cape Turk. Being unusually fertile in obtaining revelations from the Almighty, he produced that Pandors's box of evil, the revelation which authorized a superfluity of wives. The grammar of it was patently that of Joseph, not of Omniscience, and it was wisely addressed to Emma, Joseph's wife, the person most concerned. This was, in itself, a proof of its verity. It indicated to Emma that for Joseph, more than one wife was desirable. It is sad to think that Emma failed to rise to her opportunities. A robust resistance on her part, supported by adequate muscular activity toward the erring Joseph, would have spared the Mormons much suffering and Joseph might have lived on a wiser and a better man. But she failed and when this revelation was known, a row among the Mormons ensued, in which outsiders took a part. It ended in the death of Joseph and his brother Hyrum at the hands of a mob, and the emigration of the Mormons to some region out of the United States, where the wicked would cease from troubling. They settled in the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, and were then in Mexico. The successor prophet, Brigham Young, by divine guidance revealed this spot to be the unmolested abode of his people. Here was the fresh water Utah Lake, a veritable Sea of Galilee, and out of it the river named by them the Jordan, flowed down to the Dead Sea, the Great Salt Lake. It was a repetition to the Mormons of the physical features of the land where the Saviour lived and wrought. Here, the Lord's mouthpiece told them, another Zion would arise with the white walls of the Lord's temple, and streets bathed by the living waters of the streams. But in 1848, when all the Mormons had gotten there across the desert, the supposed divine guidance turned out to be a mockery, for the Mormons, by our treaty with Mexico, in 1848, were back again in the United States.

From 1848 to 1884, when Judge Zane went there, the Mormon community greatly expanded. They were through their

missionaries indefatigable and successful proselytizers, among a certain class of people both in this country and in Protestant European countries. Their success was considered sound proof of divine favor. The leading Mormons, imitating the Prophet, had repeatedly appropriated for themselves the benefit of Joseph's revelation, and the infant industry was prodigious, yet so far as statistics show, even Brigham Young, whose progeny was numerous, did not rival the record of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, who was credited with three hundred and fifty-three children; but he certainly never boasted divine promptings.

The Mormon expansion covered the valleys of that arid region, wherever water for irrigation could be obtained. The land had a beauty of its own, with its valleys nestling among lofty mountains, the clear atmosphere and the brilliant sun and unclouded blue sky of the desert. At evening the last rays of the sun, and soon the brilliant coloring in the sky and the purple glow on the mountains make a scene of indescribable beauty. The people were simple in their tastes, inured to privation, frugal and industrious, fanatically believing in their new religion, fully persuaded that everything they heard from the pulpit was directly inspired from on High. They were assiduously indoctrinated with the beauties of polygamy and the blissful ministrations of plural wives were the reward of devoted church service. The government of the Mormon communities was theocratic, centralized, in fact, in the head of the church. All avenues of promotion lay through the church and religious eminence went hand in hand with earthly acquisitions. It was the doctrine that no woman could attain celestial glory unless she were sealed to some man, and it is a melancholy fact that the women were fanatical believers in fractional parts of a husband.

Every Mormon was persuaded that his sect was hated and persecuted because it alone had the true faith. The church had its noble army of Martyrs, headed by the sainted Joseph. They desired to be let alone to govern themselves in their remote mountain region and were not above claiming



that they were protected in their practices by the constitution of our fathers. Their religion was proscriptive, and the denial of any part of the Mormon creed was equivalent to eternal damnation. Apostasy from the church was an unforgivable crime. Gradually behind the peculiar practice of polygamy was massed the whole power of that community. The great number of polygamous wives and their children, who could find no excuse for their own existence, except in the heaven-sent doctrine of a plurality of wives, furnished enthusiastic support to the doctrine.

Isolated as they were, it was easy to work out a rigid rule of the priests. They kept the forms of democratic government, but a few imperious old men held all the keys and ruled with an iron hand. As time rolled on and the Mormons waxed strong, and the priestly rule over the people grew more despotic, they became a formidable difficulty to the general government, which had plenary power over the Territories. A polygamous community in a monogamous country was a scandal to government. But Federal officers were driven out of the Territory, the expedition of Johnston's army proved abortive. At last the discovery of the precious metals in the mountains brought a non-Mormon population, called Gentiles by the Mormons. Even the Jews found history reversed and themselves supplanted as the chosen people and classed in Utah as Gentiles. These Gentiles, comparatively few in number, lived in a bitterly hostile community, and were looked upon as offensive interlopers in Zion. That portion of the earth and the fullness thereof belonged to the Mormons by divine designation.

Gradually the story of the dark, bloody and cruel deed of the Mountain Meadows Massacre came out of Utah and aroused the country, nor could the moral sentiment of the land endure this polygamous disgrace. At last in 1882 the Edmunds Law was passed by Congress, but nothing was done until 1884, when the Chief Justice lately appointed by President Arthur reached Salt Lake City in August of that year. In the next month he opened court, for the three United States

judges held separately the *nisi prius courts* and sat together as the Supreme Court.

Judge Zane was then fifty-two years of age. He had been born in New Jersey of a line of Quakers resident since 1676 in the United States. He had come, a very young man, to Illinois. He had had a few years of what approximated a liberal training at McKendree College; he had taught school and had then read law and been admitted to the bar. After practicing for fourteen years, he in 1872 was elected Circuit Judge on the Sangamon Circuit, and was re-elected in 1878. He had thus had twelve years of judicial training. It was before a bar that was second to none, in Illinois. Such names as Logan, Palmer, Cullom, Stuart, Edwards, Hay, Green and McClermand, not to mention others, both at Springfield, and in the rest of the Circuit, are an indication of what the bar was. These able and brilliant lawyers had daily practiced before him and in addition to a sound knowledge of the law, he had gained from judicial experience the poise that comes to those judges who are able to improve by the work of a great bar.

There are lawyers still living who remember him as a judge in Illinois and who knew his eminent capacity. The fundamental qualities of strict integrity, patience and courtesy he had, of course. But he had that rare judicial cast of mind, which can suspend judgment, which can listen without making prepossessions, which can hear all the facts and considerations that surround a case or a question, and then reach a reasoned conclusion. I do not think I am misled by a son's partiality when, after an experience of many years in many courts, before all kinds of judges, I say that I have never seen another judge of his perfect calmness and poise of judgment, of his absolute colorlessness in the performance of his duties, without passion or bias or prejudice. To this was added great penetration of mind, and originality of thought, the sifting clearness of intellect that resolves difficult situations and "the calm eye that seeks, 'midst all the huddling silver little worth, the one thin piece that comes pure gold."

He had, too, a remarkable industry. His work was never in arrears. Cases were decided when they were argued, or immediately thereafter. He was able to follow this course, for all his opinions, except in the Territorial Supreme Court, were oral. He had a remarkable gift for oral disquisition, by thinking the matter out clearly and giving utterance to it in an orderly and legal way. He could upon occasion be remarkably eloquent. But all this would not have made his career in Utah, had he not had an absolute courage and readiness to meet difficult questions. Disagreeable as a duty might be, he met it without hesitation. He never paltered with his conscience, nor compromised with his duty. His desire to keep up with his work led him to go to his office almost every night to work upon matters before him. Regularly about ten o'clock he would come down from his office and walk up the street to his home. Many Gentiles thought that he was in danger, but he dismissed the idea as absurd. He never knew that the two well-dressed men, who almost every night seemed to be strolling up the street after him, were a pair of cool-headed faro dealers of accurate shooting proclivities, who had assumed the duty of taking care that the judge suffered no harm. He once told me that they were, he thought, mining men.

It was a lesson in all the judicial virtues to see him preside over a court. A fine, clear cut countenance, a slim erectness of figure, never disfigured by the obesity of age, made him a handsome man. He looked composed and serene, the picture of judicial impartiality and the embodiment of the law. His appearance begat confidence and respect. All things moved with deliberation and order. He had the reserve and dignity that belong to the office. No one became familiar with him. He had no confidants. No lawyers ventured to impose upon his indulgence. The swashbucklers of the bar at Salt Lake City quickly learned that this judge could neither be browbeaten nor misled.

Yet there was nothing austere about him. He was a man of the simple, gentle, direct manners that come from a kindly



heart. He was merciful and humane, a truly civilized man. He could have been written as one who loved his fellow men. Never to him did it seem necessary to comment on the weak, the low or the mean characteristics of other men; he sought, rather, what was good and worthy in all men. He uniformly spoke no evil; he spoke what he could of good. He was genuinely interested in human beings and he had the blessing of sympathy with others. He hoped for the best in men and women, but did not allow himself to be deceived as to their worst. While he knew that often there is a world of good in things evil, he knew that there is no less often a world of evil in things good.

His attractive character with perfect affability was the secret of his popularity among all classes of men. There was something about such a character, its straight-forwardness, manliness, kindliness, geniality and consideration for others, that appealed to all kinds of people. All men instinctively liked and respected him. This came to be true of the Mormons. Even little children who did not know him, seeing him walking along the street, would come up and take his hand and walk and talk with him as confidently as with their own parents. I think that he never had an enemy in the sense of one who bore him malice.

Another thing about him was his absolutely correct life. I do not suppose that he ever intentionally did a wrong thing. He was perfectly truthful, always rigidly moral, never an associate of unworthy men, never guilty of conduct not befitting his judicial position. He seemed to his family a model of what father and husband should be. Self-restraint and self-control in conduct, moderation and calmness in statement and an unshakable composure, such as he had, are not often seen.

One trait or rather cast of thought was to be of signal advantage to him in his judicial work in Utah. While he had inherited the virtues in private life of his Quaker ancestry, he had not inherited any of their religious ideas or beliefs. He was an absolute agnostic, yet he believed, as the ancients believed, in the immortality of the soul. He was



certainly not a Christian in the sense of the Trinitarians. He had no belief in the doctrine of redemption or of salvation either by faith or by grace. Yet he was firmly persuaded of the good in all Christian sects. He could meet the Jews on common ground. He never found it necessary to seek to interfere with any belief, and he was glad that another could find comfort and sustaining power in a creed that gave him intellectual offense. All religious sects seemed to him to require an amount of belief, as he would say, that his mind was not so happily constituted as to attain. He rarely was found in a church, yet all the preachers and sectarians were his friends, and all of them wished that the virtues of his life could have been a tribute to the efficacy of the faith, in which they believed.

This detachment from religious prepossessions was of especial value among the Mormons, for whatever he was required to do was untinged by any of the sectarian's hatred of a peculiar religion or of peculiar beliefs. He may have thought them unwise, but their religion was not offensive to him because it denied the very basis of Christianity. If one preferred to be redeemed by faith in Joseph or to be baptised for the unredeemed dead, he could give him an indulgent smile. Federal justice in Utah had been too often tinged with sectarian hatred of the Mormon beliefs and the Mormons had the feeling and judges were anxious to punish them for belief in a religion that was essentially not Christian, and were denying to them for that reason the equality of the laws.

As a matter of fact, the Mormons were at an advantage in arguing with orthodox theologians, who went on the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible. The Mormons accepted literally every word of the Old Testament as absolute truth, and the examples of worthies like Abraham or David or Solomon drawn from the Old Testament to support polygamy were difficult to be answered by Fundamentalists; but when the Mormons went so far as to venture to cite, as they did, the Saviour as a polygamist married to Mary and Martha, argument seemed to have degenerated into blas-

phemy. The Mormon Pantheon had almost as strange inhabitants as the pagan Olympus. Even Adam whose disobedience, according to Fundamentalists

“Brought death into the world and all our woe  
With loss of Eden.”

figured as a God in the Mormon heaven. Whether Eve was a Goddess I have never been able to ascertain.

Toleration of all kinds of beliefs is practically the highest type of mind that civilization produces. It is the standpoint of the law to regard religious beliefs, where they do not depart into unlawful acts, as wholly indifferent to the law. To Judge Zane, beliefs might be absurd, but he did not consider a man necessarily a fool, because he believed in a foolish religion. The constant miracles of the Mormons did not trouble him, because all miracles were alike unbelievable. His Deity worked in other ways, but he was incapable of a harsh word against any honestly held religion, the simple faith of a simple folk. It had happened that Judge Zane in his years of early manhood immediately prior to President Lincoln's election in 1860 had seen not a little of that extraordinary man under exceptional circumstances. He had a number of times been with Mr. Lincoln when he had gone to different places near Springfield to make political speeches. He was with him when the news first came to Springfield, that the Chicago Convention had nominated this man who was to stand on a level with Washington. He had seen the President in Washington after he assumed the heavy duties of guiding the country. The loving veneration with which Judge Zane cherished his memories of Mr. Lincoln seemed to expand into the thought that he must never do anything unworthy of one who had enjoyed the friendship of that blameless and exalted soul. Perhaps it was from President Lincoln that he gained his first lessons in self-control.

Such was the man to whom fell the task of presiding as a judge, backed by the unlimited power of the Nation, over the enforcement of an obnoxious law among a strange people, worshipping strange gods, under an almost alien sky. While

the law must be enforced, while the unlawful practice of polygamy must be repressed along with all other crimes, it must be by legal means, by the ordinary judicial processes; all appearance or even suspicion of religious hostility must be carefully avoided, for these people must be persuaded of the justice of the law and of the justice of punishment and must not be alienated from the government. The task was to bring them in the end to such a condition of mind that they would of themselves willingly abjure a practice which they should come to recognize as wrong and unlawful. This from the beginning was what Judge Zane consciously had in mind. He left behind him several closely written volumes of diaries, which are an exact statement of his ideas from day to day. It is but just to say that these Mormons had virtues that rendered this result possible, if the situation should be properly handled. But first, let me ask, can anyone point to a case where a religious practice founded on a religious belief, has ever been put down by the strong hand of the law, and has not left a festering sore, or a legacy of hatred and discontent? It is on account of the different result in this instance that I call this paper an account of *A Rare Judicial Service*. I shall indicate in a general way what Judge Zane did to insure the desired result.

The first question that arose was in regard to the challenges to grand and petit jurors. It was apparent that in a Mormon case, no Mormon grand juror would vote to indict. The law had provided a ground of challenge to jurors, but an array of legal talent maintained that the law did not apply to grand jurors. The court was called upon to rule whether it was a good ground of challenge that a juror conscientiously believed in the practice of polygamy as a religious duty. It was strenuously urged that such a test based the grand jury qualification upon a religious belief, and would bar Mormons from grand juries considering all kinds of crimes. The court, however, in a masterly opinion, held that the law having defined polygamy as a crime, a belief in the lawfulness of a crime was in itself a ground of challenge to a grand juror



passing upon the crime. This ruling resulted in only Gentiles being eligible either as grand or petit jurors and swept away at once the ability of the Mormons to block prosecutions.

The court's oral charge to the Grand Jury that followed could be classed as a great state paper. It was explained that the law defined polygamy and unlawful cohabitation as crimes, and the court stated why it was that the belief in a religious right to commit a crime could not be accepted by the courts of law as a defense to the crime. An eligible grand jury was empaneled and found many indictments. Those polygamists who could do so, went into hiding and many of their plural wives were driven into concealment.

Then came the question as to what was meant by the words unlawful cohabitation in the description of a crime. If it was intended by the term to define simply the offense against good morals of cohabitating with more than one woman, the law would have been a nullity, and from difficulties of proof it would have been incapable of enforcement. The court from the history of the act and the evil intended by it to be remedied and from the language of the law, defined unlawful cohabitation to be the maintaining of the status of a polygamist, shown by the dwelling with more than one wife in the habit and repute of marriage. This simplified the crime into one that could be proved by the simple fact that a man lived in such a condition that he created for himself, the reputation of living with more than one wife.

Another attempt to block prosecutions was futile. The jury list provided by the statute was exhausted and the court had no jurors. The resort to an open venire for jurors was claimed to be interdicted by the statute, but the court held otherwise in the first case tried and this obstacle was removed. It may seem absurd that such a question was raised, but it was raised and carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, which found no difficulty in affirming the decision.

Another proposition was whether the alleged polygamous wife could be compelled to testify. The Edmunds law, very carefully and wisely drawn, had denounced no offense

against the polygamous wife who was herself always unmarried when she became a plural wife. In the first trial the question arose. A leading Mormon was being prosecuted for the two offenses of a polygamous marriage and unlawful cohabitation. After a jury had been empaneled and the fact of the defendant's marriage to his first and lawful wife had been proven, the polygamous wife was called to the stand and was asked the question whether she had ever been married to the defendant. She refused to answer. It was a remarkable scene. The witness was an innocent-faced, ox-eyed, red-cheeked, buxom looking young woman, who had been told what she must do. She sat upon the stand in a defiant attitude and refused to testify after the court had instructed her that she should answer the question. The court room was crowded with Mormons, it was late in the afternoon, the shadows were beginning to fall and in the deep silence, with everyone straining forward to hear, the judge turned to the witness and talked to her with all possible kindness and indulgence. He explained to her what her duty was under the law, and that the law could never permit a witness to refuse to answer questions which were lawful and right in themselves, that it was the duty of every witness to state the truth, that if she stated the truth no one could blame her, but if she declined to perform her duty under the oath she had taken, it would be his duty to sentence her to jail as a common malefactor, to remain imprisoned until she did answer the questions, whether it be for days or months or years. His firm and solemn words had something of the inexorability of fate, as he told her how idle it was for her to suppose that she could defy the court or her country's laws. The witness was now in tears. Then, as much for the Mormons present as for the defendant, he referred in scathing language to a man who would lead a young and innocent woman into such a forlorn situation in life that she could not state whether she was married or not, and would be willing to induce her to take a position, where she must suffer imprisonment in order to shield him from the consequences of his crime, that such con-

duct showed a moral cowardice that would be disgraceful to any man of correct feeling. He told her that she would go in the custody of the marshal, and that she should consult legal advisers as to what she ought to do, that in the morning she would be brought into court again and given an opportunity to answer. Simply by his manner of humanity and kindness in delivering a warning that seemed firm and inexorable and by his tact in dealing with the situation, he made it impossible for the Mormon men to shield themselves in such a way. In the morning the witness was brought in. She testified as to the bigamous marriage and as to the fact that she had lived with the defendant as his wife. Clawson received a severe sentence and was denied bail pending his appeal and when he brought the matter before the Supreme Court of the United States, he found that Judge Zane was right in denying him bail, and in issuing the open venire.

But it was in the matter of sentences that he showed the most tact. The defendant, when called for sentence, would be allowed to express himself fully as to why he should not be sentenced. Many a foolish tirade was made in self-justification, but the answer from the bench was always unanswerable in exposing the folly of a defendant who attempted to make a law for himself, contrary to the law of the land. If he could do this for his own type of crime, others could claim it for other crimes and all equality before the law would cease to exist. He told them that their proudest boast ought to be that they were citizens of a great country and obedient to their country's laws. These oral exhortations from the bench were many of them of the most eloquent and moving character. They made a profound impression upon the rank and file of the Saints. The defendant, if he answered that his intention was in the future to obey the law, was sentenced under a very light penalty, but if he was contumacious in saying that he would not obey the law, he received the extreme penalty. The constant rulings and the exhortations from the bench created an atmosphere around the practice of polygamy that gradually made polygamy obnoxious to



many Mormons. And at the same time, the law became an infallible machine, where no guilty man could escape. At last Congress, in 1887, passed the act forfeiting all the property of the Mormon Church. This law was attacked as unconstitutional. The cause was argued for the Mormons by Mr. Broadhead, of St. Louis, and Senator McDonald, of Indiana, very noted lawyers. Judge Zane wrote the opinion in the Supreme Court of Utah. It was affirmed in the Supreme Court of the United States, and this drastic law was sustained. The cases in the Supreme Court of most importance are *Clawson v. United States*, 113 U. S., 143 and 114 U. S., 447; *Cannon v. United States*, 116 U. S., 55; and *Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints v. United States*, 136 U. S., 1. But affirmances of his rulings in other criminal and in civil cases were quite numerous. Singularly enough there was, I think, but one case, in which he wrote the opinion, that was reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States and that was one of his finest opinions, holding the Utah law allowing another number of jurymen than twelve and not requiring unanimity, in civil cases, was not contrary to the Federal constitution. Most lawyers today of liberality of thought would think that the Supreme Court was too narrow and unenlightened in its ruling.

The result of these rulings was that practically every Mormon polygamist went to the penitentiary and wore the stripes of a convict. The pressure from the courts became such that it was impossible for the Mormons after a few years to withstand it. But this pressure was shorn of all appearance of religious persecution. Everything was kept on the high plane of the law. Gradually the Mormons came to have an intense respect for the Judge. They saw him in all civil cases, and every other kind of a criminal case, eminently fair and just and enforcing the laws that Mormon legislatures had made, they felt the influence of his character so fully, he was able to impress the Mormons so thoroughly as a just and sagacious mind, that the greater part of them felt that he was right. At last the demand for obedience to the law from

within the Church itself, became so great that the Mormons themselves were led to abolish the polygamous practices. One Sunday in the great Mormon Tabernacle, in the presence of an immense throng of the faithful, who knew that some important matter was to be heard, the President of the Church, Wilfred Woodruff, arose to announce that he had "wrestled" with the Lord in prayer and that the Lord had spoken to him. He was a plain, earnest, simple looking old man of rustic bearing and bucolic aspect, who had become, by the law of seniority, the President of the Church, what the Mormons tautologically called their Prophet, Seer and Revelator. He announced to the listening thousands that the Lord had told him that the time had come to relieve his chosen people from their sufferings and the burden of "living their religion" and thereafter it would be unlawful and against the doctrine of the church for any Mormon to celebrate or enter into a polygamous marriage, and unlawful for any Mormon to live with more than one wife in the habit and repute of marriage. Thus polygamy and the continuance of the polygamous relation were voluntarily abolished by the Mormons themselves. It is true that the revelation of the Lord was then put to vote in that vast assemblage, and fortunately the vote sustained the Lord without a dissenting voice. I venture to say that this was the first time that a decree of the Almighty was required to be endorsed by a town meeting.

Now came the crucial time, for if the Gentiles and the country were not willing to accept this authoritative engagement by the whole Mormon people, it was apparent that the only opportunity to compose the situation would be lost. The Gentiles were sadly divided, the more bitter class among them contending that the revelation was a mere blind and that the engagement was not made in good faith. Whether the Seer and Revelator actually believed that he had talked with God or not, he gave the impression of absolute sincerity. But who will undertake to say what are the movements of a man's mind, especially if he be a very religious man?

Judge Zane was clearly persuaded that there was but one thing to be done, and he lent his position as Chief Justice, his

great weight, reputation and experience to the loyal acceptance by the government of the abandonment of polygamy as an expression of honest intention by the whole people. I remember well his quoting to me Burke's famous phrase that he did not know how to draw an indictment against a whole people. In years that had passed he had constantly told them that all the government asked was their abandonment of an unlawful practice, and that statement he was prepared to maintain.

The event showed that the Mormons as a people were in good faith and that his acumen had not gone astray. They took steps to disband their political organization and were anxious to bring themselves in accord with the rest of the United States. Their naturally law-abiding disposition outside of their peculiar practice offered a sound basis for good citizenship. They showed no disposition to seek revenge for any of the sufferings which they had endured, and this is probably the highest praise that can be given them. They showed that they had the Christian virtues by their works at least, however much their religion might differ from the orthodox formula of the atonement. In a few years the situation became composed, and the old struggle ceased to trouble men who had been wearied by it. It was given to Judge Zane to see the mature fruits of his work and to be the most important factor in closing the struggle, and in no respect was he entitled to more gratitude than for his firmness in accepting the situation.

Utah was admitted as a State and the first election that was held, resulted in the election of Judge Zane to its Supreme Court. He received the highest vote cast for any candidate, upon either of the tickets. This is the best commentary upon the efficacy and healing character of his judicial work, and of the trust and respect that had come to be felt toward him by the Mormon people. I cannot be mistaken in thinking this to be the very highest proof that severity can, by a happily tempered spirit, touched to fine issues, be so used that even those who have suffered, will recognize that severity may sometimes have quality of mercy.

His popularity among the Mormons was and remained as great as it had ever been among any set of people among whom he had lived. This was due as much as anything else, to the fact that he had been able to impress them with his absolute fairness and justice. He had proved to be a better guide than their own misguided leaders who claimed direct inspiration from the Lord.

In 1900 he left the bench and lived for seventeen years the life of a private citizen among the very men and women who had at the beginning complained so bitterly of his seeming harshness. He never had reason to complain that the Mormons resented anything in his conduct. He enjoyed from them a singular deference and goodwill, as creditable to them as it was to himself. Today these "old unhappy things" are almost forgotten. But the historian, who at some future time shall write the history of the Mormon people, without bias or bitterness toward either Mormon or Gentile, must write in letters of light the name of this upright and fearless judge, as a benefactor most deserving of grateful remembrance both by Mormon and by Gentile. He has now gone to his reward and whether the soul be undying or not, he can, at least, be said to be one

"Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence."

Judge Zane died in 1917, at Salt Lake City, where he had continued to be *clarum et venerabile nomen*. Death came to him in the form that Caesar wished for, a sudden and painless death without warning. Though eighty-five years of age, he was still in the possession of his bodily strength and health, with a mind, unworn, undebased, undecayed. In the fulness of

"An old age, serene and bright,  
And lovely as an Alpine night,"

he fell back stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage and instantly and painlessly expired. He is buried at Springfield, Illinois, in her lovely City of the Dead, where repose so many others whose bodies are buried in peace, but whose names should live forevermore.



## REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS BURIED IN ILLINOIS.

By HARRIET J. WALKER.

In 1918 was published "Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Illinois," as a contribution to the unwritten history of the State, it being the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of the State to the Union.

At the time of the publication in round numbers 668 soldiers who served in the Revolutionary war were known to be buried in the State.

In every instance, so far as was possible, the record of service was given, but the place of burial could not always be determined, partly owing to the division and sub-division of County lines. Several errors were made which now are corrected.

The names of 60 soldiers are now added, making over 700 known to have come to the State to reside and are buried in 82 different counties.

Illinois has justifiable pride in this record as it is the only State that has attempted such research. I wish to acknowledge the assistance of several D. A. R. chapters, and of County Historical Societies, especially that of Greene County, whose Secretary, Mr. R. B. Pierce, has made valuable research, and of Mrs. Charles E. Davidson for her untiring effort in Bond County. Miss Georgia L. Osborne, Assistant Librarian of the Illinois State Historical Society, has been indefatigable in gaining information for this completed work.

"Not without thy wondrous story,

Illinois, Illinois,

Can be writ the Nation's glory,

Illinois."

ADAMS COUNTY.

Brien or Bryant Mooney, served in the Virginia line of troops, in Capt. Talbott's Company, Col. William Irvine's

regt., enlisting March 14, 1776. After the war he came to Illinois to reside and died in Adams County.

Eckenrode's Virginia in the Revolution.

#### BOND COUNTY.

James Green was born about 1760 in North Carolina. He served in Capt. Robert Porter's company, North Carolina troops. Before 1800 he removed to Tennessee and later came to Illinois, residing in Madison County, but in 1815 he removed to Bond County, Mills Township, where he died in 1821 and is buried in the Green cemetery.

North Carolina and family records.

Charles Johnson was born September 2, 1757, in North Carolina. He early enlisted and was in the battles of Cowpens and Guilford Court House; he had two horses shot under him. After the war he came to Bond County, Illinois where he died in 1821, and is buried in the Sugg burying ground, Pocahontas. His grave has been marked by a Government marker.

North Carolina records in the Auditor's Office.

John Johnston was a native of Virginia, where he served in the war, June 1st and Nov. 1st, 1777, under Col. Daniel Morgan, Capt. William Johnston. He came to Illinois and settled in Bond County where he died and is buried.

Saffel's Records of the Revolutionary War and the Illinois collection of war papers D 12.

James Little served in the New York state troops. In 1826 he appeared before the Circuit Court stating that in the Spring of 1777 he enlisted in Capt. Moody's company, Col. Lamb's regt. of artillery, and that he continued in said service until 1781 when he was honorably discharged. He came to Bond County, Illinois, to reside and is buried in that County.

New York in the Revolution and Official records.

William Venable, who was a native of North Carolina, and who was living there in 1790, is said to have served in the war, but I have been unable to find any record of service. He was at one time a resident of Bond County, Illinois. This



information is given with the hope that future research may establish his record of service in the Revolutionary war.

#### CASS COUNTY.

John McCumber served in the Virginia line of troops. After the war he came to Illinois and resided in Cass County where he is probably buried.

Illinois collection of War papers, pages 175-123.

#### COOK COUNTY.

Aaron Miner was from Woodbury, Conn. He enlisted in Capt. Phineas Porter's company of Hinman, Conn., in 1775, his service being around Lakes George and Champlain, also at St. John's and Montreal. After the war he came with his wife and three sons to Illinois, settling in Elk Grove, Cook County, where he is buried in the Elk Grove cemetery.

Pension Rolls and Connecticut in the Revolution.

Amos Skinner served in the war from Vermont, was in Capt. Nehemiah Loverell's company, Bennington. He was on the pay rolls Feb. 10, 1780 and in 1782. He came to Illinois settling in Elk Grove, Cook County, where he died and is buried in the Elk Grove cemetery.

Vermont in the Revolution and Pension Rolls.

#### EDGAR COUNTY.

William Combs was a native of Virginia, and he served in the Virginia troops. His name appears in the list of militia at Chesterfield Court House, also in the Illinois collection his name is found in D, 129. He came to Illinois, residing in Edgar County, where he died and is buried.

Eckenrode's Virginia in the Revolution.

William Craig was from Virginia where he served in the war as private in Capt. Uriah Springer's company in 1780, in Col. John Gibson's regt. He was paid off at Fort Pitt. He came to Edgar County to reside, died there and is buried in the Swango burial ground.

Eckenrode's Virginia in the Revolution. War 4, 128.

Ambrose Hotchkiss served in the war from Connecticut, was a private in Col. Zebulon Butler's regt., Capt. Theophilus Munson's company. He was paid off from Jan. 1st, 1780, to Dec. 12th, 1781. He removed to Edgar County, Illinois, and died there.

Connecticut in the Revolution.

James Mullin was from Pennsylvania, serving in the troops from that state. He enlisted in 1776, Feb. 1st, in Capt. John Craig's company, Col. John Van Etten's regt., from Northumberland County, he also served from Kennet County. He came to reside in Edgar County, Illinois, where he died and is probably buried in the Bloomfield cemetery which is now a cornfield.

Pennsylvania Archives.

#### EDWARDS COUNTY.

George Humphrey served in the war in the Virginia line of troops for 18 months; he again enlisted in the Fall of 1781, serving until the close of the war in Capt. Hughes' company, Col. White's first regt. After the war he removed to Gibson County, Indiana, and was there allowed a pension. He removed to Clay County, Illinois, and from there to Edwards County, where he died in 1840. He married in Clay County, Feb. 25th, 1838, Mary Ross. She married again Dec. 19th, 1843, Pelic Hull. A pension was given her for her first husband's service, executed June 20, 1853, aged 47 years. Later she removed to Tulare County, California, where she died and is buried in the Deep Creek cemetery, aged 78 years. Her grave has been marked by the Alta Mira Chapter D. A. R., of Lindsay, California. This becomes the only Revolutionary history in the State of California.

Virginia and Pension Rolls.

#### EFFINGHAM COUNTY.

Thomas Brackett was from Pennsylvania, where he served in the war in Lt. Talmadge Hall's company, Col.

Lewis Nicola's regt. After the close of the war he removed to Illinois, residing in Effingham County, where he died, but the place of his burial is not known.

Pennsylvania Archives.

#### FRANKLIN COUNTY.

Anthony D. Shoto was born in Madrid, Spain, March 6, 1754. When quite young he came with his father to New Orleans, thence to Mobile, thence to South Carolina where he served in the war, enlisting in May, 1780, in Capts. John Land and Middleton Isbel's company, Col. Burnett's regiment. He was in the battles of Rocky Mount, Camden Siege of Ninety-six and Eutaw Springs, serving about two years. After the war he came to Indiana, then to Illinois where he died in Franklin County.

Pension Records.

#### GALLATIN COUNTY.

John Emmett served in the Maryland troops, July 25th, 1776, under Lt.-Col. Thomas Hughes in the 30th Battalion. He came to reside in Illinois in Gallatin County, where he died. The place of his burial is not known. He was pensioned.

#### GREENE COUNTY.

William Cotter served in the war from Virginia, lived in Princess Anne County. He came to Illinois and resided in Greene County, where he died, and is buried near Patterson. He received a grant of land as a bounty warrant.

Eckenrode's Virginia in the Revolution.

David Hicks was born in Virginia, where he enlisted in 1777, in Crockett's regt., ranking as sergeant. He, with many others, came with George Rogers Clark to Kaskaskia and was an active participant in that record of history. He settled in Greene County, Illinois, where he died in 1834, and is buried in the Hicks' cemetery.

Eckenrode's Virginia in the Revolution.

Jacob Hoffman served from Virginia. After the war he came to reside in Greene County, and is buried in the Walker-ville cemetery. His grave is located in the southwest part of the cemetery and is annually decorated.

Virginia records and the Pension Rolls.

Bird Waltrip is known to have been a Revolutionary soldier, but no record of service has been found in Washington. He is buried in a private burying ground one mile south of the Henderson cemetery. Possibly future research may establish his record of service.

The White Hall Historical Society has the honor of preserving historic spots, especially that of marking the graves of many Revolutionary soldiers buried in Greene County. Great credit is due the soldier historian, Mr. Raymond B. Pearce, whose untiring efforts have resulted in preserving history as few counties have done. Since the book, "Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Illinois," was published many graves have been located and marked by Government markers.

Michael Baker is buried in an abandoned cemetery; his name is inscribed on the White Hall Soldiers' Monument.

Allen J. Bridges has a private headstone. Adonijah Griswold is buried in the North cemetery, and his name is inscribed on the monument. John Hewett has a private marker in the Providence cemetery. Caleb Post's name is inscribed on the monument. John Thompson's grave has a Government marker. Aaron Smith's name is found on the monument.

White Hall is to be congratulated upon such splendid work.

#### JEFFERSON COUNTY.

Peter Owen was born in 1765, in Lunenburg County, Virginia. He enlisted in May, 1781, in Capt. William Hays' company, Col. Nelson's regt. A few days before his term expired he enlisted as a Minute Man. He lived after the Revolution in Kentucky, and in December, 1833, he was living in Tennessee. He removed to Jefferson County, Illinois, and died there, is buried in Mount Vernon.

Eckenrode's Virginia in the Revolution.



William Tong was born in Prince George County, Maryland, August 9, 1756. He enlisted April, 1776, serving one year in Capt. Resin Beal's company, Col. Smallwood's regt. He again enlisted in March, 1777, in Capt. Thomas Dent's company, Col. Luke Marbury's regt., and was in several battles. He removed to Madison, Missouri, but died in Mount Vernon, Jefferson County, Illinois, where he is probably buried.

Pension Rolls.

#### JERSEY COUNTY.

Joseph Chandler was born in Vermont, Sept. 10, 1753, and died at the home of his son Hiram Chandler in Otter Creek Township, Jersey County, Illinois, aged 91 years. He and his father were in the battle of Bennington, when his father was killed. His grave has been marked by a tablet.

Vermont in the Revolution.

#### LAWRENCE COUNTY.

Henry Hughes served in the Virginia troops. After the war he came to Illinois and resided in Fairfield, Lawrence County, where he is probably buried.

Eckenrode's Virginia in the Revolution.

#### MACOUPIN COUNTY.

William Kirk was from Virginia, where he served in Col. Baylor's Light Horse Cavalry, detailed at Harper's Ferry. He came to Illinois settling in Macoupin County, where he died, and is buried in the Scottsville cemetery.

Eckenrode's Virginia in the Revolution.

#### MADISON COUNTY.

John Rattan served in the North Carolina troops in Capt. Robert Porter's company of Tryon County. His time of service was from Nov. 18, to Dec. 30, 1777. He came to Madi-

son County in 1804, settling in what is now Wood River Township. He died Oct. 11, 1821, and was buried in the Vaughan graveyard. He was 74 years of age.

North Carolina in the Revolution.

#### MENARD COUNTY.

Robert Armstrong came from Virginia, where he served in the war. He came to Illinois, settling in Menard County, where he died, and is buried in the old Concord cemetery. Eckenrode's Virginia in the Revolution, Illinois papers D. 161.

George Green was born about 1756 or 60 probably, in North Carolina, and served in Capt. Robert Porter's company, of Tryon County troops, from Oct. 21st to Dec. 30th, 1777. He removed to Kentucky, then to Madison County, Illinois, then to Greene County and later to Menard County about 1820, where he died at Clary's Grove, July 25th, 1834. His wife died at the same place the following September. Both are buried there.

North Carolina and Family Records.

George Spears served in the war from Pennsylvania in Capt. Jacob Bower's company, Col. Harman's regt., serving from Sept. 9th, 1778. He also served in the War of 1812, was Lieutenant in 7th company, Col. Allen's regt., in Kentucky. He came to Illinois and died in Menard County and lies buried in the Greenfield cemetery near Tallula.

Pennsylvania Archives.

John White was probably a native of Pennsylvania, as he enlisted there in Capt. William Fife's company, 2nd Battalion, Washington County Militia. He enlisted Jan. 28, 1782, and June 22nd, 1782. He was born in 1739. He left Pennsylvania in 1790 and located in Green County, Ky., but in 1819 he removed to Menard County, Illinois, where he died March 23, 1835, at an advanced age. He is buried in the White cemetery, Tallula.

He came from a sterling Scotch ancestry and was a devout member of the Presbyterian faith as were his five children



who came to Illinois with him. His wife's name was Elizabeth Gordon. It is said that more than half of the soldiers of the American Revolution were Scotch or Scotch Irish.

Pennsylvania Archives.

It is with great regret that several known soldiers are buried in Menard County whose record of service has not been established, five whose given names are not given making it impossible to verify their service record. King, Ruter, Gibbs, Dorland, and Nichols. King, Gibbs and Ruter are buried in Rose Hill cemetery, Dorland in the Hall cemetery, Athens. George Hombach is buried in the Hombach cemetery.

In the published book, "Revolutionary Soldiers Buried in Illinois," the burial place of Peter Borders was given in Logan County. Logan was originally a part of Sangamon. Later research gives his burial place as Irish Grove, Menard County.

Later research gives the burial place of Lewis Ferguson as the Smoot cemetery; Zachariah Nance, Farmers Point; Aaron Houghton as Rock Creek. These corrections are gladly given.

#### MONROE COUNTY.

Ebenezer Brown was from Connecticut, where he served in the war in Capt. Henry Champion's company, Col. Willis' regt., from Waterbury. He was in service from 1777 to 1781. After the war he came to Illinois, residing in Monroe County, where he died in 1834.

Connecticut in the Revolution.

Robert Givens served in the Virginia troops and his record is found in the Illinois collection papers, page 127.

Virginia Records.

#### MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

John Rutledge served in Virginia from Botetout County, under Lt. H. Waterson, July 12th, 1781. He removed to Illinois, settling in Montgomery County, where he died, and is buried in the McCord cemetery.

Virginia Records.

## OGLE COUNTY.

Mason Hatch served in the Vermont troops in Capt. Jotham White's company, June 30, 1781; again from July, 1781, to Dec. same year. He came to Ogle County, Illinois, and died there. Is doubtless buried in Ogle County.

Vermont in the Revolution.

## PEORIA COUNTY.

Clementius Dowden served in the Maryland and Pennsylvania troops as a private and three months as sergeant. He served under Capt. Bell and Col. Vanland. In Dec., 1832, he applied for a pension which was granted under the Kentucky agency, but later Sept. 4, 1836, his last pension was granted. He came to Illinois, residing in Peoria County, where he died, and is buried in the Kellogg cemetery.

Pension Rolls.

Lewis Wells was from South Carolina, where on June 30, 1786, he was paid for supplies furnished in the war, also for services during the war. He was born in Greenfield County, South Carolina, in 1750, came to Illinois and resided in Perry County, where he died Aug. 12th, 1846. He is buried in the McElvaine cemetery west of DuQuoin.

South Carolina Records.

## RANDOLPH COUNTY.

James Gilbraith came from Virginia, where he served in the war. He came to Randolph County, Illinois and died there, was buried in Kaskaskia, but was removed to Fort Gage when the current of the river washed away the old cemetery.

Virginia Records.

Samuel Woodside was born in Camden District, South Carolina. He served in the war while residing in Chester District as private under Capts. Michael Dickson and Adams, with General Sumter. He was in the Snow campaign; Florida campaign, battles of Fish Dam Ford and Blackstock's, serv-

ing until the surrender of Cornwallis. He died July 22d, 1819, in Randolph County where he is probably buried.

Records from the Pension Office.

#### SCHUYLER COUNTY.

Francis D. Baker served in the New York line of troops, in Capt. Ebenezer Newell's company, Col. Symonds' regt., enlisting Aug. 14, 1777, and again in Oct. 13, 1781, in Capt. Timothy Reed's company, Col. Barnes' regt. He came to Illinois to reside and died in Rushville, Schuyler County. He is buried in Rushville.

New York in the Revolution.

#### ST. CLAIR COUNTY.

Abram Stallings served in the Virginia troops under Capt. William Riddicks. After the war he resided in Nansemond County, Virginia. He removed to St. Clair County, Illinois, where he died, and is buried in Falling Springs, St. Clair County.

Virginia Records and Family History.

#### TAZEWELL COUNTY.

Normal Newell served in the Connecticut troops, enlisting in 1777 in Ezekiel Curtis, company, serving eight months; he was from Farmington, Conn. He came to Illinois and resided in Tazewell County, where he probably died as he was pensioned in 1840.

Pension Rolls and Connecticut in the Revolution.

Levin H. Powell was from Loudoun County, Virginia, serving from that state. He came to Tazewell County, residing in Tremont.

Pension Rolls.

#### VERMILION COUNTY.

Robert Bailey served in the North Carolina troops, was private in Lt.-Col. Baker's regt. He enlisted July 20, 1778,

in the 10th regiment for nine months. He came to Illinois, residing in Vermilion County, and is doubtless buried there.  
North Carolina Records.

#### WABASH COUNTY.

Reuben Fox was born Nov. 18, 1762, near New London, Conn. He enlisted May, 1779, serving one year in Capt. William Latham's company, Col William Ledyard's regt. He re-enlisted in 1781 and served three months. He was allowed a pension while living in Wabash County, Illinois, in 1834. He is probably buried in Wabash County.

Pension Records.

Allen Ramsey served in the Virginia troops. He received Bounty Warrants for service in the Revolutionary war. He came to Illinois to reside and was living in Wabash County, where he probably died.

Virginia Records.

#### WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Benjamin Watts was in the war from Virginia. He came to Illinois, settling in Washington County, where he probably died. His record is found in the Illinois manuscript papers, pages 212, 408, 414.

Virginia Records.

#### WAYNE COUNTY.

James Kirr served in the war from Virginia. He came to Illinois and lived in Fairfield, Wayne County, and is probably buried there. His record of service may be found in the War Department, 105, 1; 147, 1; 30, 1; and 328, 1.

#### WHITE COUNTY.

Zachariah Cross was born March 25, 1761, in Maryland, Baltimore County. He removed to North Carolina and enlisted in Sullivan County. He served in 1777 nine months in Capt. William Hick's company, Col. Isaac Shelby, again in 1779 for two month in Capt. Maxwell's company, Col. Isaac



Shelby; again in 1781, and also in 1782. He removed to Logan County, Ky., and from there to Missouri, and to White County, Illinois, where he died Feb. 27, 1838. He is buried in White County.

Bureau of Pensions.

Joel Harrel was born in Bertie County, North Carolina, in 1748. He enlisted in Martin County, North Carolina, serving three months in Capt. May's company. He removed to Botetourt County, Virginia, and in Aug., 1781, served two months under Major Lockard and was at the Siege of Yorktown. He came to White County, Illinois, and there April 3, 1843, applied for a pension, but not having served six months it was not granted. He died June 30, 1846.

Bureau of Pensions.

#### WHITESIDE COUNTY.

Mathias Hallenbeck was from New York, where he served in the 8th Regt., Albany County Militia. He came to Illinois, residing in Erie, Whiteside County. He was born in 1752, and died in Erie in 1802. He is doubtless buried in Erie.

New York in the Revolution, Vol. 33, D. A. R. Reports.

#### WILLIAMSON COUNTY.

John Duncan served in the Virginia troops. After the war he came to Illinois to reside, living in Marion, Williamson County. He is probably buried there as his widow, Lydia, asked for a pension.

Illinois papers D, 55, War. 4, 155, 167;  
Auditor's Account 1778-83.

#### WOODFORD COUNTY.

Constantine O'Neill served in the Pennsylvania troops in Capt. Thomas Parkeson's company, Col. Thomas Clarke's regt., from Bethlehem Township, enlisting Oct. 2, 1781. He



came to Illinois and lived in Woodford County, where he died. His widow drew a pension after his death.

Pension Records.

John Price served in the Virginia troops. He came to reside in Woodford County, Illinois, near Eureka and died there. Descendants are living in Eureka.

Virginia Records.



A  
Journal,  
of  
the Rock Creek  
Lyceum;

Constituted seventeenth January,  
A.D. 1837.

G. B. W. Secretary.  
Sangamon County,  
Illinois.

## ROCK CREEK LYCEUM.

### AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

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The idea of a literary and debating society for the young people of the Rock Creek community originated in the mind of Thomas J. Nance, son of Zachariah Nance, who taught a subscription school during the winter of 1834. He organized what was called a Polemical and Literary Society, whose object, as recorded, was forensic disputes, declamations and composition.

Mr. Nance was from Green County, Kentucky, and in 1831 had been a student in what was called Brush Creek Seminary, a private school in the home of Nathaniel Owens.

Prof. James I. T. McElroy, of Transylvania University of Kentucky, was employed to teach the Owens children, consisting of four daughters and one son. Mr. Owens invited his neighbor's son, Thomas J. Nance, a lad of bright mind and excellent character, to attend the school as an incentive to his own children. During this school term a literary society was organized. The name taken was *Philo Polemic and Literary Society*, a branch of the Whig Society of Transylvania University of Kentucky.

Prof. McElroy was made president and Thomas Nance secretary. In 1832 the Nance family moved from Kentucky to Menard County, then Sangamon County. Thomas first taught school in his father's house and there organized a literary society similar to the one in Brush Creek Seminary, Kentucky.

Great questions of the day were ably discussed, such as the changing of the Constitution of the United States, treatment of the Indians, slavery, capital punishment and the importance of education.

According to the records it appears that from the Philo

Polemic and Literary Society of Brush Creek Seminary, the same spirit was carried to the Tyro Polemic Society and the next year to the Polemical Society on Rock Creek with Mr. Nance as organizer.

The Rock Creek Lyceum, organized in 1837, succeeded these two societies and continued to meet each winter, with few exceptions, until 1879. At first the membership was composed solely of the young men of the Rock Creek and surrounding communities. In later years the young women were admitted into the society.

Some of the young men came quite a distance, no doubt attracted by the daughters of the land. Robert Conover, perhaps, was one, as he afterwards married a Rock Creek maiden.

The organization, preamble, constitution and by-laws as given in the succeeding pages are taken from the minutes of the society, as are also some of its proceedings.

R. E. Bone.

#### DOCUMENT.

At a respectable meeting of the young men on Rock Creek and its vicinity, in the school room, Mr. L. B. Wynn arose and explained the object of the meeting. Whereupon Mr. Robert S. Bone was chosen chairman, and L. B. Wynn secretary; the house then proceeded to appoint a committee to draft a preamble and resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. On motion of Mr. William Houghton the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That Messrs. Savigna Houghton, Finis E. Berry and L. B. Wynn compose that committee.

The passing moments being somewhat unoccupied, on motion of Mr. William Goldsby, the house resolved to debate some good question. A warm debate ensued.

The intermediate grounds between the high causes of Life and Liberty stood for a while undetermined. The two exalted themes for a moment seemed fluctuating. But at length the preponderating scales of victory awarded in the



sequel a bloodless palm in favor of the cause of Liberty being the sweetest to man.

On motion of Mr. Goldsby the meeting adjourned.

*Resolved*, That we meet, Tuesday evening, next, for the purpose of adopting a Constitution and Laws.

On motion of Mr. Goldsby the meeting adjourned.

R. S. BONE, President.

L. B. WYNN, Secretary.

Tuesday evening, January 10th, 1837.

Tuesday evening, January 17th.

The house being come to order, a member of the afore-said committee presented the following Preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

#### PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS, Believing that the present moment offers advantages, that if not taken hold of we may, through negligence, have serious reason to deplore the loss of an opportunity that never will return, and

WHEREAS, We are fast becoming our own private and public and political agents, and holding in view the immutability of the truth contained in the celebrated maxim, "Knowledge is power and information capital," and furthermore, we have been idle spectators of the advancement of other neighborhood towns the acme of distinction, while we have been neglectful of our duty; therefore be it known that we hereby determine not to let these moments half unimproved and neglected, and that as responsible agents and social beings, we will do all in our power to promote the great and good causes of Light and of Liberty, wherefore we mutually agree to become members of a society for that purpose, and enact such laws, rules and regulations as we shall, in the purest intention, deem wholesome and auxiliary to the cause of mental advancement.

#### RESOLUTIONS.

*Resolved*, This Society shall be called the Lyceum of Rock Creek.

*Resolved*, That the Officers of the Lyceum consist of a President and Secretary.

*Resolved*, That the President keep good order, and call all business of the Society.

*Resolved*, That it be the duty of the Secretary to keep a faithful record of all the proceedings of the Society, that he perform the duty of anonymous reader, and read all letters addressed to the Society.

*Resolved*, That the duties of the Society be debating, declaiming, epistolary, composition, and acting dialogues.

*Resolved*, That all questions in debate be decided by a jury, to be appointed by the President and instructed by him previous to taking their seats, in all cases, to render a verdict according to the merits of the arguments produced.

*Resolved*, That no person pass between the jury and the speaker without a reprimand from the President, whose duty it has become by this act.

*Resolved*, That no person shall speak in a debate longer than 15 minutes, unless a majority of the house grant him the privilege.

*Resolved*, That no person leave the room during business, without leave of the President.

#### BY-LAWS.

1. There shall be no audible conversation during business.

2. All the proceedings of the Society shall be presented by motion.

3. Each member desiring to make a motion to the house shall rise to his feet, and observe ceremony.

4. In addressing the officers and jurymen the respective titles, Mr. President, Mr. Secretary, and Gentlemen of the Jury, shall be strictly observed.

5. The officers of this Society shall hold their offices for eight weeks, when a new election shall take place.

6. The Anonymous reader shall examine the contents

of his box, and on finding any obscene documents by this act be empowered to burn them without further ceremony.

A later amendment to the By-Laws gave the President the power to call to order all disorderly members and to fine them not less than one candle nor more than six. The House concurring.

A still later amendment gave the President the right to impose a fine of not less than 6 1-4 cents nor more than 25 cents. The same to be ratified by a vote of the house.

### PROCEEDINGS.

On motion of Mr. L. B. Wynn, the following question was offered for future debate: "Are the pioneers of the west entitled to a pension?" On motion of Mr. Nance, the Secretary proceeded to enroll the names of those persons present wishing to join the Lyceum, which stands thus:

Regular—Savigna Houghton, Lewis B. Wynn, John C. Bone, John Combs, Eli Hart, William Houghton, John Black, James W. Bone, Robert S. Bone, Henry Penny, Elijah Cogdal, Alex Penny, Nelson Combs.

Irregular—T. J. Nance, J. B. Goldsby, William M. Goldsby, T. Heeney, S. W. Caldwell, Samuel Ray, William G. Shasted, John Houghton, J. B. Wynn, C. Young.

Those who became members later—William Washburn, George W. Cunningham, George W. Berry, A. C. Wood, Isaac Cogdal, Calvin Pierce, Robert Conover, George Cressy, Nathaniel Hammen, Charles C. Farmer, R. L. Perkins, B. Pierce, F. R. Perkins, William Young, Robert Bagby, Joseph R. Perkins, Ephriam Ingals, B. H. Twombly.

On motion of Mr. J. B. Goldsby, the house adjourned.

Signed,

R. S. BONE, President.

L. B. WYNN, Secretary.

Tuesday evening, January 24th, 1837.

The house having come to order the President proceeded to appoint gentlemen Sirs, John Houghton and Jacob Clerril as jurors; the President appointed L. B. Wynn to open debate.

There was much enlistment of feeling, the attention of a number of spectators, respectable persons of both sexes, was more than once chained by streams of eloquence, on both sides not at all unenviable. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the affirmative. On motion of Mr. President, the house chose the following question for next debate: "Which would have been the most honorable in the U. S. to forgive the French indemnity or compel them to pay it by force of arms?"

On motion of Mr. William Goldsby for an adjournment, it carried.

Signed,

R. S. BONE, President.

L. B. WYNN, Secretary.

Tuesday evening, January 31, 1837.

Convened pursuant to adjournment. Mr. Bone in the chair. After order, the President selected Messrs. Elijah Houghton and James Bagby, by their consent, to hear the argument on both sides of this important subject. Suffice it to say that the contention was sharp and continued; with perhaps talents so perfectly at an equality on both sides, before such an enlightened, such an experienced, and such impartial and competent tribunal as this, render perhaps a scene little less admirable and no less worthy of remark than many of our Legislative debates.

The judges awarded the party of belligerents a trophy not all unenviable. The affirmative consisted of Messrs. Houghton, Ray, Bone, Wynn and Combs; and on the negative were Messrs. R. S. Bone, J. Houghton, J. B. Wynn, Goldsby and John Combs. The house then chose the following question for next debate: "Supposing a law be passed freeing the Negroes, which would be the most politic in the United States, to educate them and make them equal citizens with us or colonize them in another land hold them as other allies?"

The house adjourned.

R. S. BONE, President.

L. B. WYNN, Secretary.



February 7.

Mr. Bone in the chair. Some spectators. Messrs. Berry, Irwin, Penny act as jurors. A very warm debate ensued. Affirmative, Messrs. Bagby, Regnier, Wynn, Combs and others; negative, Messrs. Goldbsy, Bone, Houghton and others.

The debate was both long and able on both sides. A verdict was returned in favor of the affirmative. Some young men proceeded to act a dialogue which produced much diversion.

The house resolved to debate the following question next meeting: "Would it be policy in Illinois to go on and borrow money to complete the Northern Canal, or let it out to a company under certain restrictions?"

On motion of Mr. Ray, adjourned.

R. S. BONE, President.

L. B. WYNN, Secretary.

Second month, 14th day.

Pursuant to adjournment. Rainy evening.

The jury having been appointed, it was found that Messrs. Bone, Houghton, Shasted and others were on the affirmative; and Messrs. Combs, Ray and others on the negative.

A short debate ensued. The affirmative gained.

On motion of the Secretary, the house resolved to change the time of meeting from Tuesday to Friday evenings. The house then resolved to debate the following question next meeting: "Would it be policy in our Legislature to divide Sangamon County in any way?"

On motion of Mr. Combs: *Resolved*, That we meet again on the 17th inst.

R. S. BONE, President.

L. B. WYNN, Secretary.

Convened pursuant to adjournment. Mr. Bone in the chair. A number of spectators. On motion of Mr. John Houghton, together with reasons added by him, the aforesaid question was thrown out of the house and the following one adopted for present debate: "Which is the greatest of two evils, Slavery or Intemperance in the United States?"



The side of slavery gained. Affirmative, Messrs. Bagby, Bone, Black and others; negative, Messrs. Mr. President, Nance, Wynn and others.

The house then chose for future discussion: "The reduction of the price of the Public Lands."

A motion for adjournment carried.

R. S. BONE, President.

L. B. WYNN, Secretary.

That pursuant to adjournment the President appointed Messrs. Bagby and Berry as jurors. A warm debate ensued. Affirmative, W. Houghton, S. Houghton, Wynn and others; negative, Bone, Shasted, Bagby and their colleagues.

The debate was long and hard. The jury gave in favor of holding on to the present price of public lands. The house adjourned after reading several pretty good anonymous papers.

R. S. BONE, President.

L. B. WYNN, Secretary.

February 24th, 1837.

Few members, some absent. Mr. Combs and Mr. Maltby jurors. We argued the following: "Would it be politic in the general government to continue the present system of disposing of the public lands or give the remaining lands to the states in which they lay?" The negative gained. Messrs. Bagby and Nance were in the negative; and Bone, Goldsby, Houghton and others affirmative.

We chose a singular question for next debate, it is this: "Which is the greatest of all evils?"

Adjourned.

R. S. BONE, President.

L. B. WYNN, Secretary.

Convened pursuant to adjournment, Mr. Bone in the chair. He called the house to order. Messrs. Green, Lloyd and Combs served as jurors.

The following gentlemen debated the following points: Mr. Houghton takes Laziness; Mr. Ray, Lying; Mr. Bagby, The Immoderate Love of Gain; Mr. Secretary, Ignorance; Mr.

President, Conscious Neglect of Duty; Mr. Goldsby, Slavery; and Mr. Wynn, Pride. Ignorance gained.

The Secretary read the contents of his anonymous box. The house chose the following question for future debate: "The Works of Nature and Art."

The officers' term having expired, on motion of Messrs. William Goldsby and S. M. Houghton, Mr. R. S. Bone was selected as President, and L. B. Winn was selected as Secretary.

Adjourned.

R. S. BONE, President.

L. B. WYNN, Secretary.

Following are some of the questions discussed at subsequent meetings:

"Which is dearer to man, Life or Liberty?"—Decision in favor of Life.

"Which is the greatest of all evils since the fall of Adam?"—Jury decided in favor of Intemperance.

"Which has the greater influence, Wealth or Talents?"—Decision in favor of Talents.

"Would it be politic in the government of the United States to abolish the veto power?"—The negative won.

"Is it right to inflict capital punishment?"—The affirmative won.

"Which does man derive more knowledge from, Reading or Observation?"—Decision was for Observation.

"Was the conduct of our forefathers in the settlement of North America toward the natives justifiable?"—Verdict for the negative.

"Which attracts the attention of man more, the works of Nature or that of Art?"—The jury decided in favor of Nature.

"Is it compatible with a republican government to continue an officer in office during good behavior or not?"—Decision was for the negative.

"Would it be good policy in the people of the State of Illinois to call a convention for the purpose of amending the

present constitution of the State?"—No, was the verdict of the jury.

"Is it as necessary for the good of the community and the future prosperity of society that females receive as extensive an education as that of the males?"—Decision in favor of the females.

"Should the State Legislature have the power to appoint officers except those relative to the house?"—The affirmative won.

"Which is the greatest evil which the human family is infested with?"—Mr. Cunningham argued for Covetousness; N. Hammon for Slavery; Robert Bone for Idleness; A. C. Wood for Intemperance; William Washburn for Sabbath-breaking; William Goldsby for Love of Money; James Goldsby for Envy and Isaac Cogdal for Pantheism. The meeting being interrupted by a set of ruffians, the house dispersed without a verdict or in proper order.

"Will the act passed by the last Congress prohibiting the settlement of the public lands until surveyed, be beneficial to the pioneers of the west?"—The rules of the house were suspended and a decision in favor of the negative was given by the house.

#### WHO'S WHO

#### OF THE MEMBERS.

*William Houghton, Savigna Houghton and John Houghton*, grandsons of Aaron Houghton, Veteran of the Revolutionary War, were numbered among the substantial farmers of the county in after years.

*Robert S. Bone, John C. Bone and James W. Bone* were sons of Elihu Bone. James died while young in years. Robert became a prosperous farmer and was influential in the life of the community until his death. John C. (Jack) was known for his generous heart and did more during his lifetime than any other man to raise the standard of short horn cattle in Illinois.

*John Black* was a son of James Black, an early settler.

*Elijah Cogdal* and *Isaac Cogdal* were sons of Rev. Joseph Cogdal, a primitive Baptist minister. Elijah was a Civil War soldier and lived and died in the community a respected citizen. Isaac came as a boy to Rock Creek, where he grew to manhood, studied law, and delighted in an opportunity to debate. He was an active member of the Society for many years and was noted for his forceful argument. He more than met his match when he debated against the shrewd, sharp young school teacher, Newman Davenport. Even then he would never admit defeat.

*William M. Goldsby* and *James B. Goldsby* were sons of James Goldsby, a Veteran of the War of 1812, and first sheriff of Menard County.

William became a Baptist minister and a farmer. He was a man well respected and honored among his fellow citizens. James was politically inclined, was elected sheriff of Menard County, was a Crier, and was the person in command and gave the word "He O Heave" when the timbers of the last mill at New Salem were being raised.

*T. J. Nance* was a son of Zachariah Nance, did not live long after leaving the community.

*Samuel Caldwell* became a respected and substantial farmer.

*Robert Conover* was another honored and substantial farmer, whose life stood for the right.

*Lewis B. Wynn* and *John B. Wynn* were sons of Thomas Wynn, one of the first settlers. Lewis B., first Secretary of the Society, was a blacksmith and was noted for his penmanship. He was elected to the State Senate in 1842 to represent this district.

*Calvin Pierce* and *Nicholas B. Pierce* came to the community in an early day and took a prominent part in everything pertaining to its welfare. Nicholas died in 1858 and Calvin moved to Missouri in 1860.

*Robert L. Perkins*, *E. R. Perkins* and *Joseph Perkins* were sons of Edward Perkins. All three of the men became



prominent and successful farmers in Menard and Sangamon County.

*A. C. Wood* was a son of Milo Wood, an early settler.

*Finis E. Berry* and *George W. Berry* were sons of Rev. John M. Berry. Finis died in young manhood and George was numbered among those who stood for what was right.

*Robert Bagby* was a son-in-law of Tarlton Loyd and was a Baptist minister.

*Ephraim Ingals*, son of Ephraim Ingals of Chandlerville, Ill., and a native of Connecticut, was the school teacher in the community and secretary of the society in 1844. He became in later years an eminent physician and was one of the founders of Rush Medical College in Chicago, and a lecturer there for thirty years.

#### OF THE JURORS.

The older men of the community, the early settlers, were often chosen as jurors in the society. Among the number appears the names of

Rev. John M. Berry	Tarlton Loyd
Elijah Houghton	Elihu Bone
James Goldsby, Sr.	William Green
Hugh Irwin	James Bagby
Wiley Renshaw	Jesse Maltby
Isaac Foster	John Cressy
George Cressy	Samuel Combs
Jesse Combs	Anderson Duncan

Of this number Berry, Loyd, Houghton, Bone and Goldsby were veterans of the War of 1812. Berry and Loyd were in the battle of New Orleans.

The early meetings of the society were held in a school house on top of the hill overlooking the rock quarry and lime kiln of Isaac Cogdal.

Such interest was taken in the debate that the house was often too small to accommodate those that came.

It was in this school house that Ephraim Ingals, the teacher, later an eminent physician and dean of Rush Medical



College in Chicago, heard a blast at the rock quarry and as he looked through the window saw a man throw up his arm and fall as if hurt. He went to the man and found that Isaac Cogdal had his arm torn off by a premature blast. He rendered first aid and took the man to his home, and putting bridle and saddle on a three-year-old unbroken colt, rode sixteen miles to Springfield after a doctor, and had him there in three hours.

Later on the society met at a school house known as Bunker Hill, one-half mile east of the former school house, near the rock quarry of Enoch Primm.

The house is remembered as the place where Mentor Graham, the teacher, once whipped Joe Dickerson to make him vomit up a tack. When commanded by the teacher to "puke," the boy said he couldn't, whereupon says J. Q. Primm, Esq., of Lincoln and Will Houghton of Rock Creek community, both being eye-witnesses, Graham reached for his switch and said, "I'll make you 'puke.' " The strokes fell fast; the tack flew from the boy's mouth and went rolling across the floor. Little Willie, seeing the tack hit the floor, picked it up and brought it to the teacher and said, "Here's the tack. Here's the tack, teacher. You made him puke, didn't you?"

After this the society for a time used the little brick school house just built on Elihu Bone's land. Andrew M. Houghton, widely known as "Hickory" Houghton, was the presiding officer.

In the closing years of the society the sessions were held in Union school house where the descendants of the early participants vied with each other in ready wit, flow of oratory and telling debate.

The present generation is greatly indebted to those who organized the Lyceum for instilling into the minds of their children the same spirit of responsibility expressed in the preamble, namely:

The present moments offer advantages which should not be neglected;

The time is fast approaching when each one will become his own private, public and political agent;

The determination, as responsible agents and social beings, to improve these moments so that the great problems and questions of life may be intelligently met and solved.

**LAW ADDRESS OF EX-SENATOR JAMES  
R. DOOLITTLE.**

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DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNION COLLEGE OF LAW AT CHICAGO,  
JUNE 6TH, 1879.

Contributed by DUANE MOWRY, Milwaukee, Wis.

[INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—This address, or the portion of it which is here reproduced, was found by the contributor among the private papers and documents of the late James R. Doolittle, for twelve years, from 1857 to 1862, a United States Senator from Wisconsin. Evidently, it is a carefully revised typewritten copy of the original address, which also is in the possession of the contributor.

Judge Doolittle, at the time of its delivery, was a practicing attorney and an eminent member of the Chicago bar. He was full of the subjects which he so clearly and cogently discusses, particularly, with reference to the constitutional questions which had arisen as the outgrowth of the Civil War. Perhaps no man in the public eye at that time was as well prepared to consider the burning questions of the hour as was the great commoner from Wisconsin. And it is a fact not readily controverted that Mr. Doolittle met those public questions in a manner that has since commanded public endorsement and approval, although acceptance of his views and interpretations were not of universal opinion when presented.

The address is valuable as a basis for intelligent thought and consideration. And the contributor believes that many residents of the great State of Illinois will so regard it. It is alike historically and constitutionally valuable. It is entitled to a permanent place in the affairs of a great city and a great state, submitted as it was by one of its worthy and adopted sons.]

Young Gentlemen:

This day, for you, is one of joy and of hope—of joy, for it ends a life of study under masters; and of hope, for it begins life in a high calling—in one of the highest.

It is natural and it is right for you to rejoice in your freedom and in your new calling. But let one of those who have been where you now are,—one who has trod the long and narrow road you now start upon—say to you, in all frankness, that if any of that joy comes from the thought that a life of study and of labor is ended, it will not last long—certainly not long with any who aspire to be worthy of the calling you have chosen. If you would enter the higher walks of the profession, be assured, young gentlemen, a life of study—of hard brain-work—is just begun. I trust your purpose is to do that. If it be not, it is hardly worth while to enter it at all. It is only the “upper story” which is not crowded—crowded almost to suffocation. But there is one thing to cheer you—there is always “room higher up.”

Every good lawyer must be a hard student, not for two or three years, but for his lifetime. He must study books; he must study affairs; he must study men. He is called upon to be a counsellor of men in all conditions and callings, and the lawyer must have superior knowledge.

He must know the law upon all great questions of man's well-being upon earth, of man's rights, of man's relations and duties to the state, and to his fellowmen: 1. Under the laws of nations; 2. Under the laws of the United States; and, 3. Under the laws of the state where he lives.

To realize the ideal, or perfect lawyer, he must know all the law, and have great and varied knowledge of all human affairs.

It is often said, in speech, and in the press, that lawyers hold too many of the high places; far more than their share; and men wonder why. Why will the people choose them? The answer is simple and natural. It is by no magic and by no miracle.

The true secret is hard work; years of constant thought

and study upon great questions, make them grow; make them wiser, broader and stronger, as cause produces effect. It is the wisdom, breadth and strength thus acquired which gain and hold the confidence of their fellowmen. Bear in mind it is only the hard questions of life which the counsellor must solve. Man in health needs no physician, but only the sick. So in the affairs of life, it is only when men are in difficulty, in distress, trial or danger that a lawyer is needed. Then he is sought for before all other men. And why? Simply because he has studied more, and thought more, and, therefore, knows more of the laws and of the complex affairs of men. It is because he can judge better what to do, and how to do it; what to say, and how to say it, that he is called upon to advise other men in their troubles. That is why his counsel is sought and heeded in private affairs, and that at the bottom, is the reason why so many are chosen to counsel and lead in public affairs. This shows that in the opinion of men there is no higher office or calling than that of a great, wise and good lawyer.

Young gentlemen, in the name of the legal profession, let me bid you a cordial welcome to its studies, to its labors, and to all its honors.

Before taking leave of you, however, this evening, I wish to say something upon a subject of great moment to all men in our profession, old or young, and, I may add, to all thoughtful American citizens.

The subject is not far off. It is very near to all of us. It is not a new subject. It is as old as the republic. It is the very basis upon which it rests. It has been discussed in congress; in the press; in the judicial form; upon the rostrum; in the pulpit, even; and upon the field of battle. It is the question of national and state sovereignty;—the question of our double allegiance; and the office and duty of the Supreme Court of the United States, in defining and holding the balance between them in our system.

In this respect, young gentlemen, that court is called to discharge greater and higher duties than any other judicial



tribunal of the world. We cannot fully realize this great office and duty of that court without first looking into the Constitution—to see what kind of a government was formed by it; and what kind of a balance that court is to hold.

The Constitution of the United States did two things:

1. It formed a more perfect union between the states than the old confederation. It made a federal government, to which a portion of the sovereignty of the people of all the states was delegated with sovereign irrevocable powers necessary to maintain itself. It formed a perpetual union and a government. In a word, it established the United States as a Nation among the other nations of the earth. It is a nation. Already at the end of one century, it is one of the greatest; and before the end of another, with God's blessing, it is to be the greatest of them all. And,

2. It secured the liberties of the people, by limiting the sovereignty of that federal government, and by expressly reserving to the states and to their people all the rights, powers, self-government and sovereignty not delegated to the union nor prohibited to the states.

Both of these things are done by the Constitution; sovereignty is given to the Union, and sovereignty is reserved to the states. But both are limited sovereignties; each is limited by the other.

On the one hand the constitution, treaties and laws made in pursuance of it are the supreme law of the land, and of the whole land, south as well as north; anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding. And the United States has sovereign power to make all laws necessary and proper to carry that supreme law into execution.

While, on the other hand, the constitution, in terms as clear, reserves to the states, respectively, all the great mass of sovereign powers not delegated to the United States nor prohibited to the states.

The United States is sovereign, but it is a limited sovereign.

The states are sovereign, but limited sovereigns also.

The sovereignty of neither is absolute.

That of the United States is only what is conferred by the constitution, and is bounded by it.

That of the states is limited only so far as the constitution imposes that limitation.

The sovereign powers of the United States, though limited in number, are great and important; as great and important as those of any other nation; and where given to it they are absolute and supreme within their action; and, they are binding upon the allegiance of every American citizen.

The United States, as a sovereign, has the great powers of taxation, debt, finance and commerce with foreign nations as well as among the several states; of borrowing money, of coining and regulating its value, as well as of fixing the standards of weights and measures, of establishing postoffices, of granting patents and copyrights, and of defining and punishing offenses against the laws of nations. But above all, as such sovereign, the United States also has the power to make war and to make peace, to raise and support armies and navies, to punish treason and to put down insurrection. All these great powers—all these gigantic and sovereign powers—were called into action by the late Civil War. That showed, at a cost and destruction of \$10,000,000,000 and five hundred thousand lives of the bravest and the best, that all those powers belong to the United States.

But great, gigantic and overshadowing as they are in times of war, and necessary as they are at all times to maintain the union of the states, and to make the United States felt and respected as a nation among the powers of the earth, they are no more important and not one-half as numerous as the sovereign powers reserved to the states.

It is the sovereignty of the State, and not of the United States, which defends me in my daily life—in my liberty, in my reputation, in my property, in my wife and in my children.

We thus see all American citizens live under two distinct and limited sovereignties; and they owe allegiance to each,

and are protected by each, by the laws of each, within their spheres. In all life's journey from the cradle to the grave, the Sovereignty of the United States, and the Sovereignty of the State, like two guardian angels upon the right and the left, walk close by our side. But, nine times in ten, it is the Sovereignty of the State in which we live, and not of the United States, to which we appeal for protection, guidance and redress.

Young gentlemen:—When you come to marry, (and I hope no one will neglect that duty too long), under what law—state or federal—will you do that? and when you are married, which sovereignty—state or federal—protects the marriage relation? If outraged, which sovereignty punishes the crime?

It is the State, and not the United States, which punishes rape, seduction, adultery. Should children of the marriage come to bless it, what sovereignty defends them? What sovereignty punishes the kidnaper who steals them from the cradle? Is it that of the United States, or that of the State?

Take the heart-rending case of Charlie Ross. In his abduction from Pennsylvania the laws of the United States were no more violated than the laws of Wisconsin, or the laws of Canada or of England.

It was a terrible violation of the laws of Pennsylvania, and, I may add, the laws of humanity.

Citizens of Illinois: Here in this State, if your person, or wife, or children, or home, or property, or good name is assailed, what laws are violated and under what laws do you seek redress? The laws of Illinois, and not the laws of the United States at all.

Under what laws are schools established to educate your children? Under what laws are churches erected in which to worship your Heavenly Father? Under what laws do you live and labor, get gain, buy and sell lands, and do nine-tenths of all your business? Under what laws do you educate, marry and settle your children? Under what laws do you make your last will and testament? And when life on

earth is over, and your mortal remains are laid in the grave, what laws protect them in their last resting place?

To all those questions the answer comes, the laws of Illinois, and not the laws of the United States. It is the sovereignty of the state which shields us at birth; in the cradle; under the parental roof; during childhood; at play or at school; during youth; at work or at the university; in wooing and in marrying; in home and in family; in wife and children; in life, liberty, reputation and property; at church and at the polls; in business and in charity; in sickness and in health; in the strength of years, and in the tottering weakness of old age.

I do not underestimate the great blessings of the indissoluble union of these states, under the Constitution and the government which it formed. It is worth all it has cost, of treasure and of blood, to make it, and again to preserve it. No man glories in it more than myself; yet I do not now overstate the importance of the reserved rights of the states when I repeat, that nine-tenths of all the acts which concern the lives, liberties, families, properties, and rights of the citizens of our republic are protected, enjoyed, defended and redressed under the sovereignty of the states in which they live.

But in the tenth, or exceptional, case the sovereign protection of the federal government is equally important, necessary and vital to our well-being. If a citizen go abroad, if he deal with aliens or with citizens of other states; if he take a federal office, or enter the army or navy; if he were once a negro slave, and his equality as a freed man or citizen is invaded, it is the federal sovereignty which defends him. Or if he counts the cost of the goods he consumes, of what enters his mouth and covers his back, and reckons how much of it is federal tax and subsidy hid in the price; if he counts how much of all he pays goes into the treasury, and how much into the pockets of a favored few under specious pleas of protection, which in many cases is simple spoliation, he feels the heavy burden of federal sovereignty to tax.

Or if he sees, as he did in the late Civil War, millions of



men called to arms, and hundreds of thousands led to battle and to death, by the command of the federal government, he cannot fail to know and feel and recognize the Sovereignty and the Power of the United States.

But, young gentlemen, a state of war, debt and grinding taxation, state or national, is, by no means, our true normal condition. Our true policy, greatness and glory, is peace, freedom from debt, state or national, and honest economy. When the wounds of Civil War are healed; when the heavy federal debt and taxation which was brought upon us is reduced, and the republic restored to its normal condition, the burdens of the federal government, now so crushing in their weight, will once more in our highest and best estate rest as lightly upon our people, and its blessings will be as great to all sections as they were before that terrible convulsion. When we get back to that position once more, which is our true normal condition, the burdens of the federal government will be as light as the air we breathe, though its blessings may be as vital to our well-being. Then again will be felt all the blessings of home rule and home government under the reserved rights of the states. Then, nine times in ten, all the men and women who make their "exits and their entrances" to play Shakespeare's seven ages, will play their parts, not upon the federal theatre, but upon the theatre of the state where they live. Whether as mewling infant, whining school-boy, sighing lover, round-bellied justice, or in shrunk-shank age, or in toothless, sightless, second-childishness—very few of all his exits or entrances would be upon the federal stage. There is one, and only one, of his seven ages which seems better adapted to the federal stage, viz.:

The soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like a pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth.

He makes his entrance and his exit upon the federal stage.



I repeat, excepting those who hold office, or are in the direct employ of the United States, all other citizens will play nine-tenths of all their parts upon the theatre of the state where they live, under home rule and home government, protected and defended by the sovereignty of the state.

While the great powers delegated by the Constitution to the United States are sovereign, and the union of states, under the Constitution, as to those powers, makes one people, one nation, one republic—aye! the republic of all ages—yet the very basis upon which it was formed, upon which it still rests, upon which it must rest forever, is that the union is composed of many distinct republics. *E pluribus unum* is its motto, and on its flag are many stars.

We shall see the full force of this when we consider another express provision of the Constitution. It is in these words:

“The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government.”

What does the Constitution mean by that? What is a republican form of government in every state? Certainly it is not government by a king, nor by an autocrat, nor by an aristocracy of birth or of wealth. It is simply a government by the people and for the people. By and for what people? That is the great question. All will concede the people of Illinois are not to be governed by the people of Missouri, nor the people of Missouri by the people of Illinois. But does it mean that the people of Missouri are to be governed by the whole people of the United States as one people? Is that the republican form of government which the Constitution guarantees? Certainly not, for if it referred to that it would have no force or meaning at all. What it does mean is that the people of each state shall have republican government; that is, shall govern themselves, in all things according to their own sovereign will, except where the Constitution has delegated sovereignty to the United States, or prohibited it to the states.

The Constitution, therefore, not only expressly reserves to the people of the states sovereign rights and powers; it goes further. It expressly guarantees to every state that the sovereign right of the people of each state to govern themselves shall be eternal; that the right of the people, which alone gives them a republican form of government, shall never be taken from them. It means that every state, except so far as limited by the Constitution, shall be and remain a republic forever.

It means that Wisconsin and Illinois and Missouri shall forever remain sovereign, independent and distinct republics in all things wherein sovereignty has not been prohibited to them, or delegated to the union; and in that union, the state and the people of each state shall have all the rights and powers reserved by the Constitution to the states, and to the people of the states—one of which is absolute in equality in the Senate of the United States, where the voice of Rhode Island is as potent as the voice of New York; and no amendment of the Constitution by three-fourths of the states can take that equal right away. As to the great mass of powers reserved to the states, they are each as sovereign and independent of each other as New York is of Canada; while as to the other great powers confided to the federal government, the people of the states and the states themselves join upon a footing of equality to constitute one great republic, and all join in exercise of the sovereignty under the Constitution.

I observe, in the next place, young gentlemen, that the Constitution did two other things of almost equal importance to those I have mentioned.

1. It established, as far as written language can do so, a boundary line between the sovereignty of the states and the sovereignty of the United States; the line where state sovereignty ends and where federal sovereignty begins. As along that line it was foreseen, because language is not perfect, and man is finite—doubtful questions might arise between them, which might lead to conflicts of force to be decided by arms, it established:

2. A Supreme Court as the appellate tribunal of last resort to decide those doubtful questions in all cases at law or in equity arising under the Constitution, laws and treaties made under its authority.

That tribunal holds the balance, and decides when a law made by the federal government invades the rights reserved to the states, and when a law made by the states invades the sovereignty of the United States.

### THE TRIBUNITIAN POWER.

That tribunal holds the greater veto or tribunitian power in our system—greater than that of the President. He has power to require a law to be passed by two-thirds of each house of Congress. That court has power to veto a law if passed by both houses unanimously. It vetoes the laws of the federal legislature not authorized by the Constitution, and it vetoes laws made by state legislatures when they encroach upon the domain of national sovereignty. It does this whenever a case is presented at law or in equity for their decision in regular form.

As I have already said, no other judicial tribunal of the world ever held such a veto power.

In the Roman republic, ten tribunes were annually chosen. Dressed in simple garb, with no warlike emblems about them, their appearance was modest and humble, but their persons were sacred and inviolable. Their force was negative rather than positive. It was suited rather to defend than to assail—rather for opposition than for action. “They were instituted to defend the oppressed; to pardon offenses, to arraign the enemies of the people; and, when they judged it necessary, to stop by a single word the whole machine of government,” (1 Gibbon, 80.) That word was veto.

They held office for a single year, but during that time they held the pardoning power; they constituted in their day the committee of investigation and of impeachment; and they exercised that great power of the veto, which is necessary to be somewhere in every great republic—a power not to make

aggressions, but to resist them; a power, not to attack, but to defend; a shield but not sword.

Under our complex system, where two forces or tendencies are ever at work, one to draw all powers to the federal sovereignty, and the other to draw all powers to the state, it is absolutely essential to its preservation that such a tribunal should exist; and to our Supreme Court is confided the power to decide all cases arising under the Constitution in judicial form; and from its decision in the case before it, there is and can be no appeal. It is final in that case, whether in favor of federal or state authority. Do not understand me to say that its decision is always right. That would assume the judges to be more than men. But from its constitution that tribunal is more likely to be right than any other we could select. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred its decisions are right.

But in case it decides wrong, it is better even then to have that decision final, as to the parties in that case, than to leave the matter undecided, and, for the want of such a tribunal, to leave things to float, it may be into a conflict of force, which might end in civil war.

Do not understand me, either, as saying that the decision of that court, in any case, prevents the same question from being raised and discussed in another case; or, that if that tribunal becomes satisfied a former decision was erroneous, it has no power to reverse it in another case. This, in fact, does occur, sometimes, in that tribunal; though, from its wisdom, prudence and deliberation, it occurs very seldom.

It is the duty of that court to guard and defend the reserved rights of the states, as much as it is to assert the rights and authority of the union. Its greatest office and duty is to hold an even balance between them; leaning, **in doubtful cases**, in favor of the states; and, by their decisions, to annul all laws, orders and decisions made under state authority in conflict with the Constitution; and, also, to enforce all Constitutional laws and orders made under federal authority, as well as to annul and veto all in conflict with the same Constitu-



tion; and thus to mark and to establish the boundary line between independent and distinct, but united sovereignties, and by peaceful arbitrament to redress and to restrain the invasion of either.

Young gentlemen, it is no part of my purpose tonight to point out that line, or boundary; or to show what powers have been delegated to the federal government, and to show how much of sovereignty belongs to the United States, and how much of sovereignty is reserved to the states.

It has been my purpose rather to show that each is sovereign; but neither is Absolute. Both are Limited Sovereignties.

The truth is our great republic is neither a confederacy nor a centralized despotism, but it is something far better than either; it is a federative republic, the only form of government under which a nation may become great among the powers of the earth—continental if you please—and at the same time, preserve republican or self-government by the people.

You will have observed that the views submitted this evening do not accord with those who maintain that all sovereignty belongs to the United States, and that the states have no reserved rights which the federal government is bound to respect; nor do they accord with the views of those who maintain that all sovereignty belongs to the states, and that the federal government has no sovereignty, rights or powers which the state is bound to respect, and which it cannot at its own sovereign will and pleasure refuse to obey.

These views are as far removed from the one extreme as from the other. They are as much opposed to the doctrine of Centralism as to the doctrine of Secession. The one leads to Empire, the other to Disunion.

Extremes often meet. The reasoning of the Centralist and that of the Secessionist is, at bottom, the same. This is their syllogism:

The Centralist says: There can be but one sovereignty over one people; and that must be absolute. It cannot be



limited or divided. I am for the nation; therefore in the name of the union, and for the sake of the union, I demand all sovereignty for the federal government.

The Secessionist says: I agree with the Centralist; there can be but one sovereignty over the people and that must be absolute. It cannot be limited or divided. The liberties of the people cannot be maintained without republican or self-government by the people in every state. Therefore, in the name of liberty and for the sake of liberty, I demand all sovereignty for the state. Without that no liberty is possible.

The fault of this reasoning of the centralist and secessionist is the same, viz: That sovereignty cannot be divided, bounded or limited by a written constitution. There can be no such thing as a balance or equilibrium of forces established for civilized man.

The true and fundamental theory of our system is that the United States is clothed with national, but with limited sovereignty to make us one people and one power among the nations, and to maintain free trade and commerce among the states, while the states hold distinct and independent sovereignty as to all other political powers not committed to the federal government.

The syllogism upon which its reasoning is based is this:

The sovereignty over the same people may be divided, a portion be committed to the federal government, under the Constitution, and the remainder be reserved to the states by the same Constitution. We demand sovereignty for the United States to preserve union and peace at home, and to maintain our nationality abroad. We demand, also, the sovereign right of the people of each state to a republican form of government in order to secure liberties of the people. We demand union and liberty. We maintain, therefore, that both the union of the states and the independence of the states are secured under the Constitution.

Not only Madison, whose wise counsels did so much to form the Constitution, but Hamilton, whom the modern cen-

tralists profess to follow, in one of his ablest papers supported this theory. "The state governments," said he, "would clearly retain, after adopting the Constitution, all the rights of sovereignty which they before had, and which were not by that act delegated to the United States." Hamilton and Madison differed, it is true, as to the extent of the sovereign powers delegated and reserved, but they never doubted that, as to the powers delegated, the federal government was sovereign; and, as to the power reserved, that the states still remained sovereign under the Constitution.

I have thus, young gentlemen, upon this great and fundamental question of constitutional law, endeavored to show that the reasoning of the Centralist is as false as that of the Secessionist. While that of the Secessionist would destroy our union under the Constitution, and make it a mere rope of sand; that of the Centralist would destroy the rights of the states reserved by it, and with them the liberties of the people.

Mr. Doolittle reviewed the leading decisions of the Supreme Court, upon this question, to show that that great tribunal has always rejected the logic of the Centralist, as well as the logic of the Secessionist, and said:

The gist of all their decisions may be summed up in the following propositions:

1. That the government of the Union, though limited in its powers, is supreme within its action, and, therefore, sovereign.

2. That under our Constitution the powers of sovereignty are divided between the government of the union and those of the states. They are each sovereign with respect to the objects committed to it; and neither is sovereign with respect to the objects committed to the other.

3. That the Sovereignty of the Union extends over all the states and territories; but within the states it is confined to certain enumerated powers, or powers necessary to carry them into effect; while the state has acknowledged and ex-

pressly reserved sovereignty over all the remaining mass of powers not delegated to the union, or prohibited to the states.

4. That the powers of the union and of the state, although they exist and are exercised within the same territorial limits, are yet separate and distinct sovereignties, acting separately and independent of each other within their respective spheres, as if the line of division was traced by landmarks or monuments visible to the eye.

God grant that that tribunal may continue to hold a just and even balance between national and state sovereignty, and thus fulfill their part in preserving our republic forever.

In conclusion, young gentlemen, let me say, as a parting word to you:

The future of the republic is in the hands of young men; and more especially the young men of the legal profession, whose influence will be so powerful in giving direction to the opinions of men upon the grave questions discussed this evening.

Ideas rule the world. They are stronger than men, or parties. They are the great spiritual forces which make and unmake them. Once fully possessed of the minds and hearts of men, ideas lead them to the end—be the consequences what they may.

Right or wrong, angel or demon, ideas which set fire to the souls of men will drive them to action sooner or later. They will have expression or they will rend in pieces everything which stands in their way. It was a wrong idea which brought on Secession and Civil War. It is a wrong idea in the minds of too many which is now rushing on toward the opposite extreme of Centralism. Let me in all earnestness and sincerity warn you against both.

We are just about to enter upon a new era—upon the second century. Before the end of that, if the logic of Secession should prevail and take full possession of the young, our union will be destroyed, our republic will be broken in pieces and give place to many warring and petty nations. On the other hand, if before the end of that century the logic of

Centralism should prevail, and take full possession of the youth of our country, north and south, the days of the republic would be numbered; for, the days of the empire would already have begun.

Wherever you may go, and to whatever position you may be called, I trust you will never forget the just allegiance you owe to the United States and to the State in which you live; to that Sovereignty which makes you an American citizen; as well as to that Sovereignty which defends the mass of your rights as a freeman; and, above all, to that Constitution which secures all.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ABEL MILLS.

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### EDITOR'S PREFACE.

Recollections of a pioneer of Illinois, a man of four score years, is offered the public in the Autobiography of Abel Mills.

Abel Mills lived in Putnam County almost 80 years. His life here began in 1840 at the age of 11; it ended ninth month 18, 1919.

He seems not to have written after 1911. He was then 82. He was assisted with facts and phrasing by his wife, Elizabeth Mills, who transcribed his notes, as they accumulated, into a bound book.

A copy in type by Gertrude Mills Fairchild of La Cross, Wisconsin, was made at the request of the author. That copy has come to me, a son of Abel and Elizabeth Mills, to prepare for publication. Liberty has been taken with the text only in detail where slips were apparent. These were few and of small moment. The footnotes are mine.

There are personal intimacies in the Autobiography that survivors would prefer not to talk about in public. To have deleted these, however, would have left something less than a faithful portrayal of the author's interests.

My father was a thrifty farmer; did his farm work thoroughly and in season, took a special pride in neatly trimmed hedges, and in keeping his farm free from weeds and litter.

Yet my father would unhitch from a corn plow at 10 o'clock to go to mid-week meeting where he would sit in the quiet for an hour with members of his family and country neighbors religiously inclined.

Not much about Quakers has been written into the historical literature of Illinois. "The Quakers," "Quaker





*Abel Mills*



Church," and "Quaker Lane" are common phrases in Putnam County, and the Autobiography may help to explain to others what those phrases mean to home folks.

Many persons are named by the author, many of them Friends. Included are residents of distant states who had come from time to time among Illinois Friends under circumstances so favorable that they bestowed a rich influence.

My father never owned an automobile but his neighborhood was wider than that of many who possess easy means of travel. In his travels, he was interested primarily in contacts that are personal. He looked for opportunities for conversation and did not shrink from public speaking.

Albert T. Mills

"Homewood"

By Lake Decatur, Illinois

8-14, 1926

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ABEL MILLS.

McNABB, ILLINOIS, 12-14-1907.

Having been frequently solicited by our children to write an autobiography of my life, I am, on this beautiful morning, seated at the desk, at our Maple Grove Farm, on Section 12, in the County of Putnam, Magnolia Township, State of Illinois. All nature is clothed with five inches of snow—a clean, white covering representing purity.

I was born 6th month 1st, 1829, in Washington County, Pennsylvania, being the seventh child of Joseph Mills and Sarah Raley Mills.

My father was born 10th month 29, 1792, in Washington County, Pennsylvania, son of Henry and Elizabeth Mills.

My mother was born 12th month 11th, 1792, in old Virginia, daughter of Eli<sup>1</sup> and Mary Raley.

They were married 6th month 3rd, 1813. They were both birthright members of the Society of Friends.

My grandfather, Henry Mills, came from Wales to Penn-

<sup>1</sup>Eli Raley was born in Ireland. The name seems to have been spelled both Raley and Riley. Eli Raley married Mary Lupton.

sylvania, a lone man, and married Elizabeth John. He afterwards builded a large, two-story stone house in which I was born. This house was built in 1804. There were on the first floor, a large sitting room, two bedrooms, and a kitchen fourteen by eighteen; on the second floor, four bedrooms and a large hall, with a garret above. There was an excellent, ever-flowing spring of water perhaps fifteen feet from the southwest corner of the kitchen. Nearby was a spring house, a trough in it, through which the water flowed, after which it continued down the bank where an elevated trough was provided for stock water.

The dwelling was on a hillside, the front dooryard facing south. Around this yard was a stone fence builded. The highest point of the wall must have been eight or ten feet. The yard was filled in and level to the top of the wall and yet there were six or seven stone steps to reach the floor which was level with the ground on the north. The yard and garden were on a moderate slope extending to the foot of the hill upon which also the orchard was planted. I suppose the top of this hill was two hundred fifty feet higher<sup>2</sup> than the north dooryard. The barn was east of the dwelling twenty-five rods, if my memory serves me. It was called an overshoot barn, with stabling underneath, the frame running out over the stable door perhaps twelve feet to the south. The upper approach was graded to a level with the floor.

The improvements<sup>3</sup> described were located about one mile northeast of Centerville, now called East Bethlehem, on the National Pike, in East Bethlehem Township, Washington County, Pennsylvania. Six miles southeast of the pike called National, Brownsville is located, in Fayette County, on the south side of the Monongahela River. Washington, the County seat of Washington County, is located on the pike

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<sup>2</sup> "Beautifully located on the side of a little knoll overlooking a very attractive valley with many interesting vistas up and down the sides of the hills beyond."—Dr. Albert R. Taylor.

Since making a visit to the place recently, Dr. Taylor thinks the elevation of 250 feet, the estimate of the text, more nearly to be the height of the entire hill.

<sup>3</sup> The present owner is Charles Webeck, R. F. D. 1, West Brownsville. An earlier owner is Mrs. Norman Yorty, same postoffice address.

about twelve miles a little north of west, and is thirty miles from Wheeling, West Virginia.

Our meeting-house, called Westland, was, as I remember, three miles southwest. Pike Run meeting-house was situated northeast about six miles, where the McGirr's, John's, and the Graves' were located. The Monthly Meeting was held alternately at these places. Red Stone Quarterly Meeting was held south of Brownsville at a place called Red Stone. (It was said that my mother, when a young woman, was the best looking of any that attended the Quarter.)

My grandmother, Elizabeth John, was a sister of Joseph John who was grandfather to Mary Ann John who married Carver Tomlinson.<sup>4</sup> Therefore, Mary Ann Tomlinson's grandfather and my grandmother were brother and sister.

To my grandfather and grandmother Mills were born five children, namely: Rachel, Martha, Elizabeth, Joseph, and Abel Mills. Rachel became the wife of Jehu Lewis; Martha, the wife of Nathan Pusey; Elizabeth, the wife of Nathaniel Gregg. Abel married Catherine Ulery.

Born to Jehu and Rachel Lewis were three children, namely: Samuel R., Elizabeth, and Joseph; to Nathan and Martha Pusey,<sup>5</sup> Mary Ann, Joseph, Elizabeth, Parker, William Henry, and Joshua; to Nathaniel and Elizabeth Gregg, Martin, Nathan, and Nimrod; to Abel and "Katie" Mills, Joseph, Matilda, and Emeline.

To my parents, Joseph and Sarah Mills, were born: Eli R. on 7th month 18th, 1814; Henry, sixth month 18th, 1816; Mary Ann, sixth month 13th, 1819; Joshua Lupton, eleventh month 25th, 1821; Pusey, second month 17th, 1824; Edmond, fifth month 19th, 1827; Abel, sixth month 1st, 1829; Sarah Elizabeth, fourth month 14th, 1832; and Martha Mills, ninth month 10th, 1834.

This incident is among my earliest school-day recollections. On returning one evening, sister Mary Ann met me in

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<sup>4</sup> Carver Tomlinson in Ohio had gathered provisions for the Price-Mills steamboat. After coming to Illinois in 1852, he continued this service. Deliveries of butter, eggs, etc., were made by him at Hennepin.

<sup>5</sup> Lewis and Pusey families settled about Ottawa, Illinois.



the kitchen and called my attention. Stooping down, she told me there was a little babe in the room. I asked her where we got it. She replied they had traded pumpkins for it. This babe was my sister Martha.

My brother Edmond died ninth month 10th, 1828, being one year three months and twenty-one days old.

My father secured an education beyond the average of men at that time. Capable of doing public business, he was frequently called upon to assist others in business affairs. He was often quick to manifest his disapprobation of that which was not prudent. A man of five feet nine inches, large grey eyes, of good form and muscle, and a will that sometimes permitted him to do daring things. To explain; we lived six miles from Brownsville, which was in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. The Monongahela River flowed by its side and between it and our place. At one time, father started to the city with a load of some kind. This was before there was a bridge and it was winter weather. On arriving at the river bank where teams usually cross, the river was frozen over. After examining the thickness and strength of the ice, he concluded it was not safe to cross with a team close to the wagon. He hitched the team to the end of the tongue and drove across without an accident.

My father endeavored to educate his sons to look ahead when driving a team, that obstructions might be avoided. At one time father followed butchering; had a spring wagon with endgate on hinges and drawn with one horse, the driver riding the horse as was the custom. Father had butchered an animal, taking his meat to Centerville, a mile distant. He took brother Joshua, who was in his teens, with him. The meat being disposed of, Father said to Joshua, "Thee take the horse and wagon home. I have some business to attend to before returning." All the tools were in the wagon, steel-yards, knife, steel for sharpening the knife and saw. To hook up the endgate was forgotten. The boy, horse, and wagon went on home. When Father returned, he was carrying all

the tools, saying: "Joshua, what does all this mean?" Joshua, taking in the situation, promptly replied: "Why, Father, thee taught me to look ahead when driving."

I note the following because it made such a lasting impression on my mind. My two younger sisters, Elizabeth and Martha, were left alone when an old man by the name of Jacob Griffith came to our house. He had previously divided his property among his children and they had turned him out of house and home. He came to see my father to enlist his influence to recover a subsistence. I remember the tears were trickling down his cheeks and, altho I was but a small boy, I could see the injustice.<sup>6</sup>

Not long before we moved to Illinois, we were setting the threshing machine at the barn, as the grain in the sheaf was mowed. There were no elevating attachments, the cylinder with its frame only was inside the barn. Being the first job of the year, the horses were a little fractious. Four teams, I think, were used. A tumbling shaft connected the spur wheel with the cylinder, eight or ten feet long, attached by ratchets. The bolts sometimes, by carelessness, were too long to be safe. James Carter, a man who lived on our farm, was engaged to assist in the threshing. The night before, he spent with some of his Virginia associates, camping out, and had indulged in drinking. James being under the influence of liquor that morning, father told him that he did not want him. Notwithstanding instructions, he hung around. While the horses were being quieted, James stepped astride the tumbling shaft to put some sheaves into the cylinder. A bolt caught his pants and he was whirled around at a rapid rate. His head and heels barely missed the sill and an upright post. The tumbling rod seemed to have gone around ten or twelve times after the horses had stopped. One of James' arms was broken in several places. There were but one sock and one wristband of his clothing left on his person. I was an eye witness to this unfortunate circumstance. He lived and afterwards peddled goods.

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<sup>6</sup> Probably the author never turned away anyone seeking food or shelter.

One incident only causes me to remember my grandmother Mills. She had gone out of doors and had fallen, was carried in and was sitting in the rocking chair. I stood directly in front of her, taking a sympathetic view. No recollection of her sickness, death or funeral.

The following incident was related to me by my mother in reference to grandfather Mills. He was a cooper by trade and very zealous in the attendance of religious meetings, a member of the Society of Friends. He employed assistants in his business, having it distinctly understood that they were to attend mid-week meeting as well as on first day without the loss of time, he furnishing the conveyance. One of his employees refused to comply with the obligation and some controversy ensued. Grandfather, taking hold of the impudent fellow, in the twinkling of an eye, stood him on his head on the floor. This secured submission.

A man by the name of Samuel Crow who lived in the neighborhood was in the habit of taking things that did not belong to him. He had stolen some property and the citizens were called out to catch him, he being on foot. There were many fences to climb. Some of the pursuers were on horseback. Grandfather, being one of the horseback pursuers, reached the fence as Crow got over. Crow provided himself a stone in each hand as his defense. Grandfather quietly jumped from his horse, loosening the circingle from the saddle and tying Crow, who made no resistance (though much the larger man), and grandfather delivered him into the hands of the officer who was in the chase.

From my earliest recollection, my father addressed<sup>7</sup> the meeting. He and my mother were very active members of the meeting. Their children were taken regularly twice a week.

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<sup>7</sup> The privilege of speaking in meeting was common to all, whether official recognition had been given or not. In this case, official recognition was not given. The designation "recorded minister" or "recommended minister," it was expected, would carry somewhat of prestige, especially outside of the home neighborhood. The title, "Reverend," was always taboo. Ministers were not set apart occupationally, or paid for their faithfulness to the call to speak. The author's father was not a radical abolitionist. Had he been, his ministry likely would have been recommended by the meeting and he have become a recorded minister.

I cannot explain why I should have attended school at so many different places, unless they were subscription schools: Centerville, a little west of south; also at Dr. Hall's residence near the village, in the upper story, steps upon the outside (this was about one mile distant and taught by Mary Hall, wife of our family doctor, Joseph Hall—a very amiable lady); at David Jenkins' school-house, due south about one mile; at another house one-half mile distant southeast; at Baker's school-house, east one and a half miles; at Welch's school-house, at least two miles northwest; also, at our own house, where a school was taught by Eliza Ann Morgan, at that time a Brownsville lady. She married a man by the name of Mathews in the city of Baltimore, a relative of Wm. M. Price.

These schools were attended by me before I was eleven years old. There were a number of colored children attended these schools. We made no objection to this.

Aunt Nancy Swaney, my mother's sister, came to Washington County, Pa., I think, about the year 1835, with three sons, namely: John, David, and Barnett, to make her home with her father (my grandfather Raley). Uncle Joseph Raley and brother Joshua conveyed them in wagons.

In a short time, David came to live with us and we attended school together. One day when at school at the David Jenkins' school-house, while playing ball, called "Round Town," a painful incident occurred. One boy used the bat while another stood directly in front and threw the ball to the one with the bat. There was yet another who stood behind to catch the ball, provided it was not hit, and return it to the one who had thrown it. The bat, as I now remember, was something like a paling from a garden fence, a very clumsy thing. Cousin David was using it and I catching behind him. He struck at the ball and was whirled around and the bat struck me on the head, cutting quite a gash, which at this distance from the event, leaves with me a very prominent scar.

Another incident occurred at this school one-half mile



away, at which a very pretty little girl attended by the name of Jane Brown. There were two or three of us boys who wanted to show our respect for Jane and got into a quarrel about her. Jane emigrated to Illinois with her parents and their family, I think, in 1841. In after years, she became the wife of John Judd—a beautiful woman. She passed from this earth several years ago.

In 1827-8 a disposition<sup>s</sup> arose among Friends, largely brought about by the preaching of Elias Hicks. He advocated the doctrine that Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary. He denied that the outward Jesus was the son of God, also that it was not necessary that the man Jesus should be crucified; also denied that the shedding of his blood cleansed from all sin that had been or would be committed by mankind; also denied that Adam's transgression entailed sin upon the whole human family.

There was a great disturbance. Those who called themselves orthodox claimed that they were the followers of Fox, Penn, and Barclay. They went around to visit the members and those who accepted Hicks' doctrine were disowned by taking their names from the records of membership.

In 1833 eleventh month 13, a grand shower of meteors or shooting stars occurred in America for several hours before day. It caused great fear, especially among the negroes of the southern states who thought the world was burning up. It was the greatest display of meteors on record. I was about four and a half years of age. I was aroused and taken out of bed. Some one of our family held me upon his shoulder to view the scene, at the old home in Pennsylvania. Our orchard was located upon the side of a hill, as already noted. The apple trees were of good size. The land sloped upward to the north. This scene has been indelibly stamped upon my recollection, having the appearance of bright silver watches falling thick through the branches of the trees to the ground where the brightness ceased. About seventy-six years have elapsed since. I have always been thankful for the view.

<sup>s</sup> Paxon's *The American Frontier* gives a setting historically for this disturbance among American Friends in an excellent chapter on the motives of the '30's.







ELI MILLS,  
Eldest Brother of Abel Mills

My brother, Eli R. Mills, was married ninth month 22, 1836, to Elizabeth H. Kimber, daughter of Abram and Susan Kimber, Bridgeport, Fayette County, Pennsylvania. He had learned the carpenter trade there and afterwards he discontinued his trade and became a steamboat man with his brother-in-law, Herman Price, who was the captain.

Pennsylvania was a timbered country. "Sylvia," a wooded country. William Penn, who purchased it from the King of England and afterwards from the Indians, became the first governor; thus the name Pennsylvania. It is also a hilly country, the soil being of a limestone character was not only productive but was and is a strong soil, producing all kinds of grains, fruit, and vegetables.

The grain was harvested with cycles, all of which, including the hay, was stored in the large barns. The conditions there were not as here, precluding boys from eight to eleven years of age from assisting much with the plowing of the soil for crops.

I remember a hazardous venture that brother Joshua while plowing permitted me to do. In my boyish glee, with another boy whose name I do not now recall, I was allowed to lie down in the furrow between the plow and double-tree and be covered up, or nearly so. This was repeated several times. I often call it to mind and it makes me almost shudder to think of lying down in the furrow and risking the plow coming in contact with a stone, causing the shear to be forced against me. The result might have been a serious wound or the sacrifice of life.

In the summer of 1839, I assisted brother Henry and others of our family to make brick on the south end of the farm, near the road, for the purpose of an added building to the east and of the dwelling already referred to, I sanding the moulds. There were four bricks in a mould, as I remember. We tempered the dirt by tramping it with horses, riding in a circle until it was in proper condition. We would go to the creek, which was not far, and ride the horses through the water until clean. Brother Henry was a mason and assisted

in putting up the building. This addition was for our uncle Nathan Pusey, as he owned the farm.

In the fall of 1839, my father<sup>9</sup> came to Illinois to look for a home, came on steamboat. Aunt Rachel Lewis, his sister, and her family had been here several years. They owned and were living on a farm about midway from Amos B. Wilson's and Captain Price's old place.

My father purchased a farm, which we call our old home, directly north of Magnolia, containing 160 acres—110 of prairie and 50 of timber land. The creek, called "Little Sandy," runs directly across the latter. It is my recollection that he paid for it about \$10 per acre. He purchased it from Williamson Durley. There was a big log cabin on it, eighteen feet square, which was covered with clapboards. The floor of the cabin was made, I believe, of slabs, with one door and two small windows. Only twenty-five or thirty acres were under cultivation.

In the fall of 1839, brother Henry and Esther Rhodes of Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, were married, ninth month 20. Arrangements were made for them to come to Illinois, driving a two horse team to a covered wagon. This arrangement was carried out.

A short time previous to their starting, father had had some business at Bellville. He rode a nice horse. Tying it to a hitching post, he went into a public house to transact his business. A stranger rode up, calling for the owner of that horse. His own horse was dripping with sweat. He asked father if he would trade horses. Father intimated that the horse he had suited him. The stranger offered him \$50 and his horse, which father accepted. Saddles were quickly changed and on the stranger went. After it was too late, it occurred to father that the horse he got had been stolen.

On the morning of brother Henry's departure for the West, father was arrested for having stolen property in his possession. Father sent a messenger after Henry to come

<sup>9</sup> The author's father had been superintendent of the West Brownsville glass-works from about 1830 to 1837. Meanwhile, tradition has it, on one occasion he was robbed of \$1,400.



back and testify how he came by that stolen horse. Satisfaction was given as to how the horse came to be there. The horse was surrendered, the \$50 only retained for that *fine* horse.

Henry returned to his wife and team and they pursued their journey, which required about three weeks, the distance being about 600 miles, without any serious interruption, having a good team, namely, John and Dave,<sup>10</sup> the former a gray and the latter a brown. They traveled over many miles of corduroy roads in Indiana, which were poles laid across the road with battins at the ends to hold them together, and which were frequently lifted by the water and would sink several inches when the horses would step on them, also the wagon. Their baggage and equipments weighed 1200 pounds. They slept in their wagon. Quite an interesting way to spend their honeymoon.

They occupied the house which was on the farm already referred to. Brother Henry built another log house of the same size as the old one, joining it to the west end, with but one window and one door; also built a house for himself six or eight rods west of the double cabin. This also was eighteen feet square. These houses were but one story. This he did during the winter of '39-40.

In the spring of 1840, we emigrated to Putnam County, Illinois; went aboard the steamboat at Brownsville<sup>11</sup> with my parents, sisters Mary Ann, Elizabeth, Martha, and brother Pusey. Also David Swaney was of our family at that time. Grandfather Raley, my mother's father, and her sister, Aunt Elizabeth Raley, Uncle Joseph Raley, my mother's brother, and his family, namely, Eli, John, Joshua, Noah, Mary, Axia, called Nackie, and Nancy, including my cousin John Swaney.

All on board, we moved out from the boat's mooring, changed at Pittsburg to the May Flower with Captain Gregg. Our trip was one of many enjoyments.

<sup>10</sup>Parts of the tug chains of John and Dave were long kept by the author.

<sup>11</sup>Brownsville, six miles southeast of the author's birthplace, was a boat-building center in the early days, and in the wars of 1812, 1861, and 1917. Hennepin, Illinois, where the party was to disembark, was now safer for white settlers, since Black Hawk had disappeared from Northern Illinois. This point was as far up the Illinois River as passenger boats could travel safely.

Elizabeth, Martha, and myself lodged in the cabin with our parents. Pusey and David Swaney boarded and lodged on deck with others of our relatives mentioned. My two younger sisters and myself ate with them, furnished and cooked our own meals. I remember that I wore what was called a "stovepipe hat." It was black.

One day several of us were sitting close to the hind end of the boat. In our glee, someone hit the top of my hat and it went overboard. It went tossing along on the waves, top side down, to the glee and admiration of several of the company.

Our boat moored at the wharf at Louisville from some time in the night until daylight. There were many boats and many people on the wharf with much lading. During the night a disturbance had occurred between two men and they were out on the bank to settle their difficulty. One of them was a small man and the other a large one. They fought with their fists, with the apparent zeal of tigers. A large crowd was assembling. Others were on boxes looking on, yelling "Hurrah my little fellow!" The big man went down about as fast as he could get upon his feet, with a blow from his adversary.

My mother was timid about horses getting scared. Not being accustomed to riding on a boat, she supposed for the moment that we were moving by horse power. When she would see the people running down to meet the boat when at a landing, she would sometimes exclaim: "See! those foolish people running down. They will scare our horses."

We proceeded on our journey without anything occurring to note, as I now remember. Landing at Hennepin, on the 12th of fourth month, 1840, we remained over night. The following morning, a beautiful sunshine greeted us. It was not long before brother Henry appeared on the scene with wagons to convey us and our goods to our new western home. To say that we were glad to see Henry, would be putting it mildly. We arrived in the evening, all in a glee to see much in a short time.

The creek referred to was about fifteen or twenty rods south of the dwelling. The water for house use was spring water, a distance of ten or twelve rods southwest, from which we were supplied for several years. A good well was finally secured close to the northeast corner of the house. Another one was dug about half way between the two houses. This did not prove to be permanent.

These dwellings were only a few rods from the edge of the woods of which the undergrowth was hazelnut. The bank near the creek is steep.

In a new country, with proper management, there was found plenty to do. Work was begun in earnest to put in the crop as there was but a small amount of ground open to cultivation, as mentioned before. In the sixth month we secured a man by the name of Moses Dugan to break fifteen acres of the prairie land. He used a large plow turning about an eighteen inch furrow. This was drawn by three yoke of oxen, the beam of the plow resting upon an axle with two wheels. There was no holding of the plow necessary, simply starting it in at the ends a proper width, turning a circle without plowing across the ends of the land. The oxen were driven by a boy by the name of John Camp, about my age, who passed from this opportunity several years ago.

Many of the farmers would plant sod corn in every three or four furrows. This would depend upon the width of the furrow, dropping the corn close to the land side. By doing this, the corn would come up between the sods. Sometimes twenty or thirty bushels of corn to the acre would be the result. No cultivation could be given.

The planting of corn was done without machinery. It was dropped from the hand after the ground was put in good condition. It was marked out with three runners of wood, shaped to an edge at the bottom and about four or five inches on the upper side, firmly fastened together, runners a proper distant apart. This was drawn by two horses, crossing with corn plow. This was often done with a single plow, either a shovel or a barshear, hand-dropping immediately after the

plow, covering with hoe. Our corn was cultivated with a single shovel, or a small barshear. As experience developed, we used cultivators with two shovels, then three shovels drawn by one horse. Finally we came to use a double cultivator drawn by two horses. Planters of various makes were introduced that gave good satisfaction, drawn by two horses and planting two rows. Beside the driver, a man sat on the planter, pulling a lever opposite each cross row in order to check it that it might be cultivated both ways. I have marked corn ground both ways, planting in the furrows first made. This is sure to get the corn in the check. Understand, this was done by hand dropping.

Winter wheat was sown on the sod which was broken in sixth month previous. Two or three crops of wheat sometimes were sown upon the same ground before any other crop was put in. Wheat was generally a good crop. New ground was too strong for oats. Corn generally did well after wheat crop. Often farmers would depend upon the strength of the ground and neglect the proper cultivation. And to this day, the same results are manifest. Notwithstanding that, some of our land will now bring 200 dollars per acre. Owners may be classed with neglect upon these lines.

In the early history of this country, pasture was cheap. There was plenty of public range on the open prairie. When a boy, and the farming depending upon me, we turned our horses out at night. I would often walk a mile or a mile and a half after them before breakfast. In the winter, cattle and horses, too, depended upon straw for roughness. A very little hay was fed.

I neglected to state in its proper place that, when we moved west, there was an old log cabin on the site of the new home, built with small logs, which was covered with clapboards and had a large open fire place. In this, brother Pusey, David Swaney, and myself slept during the summer. We were comfortable in dry weather. The roof was not good. There was also a strong log stable which would accommodate



four horses, with some room overhead for hay. This stable was perhaps ten rods northeast from the dwelling.

A double chimney in the main dwelling answered for both apartments. The capacity for wood was large. We could put in a backlog fifteen inches in diameter. We had an iron crane upon which we would hang pots and kettles of almost any dimension up to ten gallons. This crane was hung to the wall and would swing out from over the fire to have the kettles removed. These and an added vessel called a "Dutch Oven" were about all the cooking utensils required at that time. The oven was a deep, round, iron vessel, ten inches deep, and nine inches in diameter, in which the bread was baked. This was placed on a pile of live coals, arranged on the hearth a little distance from the fire. The lid of this oven had the edges turned up. This was also filled with live coals, which were renewed when necessary.

I will now refer to a barrel churn which my parents procured when arranging for housekeeping in 1813. This churn has been in use ever since. It is in good condition. The dash has been renewed. This day, second month 14th, 1908, I churned in about five minutes four and a half pounds of nice golden butter.

After coming to Illinois, brother Pusey, David Swaney, sisters Elizabeth and Martha, and I attended school in Magnolia. The children came from all around the country a distance of one, two or more miles. These, with the village children, made a large school. The school-house occupied a part of the ground which the Magnolia cemetery now occupies, near the center on the south side. I attended school at the same house eight or nine winters and several summers. Often there were ninety pupils in attendance. The house was perhaps, forty feet long and thirty wide. There were writing desks fastened to the wall on two sides with no backs to the seats.

At school I made many pleasant acquaintances. There are but few of them now living. In Magnolia, there are: Thomas and William Haws; at Wenona, Nimrod Brown,



Isaac Van Horn, and Jane Cowan Morse; at or near Varna, Anna Rochester Whitney and sister, Josephine Rochester, married but I am not acquainted with her changed name; Henry Whitcomb of Bloomington; and Robert Cowan, whose residence is not known to me.

I will name as many of the teachers as I can remember: Allen Wilcox of Magnolia, John Foot, George W. Minier with John Richey of Lostant, assistant; John Burns of Lacon; Jesse Lynch, called Judge Lynch, and who died at or near Peoria; James Stevens of near Ottawa, with Miss Shotwell, assistant. I believe there is not one of them living. George W. Minier died a few years ago in Chicago. In my judgment, he was the best teacher I ever went to.

At the time and before our arrival in Illinois, quite a number of Friends had located here, in the neighborhood of Clear Creek: the Lewis', Hoyle's, Griffith's, Wierman's, Lundy's,<sup>12</sup> Newbern's. and Potts'.

They had been and were holding meetings at private houses. My parents used their influence to have an organized meeting. Our certificates had been forwarded to Honey Creek Monthly Meeting, held near Prairieton, Vego County, Indiana, and had been accepted.

In second month, 1841, Uncle Jehu Lewis and my father were appointed to attend Blue River Monthly Meeting to be held at Honey Creek for the purpose of requesting the Quarterly to establish a meeting for worship, a preparative and a monthly meeting at Clear Creek, Putnam County, Illinois. When the time came to start, Uncle Jehu declined to go. The distance was about two hundred miles. They were to go on horseback in second month, the most inclement month of the year.

Father started alone. He rode the horse "Dave," one of the two that brother Henry drove to Illinois, a horse well built and with fine spirit. He moved in a canter under the

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<sup>12</sup> The grave of Benjamin Lundy, famous abolitionist, was an early one in Friends' burying ground at Clear Creek. Sacrifices for the Negro was, from the beginning, a spiritual asset of the community. Comforts were secondary to Lundy. As he would depart on his mission, neighbors observed that he left his family with but little to live on.





saddle, which was not a hard gait on the rider. On the way, father fell in company with a stranger who was also on horseback. They arrived at the edge of an eight-mile prairie without a dwelling thereon. The day was very cold, which made it necessary for the travelers to ride lively. They passed over the eight miles in forty-five minutes. The stranger's ears were frozen. Father was favored to continue his journey to the end in safety. He attended the meeting at which there was a committee appointed in accordance with the request sent, father returning safely.

That journey under the circumstances indicated at a glance that there was an interest, and a will power that overbalanced all obstacles.

The committee appointed, or members of it, came in the fall of 1841 and formally established the meeting under disciplinary custom, eleventh month 4th, 1841. We had been holding our meetings in a log school-house across the road east of the meeting-house grounds and continued until a brick meeting-house<sup>13</sup> was built in 1841-2 near the southwest corner of the lot owned by Friends. This lot was bought of George Griffith for the sum of fifteen dollars. A committee was appointed of which my father was a member to obtain a deed of conveyance for the lot, also to make out a list of apportionment for the purpose of raising the money. My father was appointed one of the trustees, also to collect the money for the meeting-house lot and pay the same to George Griffith; likewise to receive the deed, attend to having it recorded, and hold it in trust.

Arrangements were soon made to build a meeting-house. A committee was appointed to make out an apportionment to raise the sum of three hundred dollars.

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<sup>13</sup> The picture shows the brick meeting-house which stood on the pretty five-acre tract used continuously by Friends, but lately for burial only. Their grounds adjoin on the west, the spacious acres of the Consolidated school (Swaney). They are one-fourth mile northwest of the Magnolia Grange property. Thinly timbered all and gently rolling. Springs and wild flowers abound. Clear Creek flows peacefully through. Meetings are held in a pristine stillness unpenetrated by locomotive whistle. The Santa Fe railroad survey was deflected south from this locality because of the river bluffs at Henry and the Mt. Palatine ridge, between which pioneer Friends settled.

Friends' Brick Meeting-House, Built in 1841-2, for Clear Creek Monthly Meeting of Friend. Situated in Magnolia Township, Putnam County, Illinois. (From a drawing by H. K. Smith.)



We find by the records of Clear Lake Monthly Meeting that William and Lydia Lewis were the first clerks. They lived less than one-half mile west of where Henry C. Mills and wife now live. Brother Henry and Amy Wierman were their assistants. Father and mother, with others, were the first elders of the meeting and my mother one of the overseers. The first representatives appointed to attend the Quarter were my father and Joseph Lewis, in second month, 1842. My mother and Susan M. Wierman were appointed in fifth month, 1842. George and Nancy Mowry were the first applicants for membership. William M. Price and Sarah Wierman were the first parties married in the new meeting-house, first month, 1843, using ceremony<sup>14</sup> adopted by the Society of Friends. My parents were appointed to attend the marriage and see that good order was observed.

Brother Henry bought twenty-two acres of land at the north end of father's farm. He built a brick house on it, close to the road. I assisted in making the brick of which to build it. They were made out of clay taken from the bank near the creek south of our dwelling on the edge of the timber.

Brother Joshua, who had remained in Pennsylvania to finish his trade, that of a carpenter, came to Illinois in the spring of 1842. Joshua attended school at Clear Creek. George W. Minier was the teacher. Thereafter, he followed his trade until he settled in to farming for brother Eli, who came to Illinois in 1843 with his family,—his wife and three children, namely: Susan K., Joseph, and Thomas K.

In those pioneer days there was a large extent of open prairie with but few dwellings and they were of an inferior character. From our home there was a cabin in the edge of the timber southwest one-quarter of a mile, in which a large family lived by the name of German; another west, near three-fourths of a mile, owned and occupied by William Cowen; William Lewis' about one mile northeast; another log house about one-fourth of a mile east; (my grandfather Raley bought this, lived and died there; Aunt Elizabeth Raley was

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<sup>14</sup> Pledges are pronounced by the contracting parties instead of for them.

his housekeeper); a frame house east, eighty rods, in which John Smith, a bachelor, lived. He married Elizabeth Hartley. This place is the same eighty acres<sup>15</sup> that Henry C. Mills now owns with a fine house thereon. There were no other houses between that and Mt. Palatine, nor east to where the Illinois Central Railroad now is.<sup>16</sup> Uncle Jehu Lewis lived one mile and a half a little west of north. James Ramage at the edge of the timber where James Price builded a new house. Joel Haws lived a little north of east of us a half mile on an elevation one-fourth mile from the creek. Joel's brother William lived south of the creek, east of the Magnolia road. There was an old house on what is known as the Henry Swindler farm, three-fourths of a mile east of the latter.

In the bank near the creek, a branch of Little Sandy, north of the last named residence, there was a "salt lick," both the soil and the water being salty. The stock upon the range would frequent this place. Many paths centered here. Near the salt bank was a marsh where an ordinary man could push a stick down five or six feet.

The early settlers of this country settled in or near the timber as it was more sheltered from the storms that pervaded.

William Haws, of whom we have spoken, was captain of the "whites" in time of the Black Hawk War. There was a fort at Mt. Palatine in which the whites took refuge.

Rattlesnakes were quite numerous in the early settlement of the country and were dangerous.<sup>17</sup> There grew on the prairie a plant called the "rattlesnake master" which, if secured and pounded into a poultice and applied at once to the wound, would extract much of the poison. Other snakes were plentiful: garter, joint, racer, and bull snake. These were considered harmless. I have seen bull snakes five or

<sup>15</sup> More lately owned by George Lawrence, of Galesburg, acquired by him after the death of Henry C. Mills.

<sup>16</sup> The reference is to the open prairie. From Magnolia, Mt. Palatine is distant five and one-half miles, mostly north; and Lostant, on the Illinois Central railroad, seven miles east.

<sup>17</sup> High-topped boots, instead of shoes, were worn partly as a protection against snakes; but many continued to wear boots long after rattlers were not heard, and Uncle Joshua Mills never changed to the modern footwear.

more feet in length, three inches in diameter. This variety I have seen, after their heads were crushed, straighten themselves as straight as a broomstick, turning over and over like a shaft or journal.

Prairie chickens were numerous. Flocks of five hundred or more were often seen. Wild pigeons by the hundreds would settle upon the forest trees. Quails also were numerous. Nets were constructed, fastened to a hoop forming a net ten or fifteen feet long, fifteen or twenty in diameter. Wings at either side, about the same height, were constructed and fastened down with stakes. Damp and rainy days were chosen to drive quails, as they were not so apt to fly. Ducks, geese, and cranes were numerous, with many other smaller birds. Also there were gophers, squirrels, and rabbits. The former were not so destructive as now.

Fruit was very scarce, except wild fruit. Grapes and plums were to be had for the going-after in the creek and river bottoms. Many a washtubful have I with others gathered. Blackberries, raspberries, and wild strawberries were plentiful in some localities. The strawberry was confined to the prairie and was sweeter than the cultivated berry we have now. Wild cherries were used for pies. We also gathered sheep sorrel and, with a liberal supply of sugar, made quite a palatable pie.

Fish were quite plentiful in the Vermilion River. Our men folk, several in the neighborhood, would go with seine when the river was low, getting a fairly good supply of nice fish. These resources were made available by many of the early settlers.

There were three grist mills on the Vermilion River; one at Lowell, owned by a man by the name of Celey; another, above, a mile or more, owned by a man by the name of Leonard; another, below Lowell, called Sebold's Mill. These mills did custom work. They were situated about sixteen miles from Magnolia so that we generally returned with our

grist<sup>18</sup> the same day. To be sure of this, an early start was necessary. In time, mills were available both at Henry and Lacon. The latter was twenty miles from my father's farm, William Fisher & Co., proprietors.

We also found market at Lacon for our hogs, both alive and dressed, with Jobez, Fisher & Co.

When about thirteen years of age, I went with my father to Chicago with a load of wheat, one team. John Griffith, Sarah Swaney's brother, went at the same time with his father. Brother Joshua was one of the number with teams. It took a week to make the trip, distance 108 miles. There were a great many unbridged sloughs. On reaching the city we had the hardest pulling in getting to the warehouse, the sand being six or eight inches deep. While the men were unloading the wheat, John and I were hired to carry barrels from one room to another. We worked lively feeling that the sooner we finished our job, the sooner we would get our money. We did the work in half an hour. They settled with us for six and a fourth cents per hour for each. We were very much disappointed with the price.

At another time, father sent me with a load of wheat to Chicago (I think it was the following year) in company with William Cowan, an elderly man, Johnson and Joseph Brown, brothers, and Benjamin Turner. They were all older than I and have several years ago passed that bourne from which no traveler returns. Our loads weighed from thirty-six to forty bushels each, for which we received forty cents per bushel. This was a slow process of making money. There was no market nearer except as immigrants to our country would need.

We being members of Indiana Yearly Meeting, father started to attend it. It was held that fall at Waynesville, Ohio. He took boat here on the Illinois River. The Ohio River was very low. His way was by Cincinnati. They were

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<sup>18</sup> The author was the last of the neighborhood to give up his own grist for the family loaf, and the editor went with him to Lowell for stone-ground grists as late certainly as 1880. The last mill patronized probably was the Hartsock mill on Clear Creek.



many times delayed by sandbars. Leaving Cincinnati, he went up the Little Miami bottom, I think, by stage. He reached Corwin, less than a mile from the meeting-house, with a steep hill to climb. He arrived at the meeting-house as the last session of the Yearly Meeting closed. This experience was an exceeding trial to father. The delay on the boat was the cause. The round trip was six or seven hundred miles.

My sister Mary Ann was married to John Taylor, son of Samuel and Eleanor Taylor on the twenty-seventh of sixth month, 1844, at brother Henry's in his new brick house at the north end of the old farm. John Taylor was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterians.

The discipline<sup>19</sup> of the Society of Friends was very conservative. If marriages were accomplished with others than members of the Society, an acknowledgment would be required, addressed to the Monthly Meeting. In case any of our members attended a wedding where our adopted ceremony was not used, there would also be an acknowledgment required. I desired to attend the wedding. My parents were not willing that I should be present at the marriage. After the time was passed, I was set at liberty to go, and enjoy the wedding meal. I did not go. I being a minor, my parents would have been held responsible if I were present at the wedding. Mary Ann afterwards joined the Cumberland Presbyterians but largely retained her original faith.

In the summer of 1844, I assisted brother Henry and uncle Robert Raley in making brick for the purpose of building our new house. The brick was made on the farm near brother Henry's south line, on his twenty-two acre tract. The house was built during the fall and winter. Brother Henry and Pusey did the mason work. Frederick Hearting was doing the carpenter work. The work was well advanced,—thought to be sufficient lumber to finish it.

<sup>19</sup> The Discipline is a book of order and advices for the guidance of members as individuals and as organizations. Each Yearly Meeting adopts its own for the use of its constituent Quarterly and Monthly Meetings. Overseers, democratically appointed officers of local meetings, were charged with the duty of a watchfulness in the matter of members living up to its high requirements. They reported in detail at least once annually, their answers being known as "Answers to Queries."

On the evening of first month fifth, 1845, father and mother went to brother Eli's about one mile distant, northwest, to spend the evening. Brother Eli resided in the long one-story brick house they builded. There was a family by the name of Wright living at that time in the log house brother Henry had built and lived in, eight or ten rods west of our dwelling. My sisters Elizabeth and Martha and myself were to attend to the evening chores, including fuel, and then spend the evening at Wright's. Feeling that everything was safe, we went. However, I could not keep down a nervous feeling and did not enjoy myself. About eight o'clock, Elizabeth went to the door. On looking toward our house, she exclaimed: "Our house is on fire." The blaze was coming through the roof at the chimney. James Wright and family with our assistance did what we could to get out the contents. We succeeded in saving but little. Father and mother had started home on foot. They noticed the light and soon discovered it was our dwelling on fire. They were impressed with the feeling that we might be in bed in the house and be burned. The condition was awful. Father succeeded in getting mother to return to Eli's and he would push on as fast as he could. Brother Henry, discovering the fire, soon arrived on horseback, but, too late to save anything, he turned and met father, informing him of our safety. There had been a large meeting at Magnolia that evening which closed about the time the fire was in full force. Many came over. Brother Joshua was at the meeting.

Father, at that time, was Township School Treasurer. All the papers, including some money, were in a fine old style "set of drawers" or bureau, given him by his mother. By the time he arrived, the inner room was full of blaze. It was not safe to go in. He attempted to open the door but his friends pulled him away. Both houses were consumed and the woodwork burned out of the new one. The walls stood pretty well.

The family was deprived of many valuable keepsakes that money could not buy. This misfortune was a hard trial for

my parents. Father was affected for days that the tears could not be controlled. Mother apparently stood the heart-rending calamity somewhat better.

My parents, being very plain Friends, had previously gotten me a plain coat of nice cloth. Some of my associates had twitted me for wearing it, making me feel unsettled. That coat was burned and I confess I was very slightly concerned about it.

In the old room was a large open fireplace. We frequently put in a backlog twelve inches in diameter with a forestick resting on the dog irons. There was a box, perhaps eighteen inches square, which was filled with seed sweet potatoes, alternate layers of potatoes with sand or dirt. This box sat by the jam near the fireplace against which I had been setting my prepared kindling wood to dry. It is in evidence that the forestick resting on the irons burned off tilting toward the kindling and started the fire. Mother afterwards informed me that she had frequently removed the kindling before retiring for the night, but I was not aware of it.

My parents and sisters made their home the remainder of the winter with brother Eli's family. I homed with Wright and attended to the stock. As soon as circumstances would permit, the new house was rebuilt. I have evidence that my father's life was shortened by this misfortune.

The fire occurred three days after brother Pusey and Lydia Hartley had made their intentions of marriage known to the Monthly Meeting. They were married according to the order of the Society of Friends in the brick meeting-house third month, 1845.

In the spring, Wright's vacated the house which they occupied and we moved in, until our house was rebuilt, father employing Nelson Dugan and William Younger to do the carpenter work. Lumber being scarce and hard to get, father went to see Jacob Vore, a cooper, who lived west of Henry

Atherton's.<sup>20</sup> He had considerable timber, large piles of dry, hard lumber, and was not intending to use it. Arrangement was made with Jacob for the dry lumber and, as soon as father could get sawing done, he would return same amount and pile it, adding for shrinkage. The lumber was replaced satisfactorily. Not long thereafter, the overseers came to see father with the intention of making complaint, learning that green lumber had been returned to Vore for dry. In examination of the subject, one of the overseers requested a private interview with brother Pusey. Father declined to grant the request, saying that if they chose to question Pusey, they must do it in his presence. The complaint having no foundation, the fabric fell to pieces.

The house, as I remember, was thirty by forty feet, one and one-half story, with cellar underneath, not the full size of the house. On the first floor, there were five rooms; the kitchen in the northeast corner with porch on the north, I think eight by twelve feet; bedroom in the southeast corner; sitting room and parlor on the southwest; two bedrooms north of the sitting room; front door in the south; and an out door at the northwest corner of the kitchen, from the porch, also one at west end of porch, entering the northeast bedroom; two fireplaces in west end of building and two in east end including the kitchen. The stairs to the second floor were immediately east of the front door, under which the cellar stairs entered from the southwest corner of the kitchen. Two rooms on the second floor were lathed and plastered. At the eaves, studding was perpendicular to about thirty inches, the remainder an oval ceiling. There were windows in each gable.

We had an out oven built in connection with the house, the mouth of which opened in the kitchen. This oven was perhaps six feet long and four wide, built with brick, the top

<sup>20</sup> Henry Atherton came from Salem, Indiana, with a good deal of uncanny wisdom, and settled in the timber at the west edge of the Quaker neighborhood. Mary Richards Atherton, his wife, English born, had been educated in the older settlements with a thoroughness unusual in the West. They loved books and took magazines. Especially was Mary a leading advocate of temperance and equal suffrage, and never left off her white ribbon. They lived well, yet they did not over-emphasize getting ahead financially.



oval shaped. This was heated with dry wood. When sufficiently heated, the live coals and ashes were raked out. In this, bread, pies, puddings, potatoes, etc., could all be baked at once. The flue to this oven entered the main chimney. This might be called a wholesale baker, and was an improvement over the Dutch oven or reflector. There were no cooking stoves in use here at that time.

Brother John Taylor was threshing at Calvin's, west of our old place. The grain was dumped in a measuring box on the ground. A boy about ten years of age was holding the sacks. He had a very ragged coat on. This caught in the tumbling shaft, whirling him around. The team was stopped as soon as possible. His head, just above the ear, had struck the corner of the box. Everybody left the scene except Calvin and myself. John Taylor went behind the stack out of sight. Calvin and I took him in a wagon to Vanhorn's, east of Magnolia, where he lived. He recovered.

I wish to relate some incidents referring to the instinct in animals, including their attachment for home. During the last half of the forty's, a fine looking bay horse appeared at the home of our nearest neighbor and the neighbor took charge of him. He was not situated so that he could advertise as the law required. He desired that father should take and advertise him, which he did. Not long thereafter, a gentleman came from west of the Illinois River and claimed the horse, stating that the horse had been raised near Terre Haute, Indiana. He evidently swam Lake Senachwine and the Illinois River to get where he was found. My father bought him. He proved to be a good work horse, but was "moon-eyed." A considerable time thereafter, he got out of the stable. Brother Henry and I went on horseback to hunt him. We went southeast until we came to Big Sandy Creek. Coming to a marshy place in the road, I saw his foot prints. I said to Henry: "That is Bill's track." We went on to Clifford's at the head of Big Sandy timber. We inquired after the horse. They informed us there was such a one in the stable, stating they found the bars down that morning

and, in looking for the intruder, found the horse at the south-east corner of the field which proved to be the horse that we were hunting. The direction from his earlier owner and the place where he was found, was almost on a direct course to where he was raised.

Another incident: I had gone to Leonard's grist mill, two miles up the Vermilion River above Lowell. Learning that I could not get my grist in time to return, I went two or three miles to Bunker Hill to Aunt Nancy Moffit's for the night. As they did not have stable room, I tied my team to the wagon. In the morning, I found Dolly was gone. The grain fields were near ripening. We found a path through one which we supposed Dolly had made and had gone into the road. I gave up the search and got a horse of Henry Moffit, who lived with his mother, with which to bring my flour home. Henry came with me to take the horse back. This I felt to be a very kind act. The animal that got loose, was raised near Streator. I communicated with parties in that neighborhood with whom I had some acquaintance and found she had returned to her old home. These incidents are conclusive proof of the instinct in animals.

Father made many religious visits to the neighborhood where Friends were located: Mercer, Whiteside, Fulton, and Tazewell Counties. During the summer of 1845, Friends of Tazewell County made a request for an indulged meeting. A committee was appointed by the Monthly Meeting to visit them. My father, in company with Mary Cooper and one or two other Friends, went with a two-horse carriage. The horse Dave, to which I have already referred, one of the team that brother Henry drove to this county, sickened and died. Whether father borrowed or bought another to replace him for his return, I am not able to say. We were all attached to the horse and we felt the loss keenly.

In fifth month, 1845, father and mother went to Honey Creek, seven miles southwest of Terre Haute, Vigo County, Indiana, to attend the Quarterly Meeting, driving one horse, "Black Bet," to an open vehicle. In their absence on this

trip, grandfather Raley, mother's father, died, and was buried before their return, a very trying bereavement. In those days, there was no way of sending messages by telegraph.

The market for our wheat, at this time, was through the merchants in Magnolia, delivering in sacks, at Hall's Landing on the Illinois River, about one mile west of Guy Pool's on the river bottom, on the Hennepin and Henry road. Joseph Hall had erected a warehouse on the river bank which was a convenience for shipping purposes many years. Sometimes the bottom was so swampy we had to use a bridge for several rods in approaching the warehouse. Afterward a canal was made, perhaps one-fourth of a mile long. Our loads were transferred to a boat and taken to the warehouse. Captain Price and brother Eli would sometimes land there and load a part of a cargo for St. Louis.

In eighth month, 1846, my father, with Jesse Fell of Bloomington, Illinois, went to Blue River, Indiana, to attend Quarterly Meeting. They went in a one-horse open vehicle, a distance of near three hundred and twenty miles. Jesse was not a member of the Society of Friends but his wife, Rebecca, was a minister with us.

When passing along in the vicinity of Blue River, they noticed a very large poplar tree. Their curiosity was aroused to know its size. They stopped, took the line's off the horse and measured it. They found it to be twenty-seven feet in circumference.

Father and mother made a visit to our old neighborhood in Washington County, Pa., I am not sure but I think this was in 1846. Father returned not feeling well and I think never recovered to his normal condition. He worked hard to get a home paid for. I believe his working in the timber, making rails and posts to fence in the timber so that we could keep our stock at home, had something to do with his breaking down.

In 1847, 6th mo. 10th, my father sold one-third acre of coal in Pike Run Township, Washington County, Pa., to uncle

Nathan Pusey for \$5.00. This coal was about three-fourths of a mile from our former home.

During the summer of 1847, mother was very sick. After recovering so that she could be about the house, father was taken sick in eighth month with typhoid fever, passing from this opportunity, eighth month 24th, 1847.

In a very short time, sister Martha was taken down with the same disease, passing away ninth month 15th, 1847, aged 13 years and 5 days. And yet another must go. Sister Sarah Elizabeth was taken sick with a complication, including quick consumption, passing away ninth month 30th, 1847, aged 15 years, 5 months, and 17 days. The three were taken within thirty-seven days of each other. Out of the five that were at home, mother and I only were left. This was, indeed, a sorrowing time. Several of the children who came home to assist in nursing were slightly afflicted from exposure.

At the time and for several years previous to father's death, I did the farming, or at least what I could. After father's decease, brother Pusey and wife moved in with mother and me and farmed a part of the place. Brother Eli settled the estate, taking the farm, as I now remember, at \$13.00 per acre. I was the only minor heir. A bond for a deed, at my arriving at the age of twenty-one, was signed by me, transferring my interest in the real estate to Eli. He employed me to take charge of the farm, paying me \$11.00 and \$12.00 per month for nine months of the year. I attended school in the winter until near my majority, which was near three years. I had earned about \$300.00. My expenses were light as my mother boarded me, did my sewing and knitting, and Eli furnished provision.

In 1850, I bargained for a tract of land of eighty acres, of brother Eli, lying directly west of brother Henry's farm, immediately south of Carver Tomlinson's residence, for which I was to pay \$6.25 per acre, total \$500.00. My first payment on this was money I had earned working for Eli. I broke an acre of it for an orchard. This was the only improvement I made. Henry had previously bought eighty acres lying imme-



diately east of this and had built a brick house and was living there. Brother Pusey owned eighty acres adjoining Henry's on the east. The purpose was, and it was carried out, for Henry to sell the east half of his eighty to Pusey and for me to sell my tract to brother Henry for eight dollars per acre.

In the early history of my going into company, there was a party at Joseph Edwards'. His wife, Ann Thorne Edwards, was a minister with us. She had two nieces living with them, namely, Frank and Labitha Murphy. The former afterwards became the wife of my cousin Eli Raley. Joseph lived southwest of Paines Point school-house, on the road running south from William Newbern's residence, on the east side of the road.<sup>21</sup> The house has long since been torn down. The young people of Magnolia and Friends' neighborhood were invited, a large company. Living near Magnolia, I was pretty well acquainted with all of them.

We had a pleasant social time, at least as could be expected with a mixed company. Before adjourning, a heavy rain set in which continued all night, therefore we were compelled to remain until morning. To say that most of us were tired and sleepy is putting it mildly. Several of us started home together and were making an effort to shake off the drowsiness. I had a two-horse rig. I arose from my seat, jumping up a few times. Finally one foot broke through the bottom of the vehicle. The exultation of my companions in other vehicles caused the woods to resound with their voices. The effect had an arousing tendency.

Andy Moffit was a step-brother of John Swaney. He and myself frequently visited the girls together, taking them riding in the same buggy. When going alone, I generally went on horseback, as we did not have single buggies then as the young men have at this day. When I became attached to the young woman who became my wife, I made my trips on horseback, a distance of about seven miles, for the interval of near twelve months.

The noted "Starved Rock" and "Deer Park" had a very

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<sup>21</sup> West of McNabb on the second road running south.

strong attraction for the young people and others and many companies would go to visit them at a time when roads and weather were suitable. The distance is twenty miles or more from Friends' neighborhood.

Sometimes a wedding would be arranged. I have one in mind to which I will refer. My friend Andy Moffit had been courting Ruth Blackburn, a young woman with whom I was well acquainted, she having lived at our house. These parties were instrumental in getting up a company to visit the Rock and Park. Ruth's brother, Oliver, took as his companion Martha Mowry, George and Martha's daughter. Henry Shaw, who worked for brother Eli, and Joshua took Mary Johnson, who also lived many years with Eli's family. My company was Arthelia Bosley, who lived at Isaac Kimber's north of the Jerry Strawn farm. My cousin, John Raley, whose companion was a lady living near Kimber's, was also of the company.

We made an early start. The day and roads were fine. The company arranged to meet at a certain point. We had an enjoyable day. Early in the afternoon we bade adieu to the scenes of attraction, returning to Lowell for an early supper, including a pleasant social time. We resumed our journey homeward. On arriving at the Meridian,<sup>22</sup> east side of Mt. Palatine, the two or more vehicles in advance of John Raley and myself and company turned south, calling us to come that way. The wind was blowing pretty strong against their voices and we did not understand their design. We declined to follow them. Although the sun was not yet down, we had twelve or more miles to drive before reaching home. We arrived home a little late. Sometime during the following day brother Joshua came to our house informing me that Andrew Moffit and Ruth Blackburn were married. Elder Fisher, who lived a half mile south, down the Meridian, had officiated, making them husband and wife. They had secured their license at Hennepin and had intended to be married in

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<sup>22</sup> The 3rd Principal Meridian, boundary line here between Putnam and LaSalle Counties, the eastern border of the community of Friends.

Lowell, which is in La Salle County. The law would not permit them to do so. Only two or three of the company knew of their intentions. Mary Johnson, Ruth's most intimate friend, on going into Fisher's residence, was asked by Ruth if she should take off her bonnet. Mary replied: "What do you want your bonnet off for?" Ruth answered: "Why, I am going to get married." A great surprise. The parties that were married were afterwards sorry that they had not given all an understanding of their intentions. I have never justified it.

A large number of Friends were located near Vermont, Fulton County, Illinois. Their Monthly Meeting was called Plainfield, not far from "Spoon River." James Balangee, an approved minister of that meeting, frequently visited friends at Clear Creek in gospel love. Sometimes Thomas Sidwell would accompany him as companion, who represented a very fine personality. They visited the families in the neighborhood who were members of the Society. James was led by the spirit to speak to the condition of each family. My father would sometimes send me to convey them where they desired to go (while I was yet in my "teens"). James was so clear in his addresses to the respective spiritual condition that I was led to marvel at his correctness and spiritual insight. My experience since then has given me an understanding from whence this ability was received.

James Balangee was simple minded and yet a deep spiritual man and, I believe, a true Christian. I loved him because he was worthy. He disapproved of the written discipline, having full confidence in the Inner Light as a guide to mankind. I may be allowed to refer to an incident in his experience, which did not come under my observation however.

James was visiting families in a certain neighborhood. I think Thomas Sidwell was his companion. James had admonished Thomas not to allow anything to get between him and his God. At one of the sittings while James was addressing the family, two cats quarreled under his chair. In passing on to the residence of another family, his companion referred

to James' counsel to him and added: "Thee allowed those cats to get between thee and thy God." James replied: "Thee get the first good limber stick or switch thee can find and lay it on to me for my shortcomings until thee gets tired."

In eighth month, 1849, Priscilla Cadwalader, an approved minister of Blue River Monthly Meeting, Washington County, Indiana, Rachael Hoggett and Thomas H. Trueblood, her companions (Rachel was a member at Honey Creek, Vigo County, Indiana), visited Clear Creek Monthly Meeting and Friends in other localities, making this journey in a carriage. Priscilla was a very gifted minister, a deep spiritual-minded woman and, as far as my acquaintance with her extended, I conclude that she was very retiring in her disposition.

Priscilla in bidding farewell to the families she had been visiting was usually prompted to say something that would remain in the mind of the visited. I remember that she said to me on bidding me farewell: "Be faithful over the little things, that thou mayst be made ruler over more."

Although Priscilla had written a memoir of her eventful life, circulated years since, I feel to record two incidents to which she referred. On a first day morning in a meeting for worship, she arose to address the meeting, opening her discourse with the following sentence: "I am sixty years old today and I am going to Quaker meeting." There was a man present who was startled with the voicing by the minister of the exact expression which he had made that morning when he arose from his bed.

The second incident occurred in the early history of that wooded country which harbored some wild animals. She was living in a cabin, caring for a babe which was lying quietly in the cradle. They were alone. Priscilla had never felt timid in regard to the wild animals but an impression came, "Shut the door," a very unexpected admonition which was several times repeated.

Finally yielding, she arose and shut the door. In a very short time, a bear appeared at the window. This incident

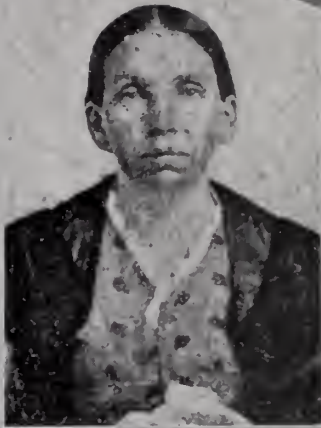


was not only remarkable to Priscilla but must appear so to all others under whose notice the facts may chance to fall.

Rachel Hoggatt was one of the old type of Friends, a very useful woman, strong minded, with a vigorous constitution. She understood the business routine of the Society. Thomas H. Trueblood was a young man, very much interested in the Society, a son of Nathan Trueblood of near Salem, Indiana. From the date given above, Thomas and I became very much attached to each other. The brotherly feeling continued until the close of his life. Our correspondence continued ever after our acquaintance. He wrote as he felt, always of a spiritual character. I have felt it to be a blessing to have had a friend in whom I could confide my impressions. He was a recommended minister for many years. He did not travel in the ministry much except to his own Quarterly and Yearly Meetings. He was much beloved in his home meeting. He married Clorinda Hobbs. They became the parents of four daughters and two sons, losing his wife after his children were grown. In time, he married Mary Brooks, the daughter of Charles and Elizabeth Brooks. She was not of a strong constitution and lived but a few years. Thereafter, he married Sidney Marshall, who proved to be a very genial companion. They lived happily together until the end of his eventful life, which occurred seventh month, 8th, 1907. His hope in the future was to meet the loved ones gone before with all the evil tendencies shorn, shadows banished, and the pure sunshine of innocency existing throughout eternity. Elwood Trueblood, a brother of Thomas', a recommended minister of our Society, was an educated man; taught school many years. His daily life was an emblem of virtue. He was spiritually minded above the average of mankind, patient under affliction. He lost his eyesight several years previous to his decease.

On the 14th of third month, 1850, my brother Joshua and Hannah S. Hoyle were married by the order of Friends, she being the daughter of Joseph and Ruth Hoyle. They went to housekeeping in a hewed log house on Joseph Hoyle's





SARAH RALEY MILLS, MOTHER OF ABEL MILLS

ARTHELIA BOSLEY MILLS  
Wife of Abel Mills, 1850-1865

ELIZABETH WILSON MILLS  
Wife of Abel Mills, 1866-1915

farm, about fifty rods north of the home residence,<sup>23</sup> and cultivated a part of the place.

On the first day of eighth month, 1850, I was united in marriage to Arthelia, daughter of Greenbury and Huldah Bosley, at the home of her uncle and aunt, Isaac and Matilda Kimber, at the hour of 2 P. M., by George Dent, county clerk, officiating.

Her brother, Jacob Bosley, and Lizzie Casson were the attendants. There was a number of relatives of both parties present. In the event of my arrangement to get married, not having drawn much of my wages, and it being very necessary to get some additional clothes, Brother Eli gave me his pocketbook, saying: "Get what thee needs and return the remainder." I did so and was not extravagant. In my wedding outfit, I did not get a new hat and I borrowed a pair of boots from brother Joshua.

My wife's parents came to Illinois from Fayette County, Pennsylvania, after we were married.

The day following our marriage, we went to my home with a few relatives and friends of both and partook of a sumptuous dinner that my dear mother assisted in preparing. After a time, brother Pusey and family moved to their own place. Mother continued to home with us.

I rented the farm and took care of Brother Eli's stock that he had bought at the sale of personal property, receiving one-half of the increase. On the following second day morning after our marriage, we entered upon our duties with the intention of assuming the cares and responsibilities devolving upon a farmer's life. Among the first business claiming my attention was the completing of stacking grain at Eli's. I had expected to finish the stacking before the wedding. He generally raised a pretty large crop of wheat and sometimes rye, and I was the stacker. I mostly put up the grain in ricks. In those years we considered that not only was the grain better but the straw also to pass through a sweat. Threshing in those times extended to cold weather. The fol-

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<sup>23</sup> A descendant still lives there, Benjamin Hoyle, McNabb's banker.



lowing spring opened up to me under a little different conditions, as I was to have a share of what I raised. Therefore the responsibility was increased.

There was a sufficient number of sugar-maple trees to induce the opening of a camp nearly every spring, generally about the first of third month. We bored two or three half inch holes in each tree, into which elder or shumac spiles were driven, conveying the sap into buckets or troughs; delivering the sap to the boiling place in barrels suited for the occasion on a small sled drawn by a horse. This was hard work, early and late, rain or shine, with often slush under foot. Sometimes a heavy rain would occur with vessels half full of sap which would have to be emptied out at a considerable loss. In a good season, it frequently meant seven days in a week, and boiling until eight or nine o'clock at night. This work had been carried on in my father's time, therefore I had considerable experience. My mother generally did the "stirring off."

The sugar-camp was located near Magnolia where some mischievous boys resided. I feel, however, in looking over the past experience, that I did not have much trouble. Sometimes the spiles were loosened, generally by children and others stopping to drink the sap out of the vessels.

We had many visitors during the season. Generally the largest number came on first day. In one instance there were sixty persons visited us on first day. We generally treated them with some syrup. We often had cakes of sugar that they would buy, and also sold some molasses. One year, I remember, we made nearly a barrel of sugar. I may recall some interesting and amusing incidents. We often left syrup in kettles on the furnace over night. Often before retiring, after leaving the camp, I would go out to the edge of the bank to listen to see if I could hear any noise at the camp. One very dark night, we heard a noise. My partner, Timothy Fogerty, and I slipped around, crossing the creek, making our way carefully toward the boiling place. The parties mistrusted that we were but a short distance off. They left as speedily

as possible. I called to my partner to "Give me the gun, quick." We had no gun.

There were a good many thorn bushes with many limbs low enough to catch the boys as they ran. These would sometimes throw them, with a spring backward, to the ground.

One very bright moonlight night I heard a noise at the camp. I went out without my hat, crossing the creek farther up than usual. Walking leisurely, I could see several young fellows moving about. I went on and was in their midst before they noticed me. I said: "Good evening, gentlemen." They wilted at once. In a low tone some one of them responded. I added: "A beautiful evening." The answer came with very slight dignity. They had syrup in a half-gallon bucket sitting on the hot coals at the mouth of the furnace to boil into sugar. I remarked: "Boiling sugar?" "Y-e-s," came out in a long drawling tone after a short pressure on their feelings. I said: "I believe I will return to the house." One of the boys said: "Let us go." I apprehend these young fellows never experienced a return of such feelings as were theirs the few minutes I was with them. My syrup was taken that night. These fellows said they met another company as they went home.

In fourth month, 1851, Amos Wilson with his wife, Anna, and eight children, namely, Rebecca, Sarah P., Elizabeth,<sup>24</sup> Morris A., Laura C., Mary, Amos, and Oliver, came from Belmont County, Ohio, and settled in the brick house at the north end of our farm; very acceptable arrivals and a great acquisition to our neighborhood and meeting. They remained on our place two years, then located on property<sup>25</sup> of their own, where Amos B. Wilson's new house now stands.

On the sixteenth of sixth month, 1851, there was a daughter born to us. We were much pleased with the added responsibility. We were young truly, in so early becoming the heads of a family; I, twenty-two and the mother, twenty years of age. The babe was hearty and strong and we gave her the

<sup>24</sup> Mother of the editor.

<sup>25</sup> Passed now by inheritance into the hands of Andrew and Edna Wilson Wolfe. The location is two miles north of Magnolia.

name of Anna Maria. After a few months, brother Joshua remarked that Abel had surpassed all his brothers and sister in a fine looking babe.

We secured Leah Harley to come and take care of the mother and babe. Leah afterward became the wife of William Newbern. He departed this life several years ago, and, for several years previous to his death, they made their home in Wenona, where his widow now lives.

In the spring of 1852, Carver and Mary Ann Tomlinson came with their two children, Josephine and Mary, from near Bellville, Washington County, Pennsylvania, and moved into an old frame house near where Henry C. Mills' residence now stands. They were birthright members of the Society of Friends and their parents were active in Society. At the time of their marriage, the discipline was very rigid in relation thereto, and, as they were married contrary to the rules, were released. After their children were grown, they united with Clear Creek Monthly Meeting. They became active and very useful members. Carver passed away in the year 1896. At this time Mary Ann, with her daughter Alice, is occupying the homestead that they have enjoyed many years. Mary Ann is in her 85th year.

In fifth month, 1852, Robert Morrison, Daniel Whitely, George Hatton, and Hugh Mills attended Clear Creek Monthly Meeting as a committee appointed by Indiana Yearly Meeting to visit Clear Creek and Plainfield Monthly Meetings, upon the request of said meetings, to establish a Quarterly Meeting in Illinois.

In the first month, 1853, they reported having attended those meetings and are united in judgment that they are not in a condition to hold a Quarterly Meeting.

On the 25th of second month, 1853, our second daughter was born. We named her Martha; a welcome addition to our family, claiming our love and care.

My wife, Arthelia, was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, of a model disposition, a devoted wife and mother, patient under all circumstances, a devoted Chris-







ILLINOIS YEARLY MEETING-HOUSE  
OF FRIENDS

tian. She was economical and very industrious. I was a regular attendant of our meeting, which was held twice a week. She generally attended with me on first days as there was no regular meeting of her persuasion at this time within reasonable distance. When she desired to attend, I made provision and frequently went with her. Later, the Cumberlands built a meeting-house near the old school-house at Clear Creek, which they used for several years. There was also a union first-day school held there in the summer, and there is no question in my mind but that there was benefit derived. The Cumberland organization became weakened from various causes and sold the meeting-house to the Magnolia Grange, which organization remodeled the building and have since held their meetings there regularly.

The social feature of this organization alone has added credit to the surrounding country. The almost unnumbered topics discussed have rendered much valuable information, and the perseverance of the Grange, demanding a hearing in the legislatures of different states, has succeeded not only in amending but making some new laws which proved valuable.

On the 24th of seventh month, 1854, a son was born to us, being a source of encouragement, affording a pleasure, and, in time, giving assistance to me in the outdoor affairs of the farm. We named him Milton, a favorite name of mine.

In 1855, I bought the southeast quarter of section 12<sup>26</sup> of brother Eli, paying \$7.00 per acre, the total amount being \$1120.00. I began to improve it at once, breaking up a couple of acres, fencing and putting out an apple orchard. This tract was open prairie land. I builded a small house, 14x18, a story and a half, with porch on the south, stairway on east end of porch, no cellar. I had previously secured a good well convenient, and cistern, which I set the house over. I had Nelson Crow to build a small stable. I had previously fenced and broken some ground and raised grain.

After building, I rented the place to Oliver Perry Price, a brother-in-law, for four years, after which Samuel Sibley

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<sup>26</sup> Two miles south of Mt. Palatine in Range 1, West of 3rd P. M.

rented it for one year, and he was succeeded the following year by Cyrus Newkirk.

It may be interesting to note that Israel Lancaster of Peru (a stepson of William, a prominent member of our Society), who lived east of my new purchase, furnished the material, framed and built the dwelling referred to, ready for lathing, for \$80.00. The carpenters boarded and lodged at my home near four miles distant. They were taken back and forth generally by me personally.

In the same year I purchased the farm, I bought a ten-acre timber lot on section 25 of brother Pusey, paying \$75.00. Several years thereafter, I sold it to William Perdew for \$100. This poor man when visiting in Chicago went bathing in a swimming pond and was drowned. This lot was one mile north of the Kays farm. I was not only a student in the timber but had considerable experience in chopping, sawing, and handling logs, had learned where to put a wedge to split a log with the least labor. During the winter that followed the improvement on the tract I had purchased, I spent the larger part of the time in getting out material for fencing. Much cold was endured in the determination to accomplish the desired end.

To one winter in which I was thus engaged, I will refer. I had employed William McVeigh, who was a son-in-law of Uncle Abel Mills, to assist me at the timber for one week, mainly to cut trees and cross cut the logs and bring a load home each evening. We went six miles. The snow was eight inches deep. The mercury averaged seven degrees below zero for five or six days in succession.

Eighth month 18th, 1855, brother Eli passed away, aged forty-one years and one month. In my previous reference to him, I stated that he became a boatman. The duties devolving upon him were of a very responsible character. When Price was on the boat, Eli was clerk. In Price's absence, Eli was captain. The anxiety that he felt for the safety of the passengers and cargo caused much loss of sleep, with frequent partaking of food. His digestive powers became weakened.

Food would not remain in the stomach, and he virtually starved. After death, his physician opened the stomach and found it so crisp and shrunken, there was little room for food. His suffering was intense. His desire to live was very persistent.

He was more than an ordinary man, prompt in business, with strict integrity of purpose, a gentleman, and a faithful brother. He had considerable of means and assisted all his brothers and sister to get a start in the world, with a liberal hand. We have reason to be thankful for the aid and counsel that were given us. He was a Christian at heart. After the dwelling of our parents was consumed by fire, he said to the carpenters: "Rebuild and I will see that you get your pay."

Eli was the shortest lived member of my father's family who arrived at majority. Elizabeth,<sup>27</sup> his wife, was very industrious, a good manager, a devoted wife and mother, and a practical Christian. She was born 11th month third, 1816. She passed away ninth month 22nd, 1855, aged 39 years, four months, and nineteen days. She gave birth to a son a short time previous to her death who was named Eli.

Their children were named Susan K., Joseph, Thomas K., Hermon, who died early, Sarah, Henry, Andrew H., Isaac, and Eli. The last named lived only a few months.

Mary Johnson, a member of brother Eli's family since perhaps six or seven years of age, remained with the family and was a devoted sister, supplying their wants and necessities with a will and ability that was a credit to her. She received a portion of brother Eli's estate. She never married but lived with the family until they all married, afterwards remaining with some member of it until she passed out of time with the reward of the faithful.

On the first month second, 1856, another daughter blessed our home, whom we named Huldah Rebecca. Huldah was the name of her grandmother Bosley.

Prairie wolves were quite numerous on the prairies; also deer were seen and caught. The latter's range was in the

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<sup>27</sup> Elizabeth was the niece of Benedict Kimber. Her brother, Isaac Kimber, later brought his family to Illinois.



woods as well as on the prairie. The wolves shunned the timber except when closely pursued.

Once we had a general hunt organized; citizens from Magnolia, Oxbow, Granville, Cedar Point, Tonica, Wenona, and Roberts neighborhood, also from out towards Streator;—hundreds in number. The center of this closed the rank and file around a willow grove about one mile east of this place and south of the William Lancaster farm. There were several deer caught. I do not remember the number of wolves. At the closing-in there was an exceedingly exciting time. There were many footmen as well as those who were on horseback. Most of the hunters on foot carried guns. A man by the name of Wright, who lived in Magnolia, followed. He was a cooper by trade. He carried his broadaxe. One deer, in attempting to break the lines, received the entire blade of his broadaxe. The axe was thrown, entering the back of the deer. It was thereby captured. Those on horseback generally secured a hickory sapling the size of a spade handle, with the small roots cut closely, leaving a knot at the end. This weapon was four or five feet long. On riding up to the game, we would strike it on the head or back. The getting close enough was the main thing.

Another hunt I recall was organized which included less territory and closing near the Cooper residence west of McNabb. I was elected one of the marshals. I rode a bay horse that did not require any urging. I wore a long red scarf around my waist and a star on my breast to imply having authority in keeping the lines in tact. We caught two deer and a wolf. Other game was in the circle but the lines were not sufficiently strong to hold it.

At another time, several residents of Magnolia,—with Nimrod Gregg, a cousin of mine, and myself,—were all on horseback, with one or more wagons to carry the game. This hunt was on the prairie south of the late Livingston Roberts' farm, south of Magnolia. There was but little snow and the game gave us a hard chase. We, Nimrod and I, got after a large buck deer. He ran almost directly toward James

Ramage, who was sitting quietly on his horse as the deer approached. His horse being fresh soon overtook the deer, James giving him several blows across the small of the back with the usual weapon, which I have already described. The rider was on the ground at once, taking hold of him with the intention of cutting his throat. The deer was large and strong, it arose and ran away. James and I followed and brought him down. James jumped from his horse quickly, and was able to hold him by placing each front leg over his big horns, making it impossible for the deer to get up. I gave him my pocket knife, with which his throat was cut. This ended our hunt. James was a Magnolia resident. Before the hunt, it was agreed that the game captured would belong to the hunter who struck the first blow. I being a country resident must submit. Henry Coe brought the game to Magnolia, and they proceeded to divide it. I, claiming a part, was told to return in the morning and I could get a piece. This was seventh day evening. On reflection, I thought if I delayed until morning I would not get any of the meat. Returning to Magnolia after night, I secured a nice piece of venison. Henry Coe was entitled to thanks for this generosity.

This was the last general hunt that I engaged in. There were afterwards a few wolves caught between here and my old home, in which brother Joshua, myself, and others participated.

On the 24th of ninth month, 1857, our second son was born. We gave him the name of Joseph Greenbury after both his grandfathers.

In the year 1858, Joel and Lydia S. Wierman produced their certificate from Sadsbury Monthly Meeting, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Lydia was a recommended minister. They had three daughters, namely: Hannah, Lucinda, and Phebe. The family was quite an acquisition to our neighborhood and meeting. Lydia's ministry gave evidence of a spiritual perception of the divine anointing. Joel and Lydia passed the remainder of their days in our midst. Joel was

a Friend who exemplified his faith by his life, which belongs to the life of a Christian, being of the conservative order.

The first Monthly Meeting held at Clear Creek, Illinois, was in eleventh month, 1859. In the fall of 1859, I employed Alexander McIntosh, of Magnolia, to dig a well near the dwelling on our prairie farm. I drew out the dirt. After digging forty-two feet, we then bored eight feet with a two-inch auger. We here struck a vein of water which flowed freely. Having prepared a plug, we drove it in tight and began the walling. Alexander proposed to draw the plug by which we could know the force of the stream. I objected, saying that I would risk the flow being sufficient. We continued our work. In a short time, we discovered that the water was flowing along side of the plug, increasing the size of the hole. We did our best to keep above the water. In a short time, Alexander was forced out of the well. At the depth of eighteen feet, the water ceased to rise. The time was over one hour. The following morning, I solicited the assistance of several men in drawing out the water. We soon discovered that our efforts were unavailing.

I suppose we had gotten in about six feet of wall. The next thing to do was to get a carpenter to make a crib as near the size of the well as would insure its going down. This was made sixteen feet long, of fencing, with rims four inches wide inside at each end and in the center of the crib. In lowering this, we found that the dirt had caved in, filling the well two or three feet above the wall. We forced the crib down as well as we could, starting the wall on the upper rim. As there was a considerable vacancy, owing to the caving, and, wishing to fill this vacancy as best I could, we cut a channel 10x1 inches as we came up the wall, through which channel we could fill up below.

Oliver Perry was born the 12th day of twelfth month, 1859, named for my brother-in-law, Oliver Perry Price, a very consistent Christian according to the Cumberland Presbyterian faith.

In ninth month, 1860, Clear Creek Monthly Meeting



appointed brother Henry, Lydia S. Wierman, Phebe C. Flowers, and myself representatives to the ensuing Quarterly Meeting to be held at Blue River, near Salem, Washington County, Indiana. We attended and were appointed representatives to the Indiana Yearly Meeting, our Meeting being a branch of it. At that time it was to be held at Waynesville, Ohio. At Blue River, we met with genial friends; William and Ruth Lewelling, Elizabeth S. Brooks, Priscilla Cadwalader, Levi Knight, and Thomas Trueblood, with whom we had met before. We were made to feel very much at home.

The meeting-house at which we met was large. The seats were without backs except, perhaps, those in the gallery. The house had the appearance of age. This house was erected at what was called "Old Blue River" where a large number of orthodox Friends were located. As I now remember, the two occupied the same house at different hours. There came a time when the orthodox built a new one. The old house became neglected. William Penn Trueblood, a Hicksite Friend, and a man of means, tore the old house down, building a new one and put the graveyard in better order.

We bade adieu to our very kind friends. William Lewelling and Levi Knight took us in their carriages to Brownstown, twenty miles north, where we took the train for Cincinnati. From there we changed for Corwin Station, nearest station to Waynesville on the Little Miami River. Corwin was less than a mile from the meeting-house.

Henry and I were assigned to Moses Kelley's, two and a half miles from the meeting-house. His wife was Edward Hatton's daughter. They made it very pleasant for us. Meeting for worship on first day was largely attended, and the welcome we received was very genial to our feelings. On the second night after our arrival, I dreamed that brother Joshua's house was on fire and that we were called to assist in putting it out, and started to obey the summons. I was met by a messenger stating that it had been put out, therefore assistance was not required. I woke under excitement. I called to brother Henry and stated my dream. He, placing



his hand upon his breast, exclaimed with emotion: "How that strikes me!"

The following morning our minds were a little unsettled. We went over to Waynesville and saw the roof of a small house on fire. There were men on the roof tearing off shingles, trying to put out the fire. Henry remarked: "Maybe this is the end of thy dream." I replied: "I think not."

About eleven o'clock the next evening, a telegram was received, stating that "Joshua is very ill. Come home." Henry remarked with entire confidence: "This is the second telegram we have had. He will be better. I shall not go." I, after considering the matter for perhaps half an hour, decided to return. Joshua was the executor of brother Eli's estate. The will read that if Joshua did not live to complete the settlement, I was to finish the work if living. Under this feeling of responsibility, I felt that I must go. Accordingly a release was applied for and granted by the Yearly Meeting.

On arriving at home, I found that brother Joshua, on the day we left home, had been thrown from a vehicle onto a fence post and seriously injured. Two of his ribs were broken. The alarming feature was that dysentery had set in and his life was despaired of, hence the telegram. A reaction had taken place, however, and he was much better when I returned. Henry and woman friends remained until the close of the meeting. This was my first effort to attend the Yearly Meeting. The round trip was about seven hundred miles. To this day I feel it to be one of the most direct visitations of the Unseen for information.

If my recollection serves me, I attended Yearly Meeting at Waynesville two or three times after the incident above recorded.

On the 10th day of eleventh month, 1861, was born another son, whom we named William Lewelling after the valued friend of mine of that name, residing in the Blue River neighborhood.

The giving up of our little son Joseph Greenbury who departed this life second month 26th, 1862, with that dread

disease diphtheria, so earnest and thoughtful for his age, pierced our hearts deeply. My grandson, Charles (Clarence's son), reminds me so frequently of our little Joseph G.

Our little daughter, Julia Kimber, was born 29th of eleventh month, 1863, and departed this life eighth month 13th, 1864. Our little daughter Julia came as a jewel into our family, remaining with us only eight months and fourteen days. She was as beautiful as the sunlight and as sweet as a rose. Her visit was short in this beautiful world.

On the 18th of fourth month, 1863, I was having a large pile of wood sawed, with Jerry Bar's large circular wood-saw. It was three feet or more in diameter with a ten horsepower attached. The day was warm. Brother Pusey was the sawyer. About eleven o'clock, I noticed that brother Pusey was getting quite warm and proposed taking his place awhile, I having a large pair of buckskin mittens on. Not long after I assumed the holding the wood to the saw, a dry round stick of ash, about four or five inches through, was handed me. When the saw struck it, the stick rolled toward the saw, drawing the end of the stick down and caught my mitten. In an instant it had caught the back of my hand, cutting the leader off of my middle finger and a gash half way across my hand toward the thumb and about half an inch wide. I went to the well at the porch and had water poured on it. We sent to Magnolia for Dr. Frank Potts. He drew the ends of the severed leader together, lapping them a little and tied with a silk thread. I sat down to dinner with the men who were assisting with the sawing. Very soon I withdrew from the table as I could not eat. I realized I was considerably crippled and would have to lay by for awhile. The thought of a possibility that I would not be able to have free use of my hand and not be able to write when it healed, and all at this busy time of the year caused me to feel discouraged. I went over to the doctor's to get the wound dressed when needed. At times, I inquired when I would be able to use my hand without injury. He waived an answer, but I pressed him. He replied: "About hauling-in grain

time." I had one hired man and work enough for two. In a short time, I hitched to the breaking plow and, after plowing for a few days, found it was too hard on me. I then hired another hand for a while. We used a barshear in plowing corn those days. When the corn was large enough, I plowed with one horse with single line and crippled hand in sling. My wound being nearly healed, I ran a harvester. A small spot continued to discharge. One evening before retiring, I placed a small piece of brown paper over it. In the morning, there was the silk knot under it, after which it healed in a short time. The doctor said he had never known so severe a wound to heal so quickly. He was assured that my blood was pure.

In ninth month, 1864, I attended Blue River Quarterly Meeting. This same year a draft for more soldiers was to take place. On leaving home, I was admonished by some of my acquaintances that I could not get out of the State as the impression would be that I was trying to run away from the draft. I answered that I had my credentials as a representative to a religious organization. I attended Quarterly Meeting and think that I went on to Richmond and attended the Yearly Meeting, returning on seventh day which was the day of the draft.

In my absence, many men of our neighborhood of an age who were liable to be drafted (some of our members with others) clubbed together from four to six persons, each putting in one hundred dollars. If there was one of the club drafted, that one would take the money and go.

On first day morning my brother, Joshua, came and informed me that I was drafted and offered me one hundred dollars to go to Magnolia and join a club. I declined. Also brother Morris Bosley came and told me that I was one of "Uncle Sam's men." I replied that I had expected it. Our good president, Abraham Lincoln, had signed a law which would relieve a person from going into the ranks of the army if he could show satisfactory evidence that he was a member of a non-resistant religious organization. Such would be

released by paying three hundred dollars. I proceeded to get such a certificate from the officials of our meeting. This money was promised to be used in the hospitals in relieving the sick and wounded soldiers, and I had no testimony to bear against relieving the evils of war.

I appeared in Peoria to be examined and pay the demand. I was very well acquainted with Wardlow who was the marshal that notified me. He was acquainted with the signers of my certificate. Dr. Bowles of Lacon, the examining officer, was also acquainted with the signers of my certificate. I had no trouble as far as that was concerned. It took all the money that I had received from my father's and my mother's estates to release me from the draft.

Morris Bosley, Morris A. Wilson, Henry K. Smith,<sup>28</sup> and others were drafted at the same time, some paying seven hundred dollars for a substitute. Peace was declared before they reached the battlefield.

The President by writing the word emancipation caused the shackles of the slaves to be loosened and they were free. At the dawn of peace and universal rejoicing, our revered and loved President, Abraham Lincoln, was assassinated, the 14th of fourth month, 1865.

My mother was of medium height, weighing perhaps from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty pounds. She was well formed and of good average strength. She was gifted with energy and endurance, understood housekeeping and was economical. She spun, and wove many yards of cloth. She pulled flax, dried and broke it, heckled and spun into linen thread on a little wheel. She did sewing and knitting for the household with a devotion characteristic of a true mother. She was blessed with keen black eyes. Her general appearance would and did introduce her to strangers. Those of her intimate acquaintance could not afford to lose her friendship.

She was not what the term "scholar" would imply, as

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<sup>28</sup> The first-named was a brother-in-law of the author, the other two were to become such on the author's second marriage. Said two were Friends yet not assertive as conscientious objectors.



the opportunities at the time and place when she was growing to womanhood did not present. Her devotion to the Bible was manifest. The social feature was not lacking. She was a devoted wife and a loving mother and a true friend; ruling or controlling her children generally in a manner that would insure respect and obedience.

My mother continued to live at the homestead with us the remainder of her life. I assumed the care of her during her last sickness, especially at night. My mind was continually anxious to be ready at any time to make her comfortable. A slight motion in the night arrested my attention. On third month 4th, 1864, she passed quietly away. I feel it a great pleasure on reflection that we had the care of her the last days and hours of her eventful life.

Our son Edwin was born first month 29th, 1865, a frail, delicate child.

I resided at the old homestead for twenty-five years, remaining until the 23rd of third month, 1865, at which date myself and family left for our present home, my wife being quite unwell at the time. She was not able to come all the way and was brought to her brother Morris Bosley's, who lived on his father's place, the same<sup>29</sup> that Morris Wilson afterward heired from his father. Through the kindness of Mary Johnson, Hannah Mills, Elizabeth Michener, Elias Chessround, and others, we transferred our household goods. Our friends assisted in putting the furniture in place and the house in order. The following day my wife was brought to her new home and was made quite comfortable. The best of medical skill was procured, as we thought, and loving hands administered to her wants but she continued to grow worse. Pneumonia had taken a deep hold and we could not keep her. She left us and the pleasant scenes of time going into the Beyond, fourth month 12th, 1865, feeling an assurance that all would be well with her. A devoted wife, a loving mother, calm and patient in all that she did, hers was the life of a consistent

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<sup>29</sup> Now owned by its purchaser, Andrew H. Mills, of Decatur, Illinois.

Christian. I was thus stripped of a true companion, and the seven children of a devoted mother.

My sister Mary Ann Taylor, of Wenona, kindly took our babe Edwin. She cared for him the most of the summer when her strength failed. He was then cared for at home until he passed from our care into that bourne from whence no traveler returns and sickness and sorrow never enter, on the 21st of tenth month, 1865. His suffering endeared him to us.

I had engaged William Leonard Merriner to work for me and he came here with us. He worked six months at \$24.00 per month. I also engaged Mary Layton, a widow, to live with us and take some of the responsibility off Anna Maria and Martha. She remained one year at \$3.00 per week. She was not such a housekeeper as I had been used to. She was willing and industrious. At the expiration of her time, the girls undertook to keep house. They did well but it was more than they ought to do. Louisa Adams (Emma Mills' grandmother) came to help them at \$2.00 per week. She was quite an energetic old lady and could get through with a considerable amount of work. She remained seven months. The children all went to school except Willie. Grandmother Adams thought Willie L. gave her much trouble as he would sometimes start to go to the neighbors without her knowledge.

During the winter previous to our moving to our prairie home, I bought and delivered on sleds from Peru, the heavy timbers for a new barn, 30x52 feet, 16 feet to the square. The snow was drifted in the road and required careful driving as the track was very crooked. Many of the timbers were 30 feet long. Brother Pusey and other relatives assisted in the hauling.

I employed Isaac Griffith<sup>30</sup> to do the carpenter work. Libni Knight assisted with the framing. He afterwards located at Blue River where he now resides, a member of Blue River Monthly Meeting. John Worthington, an English-

<sup>30</sup> Isaac Griffith was a brother of Sarah Swaney, of Martha (wife of Israel Griffith), and of George W. Griffith. He was the son of George Griffith, who provided a saw mill for the benefit of pioneers. This was situated on Clear Creek, near his home and near the meeting-house. Isaac Griffith was a saw mill worker and carpenter.

man, put in the stone abutments under the barn. There were several large stones on the farm which made a sufficient bearing under the posts. The barn is supposed to have the heaviest timber in it of any in the neighborhood, and cost about \$1,200.00. This barn was built the summer of 1865. The shingle roof has not been renewed except by patching, until now first month 16th, 1910. Previous to this, I had but a small stable (buildd by Nelson Crow) with small graneries, wagon shed, corn crib, and milk house.

I had the farm enclosed with a hedge except in low ground. The connections were made with posts and rails, posts and boards, and smooth wire. Posts were mortised for the rails. Those broad rails were made over forty-two years ago. I dressed those rails over last fall and nailed them on for a new fence. I also had a forty-acre pasture fenced, orchard, hog lot, garden, yard, etc.

In ninth month, 1865, I attended the Quarterly Meeting at Blue River as a representative from our Monthly Meeting and there was appointed a representative to the Yearly Meeting held at Richmond, Indiana. Mary Wilson, who became the wife of Henry K. Smith, also attended both meetings. Several others from Blue River accompanied us to Yearly Meeting. I put up at Cornelius Rathiff's, who lived out of the city and entertained many of the Friends at Yearly Meeting time. I returned quite unwell. Was several days confined to my bed.

During my absence, Samuel Sibley, Emma's father, died. He lived on the farm where Bumgarner's<sup>31</sup> now live. Also John Cleaver passed away in my absence. He lived on the Vail farm on the Meridian, more recently called the Bell farm. George Griffith, Jr. (Mary<sup>32</sup> Griffith's husband), was very sick and died after my return.

In the 5th month, 1866, I was again appointed representative to the Quarterly Meeting to be held at Honey Creek, Vigo

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<sup>31</sup> i. e. Oscar and Louisa Bumgarner, who joined farms with the author on the south.

<sup>32</sup> Mary Griffith survived until 1926, having lived in the family of Walter G. Griffith, near McNabb.



County, Indiana, seven miles west of Terre Haute, where I met my friend, Thomas H. Trueblood. The social and religious opportunity was felt to be a source of spiritual strength.

In seventh month, 1866, Amos and Anna Wilson and myself went in a double carriage to Prophetstown, Whiteside County, to attend the opening of an indulged meeting at the home of Sydney Averill,<sup>33</sup> a minister of our Society. We went by appointment of our Monthly Meeting. We took dinner in Princeton, Illinois, at John Warfield's, where we met with a cordial reception. Resuming our journey, we reached the home of a relative of Amos and Anna's by the name of Wilson, where we remained over night and were entertained and made very comfortable. We resumed our journey the following morning, reaching the home of our friends, the Averills, near noon. Here we met Emmeline C. Underhill, a Friend from Seneca, Illinois, Joseph Wilson, Yardly Taylor, his son, Jonathan, and his sister who was a widow, a very nice lady. We had a pleasant and a profitable time. The social part, as well as the meeting, was of an uplifting character. In 9th mo. 1866, I again attended Blue River Quarterly Meeting by appointment.

In 9th mo., by my request, my minor children were received into membership into the Society of Friends: Martha, Milton, Huldah R., Oliver Perry, and William L. Mills.

The great responsibility resting upon me with the exclusive care of my large family, I felt it to be an imperative duty to secure a companion for myself, and a mother for my children. I was well aware that it required the best of judgment to fill the position in harmony. My acquaintance with Elizabeth Wilson was that of close friendship. I learned to respect her calm judgment, her integrity, and ability. These were the strongest incentives to ask her to share with me the great responsibility. After giving the subject consideration, she

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<sup>33</sup> Sydney Averill was an especial friend of the Indian, for whom he organized schools and to whom he gave instruction. Besides being a warm-hearted philanthropist, he was a minister whom every Friends' neighborhood was happy to hear. The author frequently drove many miles to visit this Friend, taking the younger members of his family who regarded "Uncle" Sydney as the embodiment of kindness.



consented, which proved to be the greatest blessing of my life.

In the fall of 1866, Andrew Dorland of New York, a prominent minister, visited our neighborhood, attending some meetings. He made his home at Father Wilson's. He had learned of Elizabeth's prospect and mine. When leaving here for Mount Pleasant, Iowa, brother Joshua took him in a carriage to Hennepin, I going along to get my wedding clothes. Andrew remarked that he understood that we were to be married soon, adding: "I think thee will do well, but I cannot say as much for her."

Our preference was to be married in accordance with the order of the Society of Friends. Therefore on the 6th of tenth month, we made known to the Monthly Meeting our intentions of marriage, in writing. The discipline at that time requiring that a committee be appointed to inquire into the clearness from like engagements, Wm. M. Price,<sup>34</sup> Amos Griffith, Sarah W. Price, and Hannah S. Mills were appointed to that service. The following month, the committee reported favorably, and we announced our continued prospect. Wm. M. Price, Thos. Flower, Sarah W. Price, and Hannah S. Mills were appointed to attend the marriage and see that good order was observed, and return the marriage certificate in order for recording.

As men and women Friends then met separately in business sessions, Elizabeth and myself were both acting clerks at that time. Jesse Garretson and Elizabeth F. Price were assistants. After framing a minute, referring to our intentions, we handed it to our assistants to read.

11th month 8, 1866, was set apart for our wedding day.

<sup>34</sup> The conservatism of William M. Price gave a distinctive tone to a western community wherein eastern thought usually yielded to liberalism. "How art thou?" he would always say in salutation. I have seen him sit in meeting with his hat on, its gray crown undented, the broad brim topping a face of marked serenity. There was a refinement, a spiritual presence about him. I was impressed one day by his quiet dignity. He was walking out of the meeting-house rather than listen to music which he could not associate with a house of worship. When financial reverses brought his case to the attention of the meeting officially, disownment was a possible result. Yet inner torment left him calm without. The circumstances were these: to save a son's credit, he had stretched his own too far. Thus he had become involved beyond his ability to manage, which is an affront to the principles of Friends. General integrity saved him from humiliation at the hands of the meeting. He lost his home. As an aged, white-haired man, about his sole earthly possession was a spirited black steed; her he rode, his head and shoulders erect. Unlike most of the pioneers, he returned to the East, to Baltimore, late in life.

Elizabeth's brother, Morris A. Wilson, and Mary V. Smith, were our attendants, and we went to the meeting-house together. The little brick meeting-house was well filled with an interested audience. With brother Henry at my side, and Anna Wilson sitting at the side of Elizabeth, we, after a season of silence, arose taking each other by the hand, and repeated the impressive ceremony, after which brother Henry read the marriage certificate written by Henry K. Smith<sup>35</sup> on parchment. This we signed. Afterwards it was signed by sixty-seven persons as witnesses. But twenty-six of these are now living. (First month, 18th, 1910.)

After the services were over, we went to Elizabeth's home. Quite a large company gathered, including the committee, a sumptuous dinner was prepared, and the afternoon was spent very pleasantly. The following morning, with our attendants, we were taken to Tonica in the carriage by my son, Milton, where we were to take the train for a little trip to Polo, Illinois. Our valued friend, Joseph M. Wilson, met us with a sled. Joseph knew Morris and addressed him, saying: "Is this thy wife?" I said: "Not yet, Joseph, not yet." We were conveyed to his home, where we met a very cordial reception by his estimable wife and daughter, Mary. We were shown over Joseph's large grist mill, and the process of converting the wheat into flour.

A little incident caused excitement and alarm. While walking around the millrace, our friend Mary Smith, in attempting to cross on a board, lost her footing and fell in. She was, however, soon rescued by her friends, escaping without injury, except being well drenched, which made a change of clothing necessary.

We attended a session of their Circular Indulged Meeting, at the home of Joseph Wilson. Friends came from different parts of the neighborhood, including our friend, Sydney Averill, of Prophetstown. Their commodious parlor was pretty well filled. We made several calls and remained over

<sup>35</sup> The artist of the Friendly community was Henry K. Smith. He was skillful at lettering and handy with charcoal and crayon. He could set the neighborhood laughing with a clever cartoon, and write for farm papers with clarity and vigor.

night with Mark and Lydia Penrose. On second day, we returned to Father Wilson's. The following day we came to our home and found the room full of invited guests whom we were glad to meet. Sister Mary Ann and others of our friends had come in and assisted "Grandmother Adams" and the girls in preparing a bountiful dinner, Morris Bosley being very efficient in assisting. Previously I had enlarged our little shed kitchen, where a long table was set. This was filled two or three times with guests, and we all did justice to many good things set before us. The cookstove had been taken out to a shed, where the dinner was cooked. This kitchen was all the room we had besides the house already described.

The children were pleased with their friend, who was willing to be a mother to them, and I believe they have had no occasion to change in their respect for her, only that it deepened into love, with an increased devotion as the years have rolled on. As our children came, there was no difference manifested. All were one united family, sharing an undivided motherhood.

My dear daughter, Anna Maria, made my wedding shirt. She was considered the best hand with the needle, for one of her age, in the neighborhood, and was well versed in house-keeping, a good student also. Her teachers gave her the credit of being always ready to recite when her class was called upon.

Our children in attending school at Center, generally walked, the distance being one and three-quarter miles, when going by the road. They were very much interested in getting an education and, as a general thing, were satisfied with the teachers. The first, or old school-house, stood on the west side of the road, on brother Pusey's farm. A new school-house was built on the east side, opposite the old. This house was built in 1867. A large school—sixty pupils the winter of '67 and '68. Emma Griffith and Emma Merritt were the first teachers in the new school-house. The latter was an assistant. Henry K. Smith purchased the old house, moved it to the



farm and made a dwelling<sup>36</sup> of it, which his family still occupy with some additions.

As I look back over the years gone by, I conclude I would be much better satisfied if I had put up a small stable near the school-house, and provided a horse and vehicle for the children to ride to and from the school.

Generally after they were old enough to assist with the chores both in and out of the house, they did something until school-time.

A lyceum was organized at the Center school-house, which enlisted old and young. It was considered a great educator. We had a paper edited, called "The Pioneer." The editors were appointed for each session, and the paper read by the editor. Besides this, there were recitations, readings, dialogues, etc. This organization continued for over thirty years.

Center School was considered the best in the township by the County Superintendent. We employed high-grade teachers. No other could handle the school. Center school-house<sup>37</sup> still stands, but abandoned since the new Consolidated School building was erected.

I have mentioned Samuel Sibley's death. I was appointed administrator of his estate, and believe I settled it to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Our son, Charles Wilson Mills, was born 10th month 14th, 1867. He was an acceptable little stranger. The barn of our neighbor, Frank Mattern, half a mile east, was burned the same evening. The burning was generally believed to have been caused by an incendiary. The culprit was seen after getting away twenty rods or more.

In the spring of 1867 one acre of ground was purchased, adjoining the lot owned by Friends. This was for the purpose of building a new meeting-house, 28 by 46 feet. Jesse Holmes, a minister from Iowa, attended the first meeting held

<sup>36</sup> The old house was to occupy a third site. It is now a tenant house standing near the crossing one mile south of McNabb on the north Griffith farm. It was removed to make way for the new modern residence of Theodore and Lola Smith.

<sup>37</sup> Lightning destroyed Center school-house and saved it from an adaptation to commercial purposes, as was the intention of its purchaser.



in this house, 11th mo. 9, 1867. The building committee reported the house<sup>38</sup> completed at a cost of \$1600. The brick house was sold for \$41.00.

Our apple orchard was beginning to bring us satisfactory returns. This fall, after picking our apples and putting them in barrels, we placed them on a wide bench east of the kitchen until time to transfer them to the cellar, which was under the kitchen only. We had fine Rambo's, Domino's, Roman Stems, and others.

In gathering our corn we made it a point to try to get it husked and cribbed by the time of Quarterly Meeting, which was held in this neighborhood the latter part of 11th month.

In 5th mo. of the following year, Elizabeth, myself, and little Charles went to Honey Creek to attend Quarterly Meeting, going to sister Mary Ann's at Wenona the evening before. We visited many of the members at their homes, including our friends, David and Ann Reynolds, Amanda Mills'<sup>39</sup> father and mother.

Just before Christmas, 1868, our daughter, Anna Maria, took sick. We employed the best physician to treat her, and, with all that loving hands could do, there was no permanent change for the better. There were weeks of patient suffering. Before her going another little treasure came into our home, a little blue-eyed boy, on the morning of 2nd mo. 5th, 1869. Anna was interested and thoughtful of the little brother and wanted to see him. She said to her cousin, Sarah Given, who was kindly caring for her: "Tell mother to name the baby, "Clarence." She lingered until the morning of 2nd mo. 9th, when her pure spirit left the body. She was of a loving disposition, kind and thoughtful of all. She had many friends

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<sup>38</sup> After building the meeting-house on the prairie in 1875, the timber meeting-house came to be less and less used until meetings in it were discontinued altogether. After years of hesitation to put a sacred landmark under the hammer, it was sold to Clarence Mills for \$150.00 and removed, in 1925, to a new site one-half mile west to become a shelter for stock.

<sup>39</sup> Amanda Reynolds Mills was the wife of Eli Mills who died 6-3, 1881, leaving children: Bertha, Flora, and Gertrude.

Cousin Amanda, after rearing her daughters, responded to many calls for companionship and service. Caring for the author during his last three years, and making his home still homelike after the loss of my mother, are acts happily typical of her ready ability.





EARLY HOME OF THE AUTHOR NEAR MAGNOLIA, ILLINOIS



AUTHOR'S FARM HOME, 1865-1919, DEVELOPED FROM THE  
RAW PRAIRIE.

who called to see her. Her schoolmates sent messages. This was indeed a trying time and a great bereavement. When she was taken, we lost a jewel.

The following summer, 1869, we built our front dwelling house, 18 by 32, containing parlor, bedroom, and hall, with four rooms and a hall in second story. Isaac Griffith was employed to do the carpenter work and John Wilsoncroft, the masonwork, including cellar wall, chimney, plastering, etc. It was a very wet season, and the finishing of the work was tedious. The lumber was purchased in Peru, of Maize & Co. The house cost about \$1400.00. The winter previous Henry Bosley, wife, and little girl were here. He assisted in the hauling.

Our son, Albert Taylor Mills, came to our home to bless us on 12th mo. 7th, 1870. The following spring myself, wife, and little son went to Honey Creek to attend Quarterly Meeting.

As had been intimated in the earlier part of this autobiography, my parents were very much interested in the attendance of meetings and were careful to have their children attend. As long ago as I can remember I thought meetings were sacred opportunities. I was a careful listener to what the ministers said and thought they ought to be better than the rest of the members. At the age of 42, on 6th mo. 15th, 1871, I yielded to my impressions at our mid-week meeting, repeating the quotation: "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world." My mind continued to be exercised and I frequently addressed the meetings.

7th mo. 27th, 1872, our son, Amos Preston, was born, named for his grandfather, Amos Wilson, and uncle, Preston Eyre, of Pa.

Milton Mills and Emma Sibley were married 6th mo. 6th, 1873.

In 1874 I was appointed administrator of Oliver Perry Price's estate. Not long thereafter I was requested to become the guardian of Jennie L. Porter<sup>40</sup> (now Miller), whom Oliver

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<sup>40</sup> Wife of James Miller, attorney, Lincoln, Illinois.



P. and Eliza A. Price took to raise when a child. I acted as agent in renting the farm several years and finally sold it to George Haws in 1889. The farm consisted of 80 acres and it sold for \$4640.00.

My first grandson, Harry Abel Mills, was born 7th mo. 20th, 1874, son of Milton and Emma Mills.

As director I served this school district several years; also served on the Board of Commissioners of Highways a number of years, was Clerk of the Board most of the time. During my service, we built bridges across Little Sandy Creek, one northwest of Magnolia, one at the crossing near Capt. Haws' old place, and one east of Capt. Haws' near Parsons' old place. We also did a great deal of grading over the entire district. I served with Lewis I. Beck,<sup>41</sup> William S. Bosley, Abram Wright, and John E. Steward. Three constituted a Board. As we had our respective districts to keep in order, my custom was to call the men out to a certain place and was one with them, doing the work as I thought it should be. The district in which I supervised was generally satisfied with the amount and quality of the labor performed. I had no faith in sending inexperienced men to do the work in their way. There had been much time and money wasted in that way of doing public business.

I have been a member of the Magnolia Mutual Fire Insurance Co. ever since its organization. I was appointed with Henry C. Mills to examine the chimneys of the buildings insured, to insure better protection from fires. I served as president of the company and also as secretary for several years.

In the spring of 1875, a committee was appointed to build a meeting-house of the following dimensions: 70 by 48 ft., and which would comfortable seat 700 persons. This was for the purpose of accommodating the Friends composing Illinois Yearly Meeting. Amos B. Wilson, Pusey Mills, myself, and others were appointed. I was assigned the duty of Recording Secretary and Amos B. Wilson, Treasurer. The

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<sup>41</sup> Father of Marshall Beck, inventor of hay-loader, now residing in Los Angeles.

building, including two acres, purchased of brother Pusey Mills, cost \$5461.89. It was completed and the first session of Illinois Yearly Meeting was opened the 13th of 9th mo., 1875, with a very large attendance.

Illinois Yearly Meeting was composed largely of members of Baltimore and Indiana Yearly Meetings. Each of these meetings appointed a committee to attend the opening. Samuel M. Janney of Baltimore, on behalf of the Joint Committee, read the minutes of their appointment in joint session and called the names of the members of the Committee. Six from Baltimore and fifteen from Indiana responded. At this time men and women met in separate sessions. Jonathan W. Plummer<sup>42</sup> of Chicago was appointed clerk by men Friends and Elizabeth H. Coale<sup>43</sup> by the women, for the day.

The proposition to compensate the active members of the building committee for their labor in the erection of the Yearly Meeting House caused a committee to be appointed. The following year they reported as follows: "Believing they have faithfully discharged their duty as a building committee they are deserving the thanks of the Meeting; in addition to which we recommend that they be allowed the sum of \$100.00, to be divided among themselves as they think proper." This report was united with.

The territory from which come the members of the Illinois Yearly Meeting includes nearly all the Western States, with Southern Indiana. The organizing of the Illinois Yearly Meeting is typical of the gathering of the small rivulets and streams scattered over a large territory into a reservoir of large dimensions. I have witnessed the budding and have lived to see the vast benefit that has been realized.

Since the opening of the meeting one generation has passed, among whom were many worthy standard bearers.

<sup>42</sup> Jonathan was the Plummer in the firm of Morrison, Plummer & Co., wholesale druggists, Chicago. He was the main author of the book of Discipline of Illinois Yearly Meeting and the father of the Philanthropic Committee, which has resulted in the organization of Friends for social service; peace, prison reform, temperance, anti-narcotics, justice for Indian and Negro, purity equal suffrage, child welfare, and better industrial relations.

<sup>43</sup> A pioneer of McLean County, lived ten miles east of Bloomington, alert mentally, a gifted writer, remained an influence among Friends until her death in 1926, at the age of 99.

Nevertheless the promotion of the testimonies of the Society of Friends is claiming the attention of its members equally as much now, perhaps, as at any other time since the organization of the society. A feeling exists that an increase of rallying more closely to the sustaining power of Gospel, as we see it, is pressing for development.

My friend, Jonathan W. Plummer, had been active and capable in the organization of the Illinois Yearly Meeting. He is a recommended minister of note, an educated man, and was clerk of the Yearly Meeting a number of years. He was loved by all who knew him.

I was appointed the first librarian of the Yearly Meeting, and continue in this duty. I have also been a member of the Visiting Committee since its appointment, which has been many years, and have made a great many visits under that appointment. I served the Yearly Meeting for Ministers and Elders as clerk for a considerable time; was also clerk of the Quarterly Meeting for Ministers and Elders for several years.

At the opening of the meeting for discipline at Clear Creek, it was the custom to hold a Preparative Meeting. This was to prepare the business for action by the Monthly Meetings. I was appointed clerk<sup>44</sup> of this Preparative Meeting, I think before I was entirely grown, and was continued several years. I served our Monthly Meeting as clerk nine years in succession, being absent from the clerk's table three times. I was clerk of the Quarterly Meeting a number of terms, was clerk at the time we made request for a Yearly Meeting, consequently made the minute of application. Samuel Walton was clerk of Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting in Iowa at which there should be a similar minute of application. He

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<sup>44</sup> The clerk's duties are different from those of a presiding officer in a parliamentary assembly. The clerk, like him, knows the disciplinary requirements of business meetings and is expected to assume a responsibility in shaping the order of business, but discussions are not under his or under any control. No parliamentary forms are followed, no motions are made, no votes taken, no majorities announced. Unity in agreement or acquiescence prevails. There was one exacting test of fitness. He who met it was returned year after year to the clerk's table. The clerk listens to discussions and asks himself:

What action does the meeting wish to take?

And how may a minute be phrased which will embody the meeting's wish?

Action by the meeting awaited the offering of a satisfactory minute. There was a call for an alert ear and a deft pen.



sent to me for a copy of our minute adopted. I served our Monthly Meeting twenty-three consecutive years as one of the overseers, and was the youngest elder of the meeting for a considerable time.

In 1875, we built our present kitchen on the foundation of the old one as far as it would go. We moved the old kitchen away and made a wood-house of it, enlarging our cellar. The dimensions of the kitchen were 16x18 ft., with pantry and long porch on the north. There was a cistern with pump on the porch. We added a half story to the original dwelling, making it even with the front part and turning the stairway into the new kitchen. We later had a bay-window on the south side, connecting east door in parlor with our sitting-room. These we found were conveniences.

Milton's second son, Ellsworth Carlton, was born 12th mo. 17th, 1875.

I not only cut my own grain but cut for my neighbors many years using the following harvesters: The Parrett Stern Rake (by hand); the Wakegan Side-rake (by hand); Seymore & Morgan Self-side Raker; (after the rake gave out, John Taylor put on a rake that threw the grain off behind by machinery); then The Marsh Harvester, carrying two binders, a very nice machine to save the grain; then the McCormick wire binder.<sup>45</sup> The wire bands were the best to hold grain in the sheaf. There was less shattering in stacking.

During the summer of 1876, our daughter Martha took a trip to Philadelphia to attend the Centennial Exposition, going in company with Hannah and Elta Wilson, brother David's daughters. They also visited the Wilson relatives in and around Philadelphia. My wife's brothers, Joshua, David, and Thomas Wilson, went also. Soon after they returned, Joshua passed away, 12th mo. 4th, 1876.

In 1878, our youngest son was given into our keeping on 3rd mo. 8th. We named him Leroy Addison. He was a

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<sup>45</sup> The author owned and operated the first self-binder in the vicinity of his home. It was the McCormick wire binder. The curious came to watch it work as well as customers to engage its service.



sprightly, healthy little fellow. In the years of development he realized there were warm hearts to welcome him.

On 4th mo. 4th of the same year, our daughter, Huldah R., was united in marriage with Oliver Smith, who lived at that time at his father's old home near Clear Creek. They were married in our home at 2 o'clock P. M., Andrew B. Gurnea, of Magnolia, Justice of the Peace, administering the ceremony. We had invited a number of relatives and others and prepared a wedding dinner. A proper dignity throughout the afternoon was maintained. There could not be any discount on Oliver's honesty and integrity.

In the same year, 7th mo. 4th, my brother, Henry Mills, passed away from this opportunity with apparently an unwavering faith in the All-Wise Father's ample provision for all those who trust in His grace. His affliction was that of gangrene, which began in one of his feet. One limb was amputated a little below the knee. He was a very active member of the Society of Friends. A very close unity of feeling existed between brother and myself. His was one of the leading minds in all the important changes, especially that of Illinois Yearly Meeting, being one of the first to conceive the utility of the movement. He left a devoted wife and eight children, viz.: Eli, John, Sarah Elizabeth, Parker P., Martha Elmira, David R., William H., and Esther.

On the 4th of 9th mo. of the same year, daughter Martha was united in marriage with Oliver Wilson at 6 P. M., A. B. Gurnea officiating. Relatives and friends in attendance offered congratulations and partook of the wedding repast. We feel assured that they are worthy of each other.

We felt very much stripped when our daughters went to participate in making homes for themselves, both in so short a time, five months. They had been much help in many ways, had been thoughtful in assisting with the little children, and in taking much of the responsibility off the mother. They were good with the needle, made their wedding clothes. Mattie, as we call her, taught school several terms, boarding with her aunt, E. A. Price, in La Salle County.

My grandson, Wm. Eddy, was born 8th mo. 7th, 1879, son of Oliver and Huldah Smith.

In 1880 I was called to administer the estate of Jacob C. Price, whose residence was east of Magnolia. The amount of personal property was \$724.35. An inventory of real estate showed a value of \$3,600, the total being \$4,324.35. The estate was opened until 1883. There were many claims allowed, which, with the expenses, reduced the amount one-third.

In the summer of 1881, Oliver and Huldah went on a visit to Great Bend, Kansas, taking the baby and Charles W. with them. Charles was about fourteen years of age. He had never taken a long trip. His sister, Huldah, was very desirous for him to go with them. He enjoyed the trip very much.

Father Wilson passed to the Beyond the 15th day of 1st mo., 1881, a sheaf fully ripe for the gathering into the garner that has been prepared for the righteous from the foundation of the world. He was in his 87th year. Father Wilson was a man with his mind well established on a basis of unimpeachable integrity and sustained by "The Inner Light," that guiding principle which the Society of Friends has embraced since its organization. I was intimately associated with him for thirty years. He sat at the head of our meeting for several years and I next to him. Although he lived to be aged, I never saw him drowsy during the meeting sessions. Before coming to Illinois, he and my father were members of the Ohio Yearly Meeting. At one time Father Wilson was clerk of said Meeting and my father the assistant.

In 1881, in 1st month, there came a heavy fall of snow, with additions at different times amounting to several feet. A crust formed which would bear a grown person. We could not get about with our teams. Much shoveling was done, only to fill in again. I went to Lewis I. Beck's, near the Clear Creek school-house, to meet with the Commissioners one afternoon. I called at Oliver Smith's who then lived on his father's old place, and remained over night. The following morning I started home across the fields, breaking through to the top of my trouser's pockets. I was near a fence which

aided me in getting to the surface again, and I reached home safely. In the afternoon I was required on the same duty as Commissioner to go to Daniel McNabb's to settle some of our business. I went straight across the fields, walking over all kinds of fences on top of the snow. It was a remarkable winter. Mother Wilson came here to remain a few days, and was snowed up for three weeks without being able to get home. Oliver and Mattie Wilson were living southeast from here on a farm, owned by the estate of Father Wilson. Since mother wished to get there, I took her in a sled across the fields. Oliver met me with a sled at the southeast corner, carrying mother across the road, and succeeded in getting her to his residence. At our spring election, held in Magnolia, the roads were so filled that we were compelled to travel inside fields most of the way. About the first week in 4th month, in riding in my wagon on the spring seat, as we went to Monthly Meeting, between Mason Wilson's and H. K. Smith's, I reached over and caught a handful of snow. Some of this had been piled here out of the road. Many other times we have been compelled to shovel snow out of the road.

In 1882, 8th mo. 3rd, I received a deed for 10 acres of timber land at a public sale of David and Oliver Wilson, executors of the estate of Amos Wilson, my father-in-law. It was a school lot in Section 16, #20 in Township 31 North, Range 1 West of the 3rd Principal Meridian, in Putnam County, Illinois.

The same day I bid \$49.50 per acre for the farm on which my daughter Martha and Oliver Wilson lived, said farm belonging to the estate of Amos Wilson. The northwest corner of that farm corners with ours at the southeast. Brother David Wilson bid \$50.00 and it was sold to him. It is now worth \$200.00 per acre, 1st mo. 29th, 1910.

After this I went west to invest in some land in Nebraska. Isaac Howard, my brother-in-law, lived at that time at Lincoln, Nebraska. He and I went in search of land. We found considerable for sale. We finally concluded to purchase an 80-acre tract lying northwest of Lincoln and due west of a



little town called Valley. There was such a small tract that when I was about to return, I said to Isaac that, if he preferred to have the papers made out in his name, it would be all right, and I would leave money with him to use and return when it suited. This was carried out. Isaac returned the money and I have never regretted the result.

In the same year, 1882, I purchased a farm of 160 acres, called the Fulmore Farm, now owned by my sons, Oliver P. and Wm. L. Mills, paying \$55.00 per acre, the total being \$8,800.00. The dwelling, which was on the east 80, was not very good and the stable poor. We built a kitchen and double corn-crib with a driveway, put in some apple-trees, and did considerable tiling. I furnished the tile and the boys put them in. We did other repairing, as the farm had been neglected. Oliver Smith and family lived with them for a time, after which their cousin, Amanda Mills, and daughters occupied the dwelling; my sons boarded with both of these families. In 1891 I sold the farm to my sons, Oliver P. and Wm. L. Mills, Perry taking the east 80.<sup>46</sup> Since then they have made good homes and are going very well.

In 2nd mo., 1882, my first grand-daughter was born to Huldah and Oliver Smith. She was named Anna Rosalie.

In 1875 I rented the Larned Davis<sup>47</sup> farm, the second 80 west of the end of our lane, and had Milton to farm it. His wife had relatives in Missouri. They concluded to go there. Emma and the two children went on the cars. Milton, having a team and wagon, went across the country alone. It was a very lonely trip. While they were there, I went to Harrisonville to see Milton and family; I went by way of St. Louis and Holden, where I changed cars for the place mentioned above, 245 miles west of St. Louis. Soon after this, they returned to Illinois, finally going to Chicago, where they remained until after the World's Fair in 1893 (about twenty

<sup>46</sup> In 1924, John Sutherland bought Perry's 80 for a home for Wilbur Sutherland and family, Perry and Ida retiring to a smaller place. The purchase price was \$256.00 per acre.

<sup>47</sup> Larned Davis was postmaster at Mt. Palatine, serving a Star Route out of Tonica, which included, a part of the time, the postoffices of Clear Creek and Magnolia.



years). Milton<sup>48</sup> did considerable work in the construction of the buildings for the World's Fair. Not long thereafter, he and his son Ellsworth returned to this neighborhood. His family soon followed. He and Emma have remained here ever since.

My brother, Pusey Mills, was named after our uncle, Nathan Pusey. He worked on a farm until of an age to learn bricklaying and general masonwork. Brother Henry and he worked together. Pusey was of a very jovial turn of mind and very fond of fun. He ran a threshing-machine<sup>49</sup> many years. He was a man who endeavored to fulfill his promises. He passed away 4th mo. 18th, 1882, after much suffering. He left a wife, one daughter, and four sons: Joshua, Rebecca, Willis B., Jonathan K., and Oliver.

In 6th mo., 1882, I left home at 3:20 A. M. to attend Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting, held near Winfield, Iowa, Elizabeth taking me to Henry, arriving at 5:35 A. M. On arrival at Winfield, my friend Theodore Russell's daughter, Nina, met me and conveyed me to their pleasant home, where I met with a very cordial welcome. I afterwards attended the different sessions of the Quarter. Others in attendance from other neighborhoods were: John Cory, Nathan Edsall, Horace Nicholls and wife, Joseph Hartley, Griffith E. Coale and wife, John Taylor and wife. A proposition to change the Monthly Meeting was granted. I neglected to state that John B. and Emma Price were also in attendance from this neighborhood. I visited or called on nearly all the Friends' families. I was cordially received and returned home on 3rd day evening following. The same year, Elizabeth and I attended Blue River Quarterly Meeting, held near Salem, Indiana, taking our little son, Leroy, with us. We remained

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<sup>48</sup> Milton liked a horse, a dog, and a gun. In Chicago, he had been foreman of a large stable, and for several years managed an extensive business in kerosene. He was a lucky hunter on river or field. Hard times in Chicago followed the World's Fair, so he retired on native heath where expenses were less and friends were tried. His wife, Emma Mills, long continued to fit in handily to many situations.

<sup>49</sup> Besides a thresher, corn sheller and a circular saw, Uncle Pusey had supplied another farmer's friend—a blacksmith shop. This was located in the barn yard of his farm.

over a day or two to visit the Friends. They were very hospitable and made the visit pleasant for us all.

I have seen many dangerous blizzards. One very foggy morning David Swaney, Henry Shaw, and myself started to Leonard's mill, fifteen miles distant. A dense fog arose and continued, but, before reaching the mill, the fog had disappeared, and it turned cold about the middle of the afternoon. We were ready to start home. There was by this time a gale from the west. Clouds would rise. The wind and snow became severe. Shaw was ahead, David next, and I behind. We had good teams and had perhaps fifteen or twenty bushels of wheat each, ground. The toll had been taken out. Shaw was walking and driving. I soon made up my mind that I would get home as soon as the circumstances would admit. I passed the two wagons, saying: "I am going home." I was pretty well wrapped up and did not look back much. I had driven perhaps seven or eight miles when someone called. I turned to see who it was. David was there. Shaw was not in sight. I was considering whether I had better stop for the night, though it was not yet sundown. David's voice cheered me very much, and we traveled lively. We were young then and felt that we could stand the storm, and we did. I lived on the old farm. The others were working for brother Eli. Our women folks informed me that, in our absence, the wind blew the chickens out of the yard.

After moving to this farm, I, with my neighbors, burned a great deal of coal. On the Vermilion River, there were several coal banks open. From some of them, I have hauled coal. On the bank of Eagle Creek, which empties into the Vermilion River, two miles or more this side of Streator, there proved to be the best coal that had been found within the distance of twenty miles. We paid two dollars and a half a ton. I have made many trips to these banks, one bank being on the east side of the river. I, with others of my neighbors, have made those trips when the weather was very cold. We finally arranged to get our supply in the fall, as our experience demanded it. I, having a timber lot, burned considerable

wood also. For many years we have been enjoying a base-burner in which we burn hard coal.

My children learned to work. I managed to encourage them by giving them a small piece of ground for themselves. Quite frequently, when done plowing corn, or harvesting, I would place some money under their plates, where they sat at meals. Sometimes I would give them a calf or a pig for their own, and I bought a white pony for them. This was a source of pleasure to them and also of profit. She raised two mules and two colts, which increase was a source of encouragement to them. At any time when we were through our work and they desired to assist the neighbors, they received the pay.

In 1883 the elders of the Clear Creek Monthly Meeting expressed unity in the desire that my ministry should be acknowledged and proceeded by disciplinary rules,—that of forwarding the proposition to the Quarterly Meeting for Ministers and Elders for its approval. Unity having been expressed, a Minute was prepared and returned to the Preparative Meeting for Ministers and Elders. It forwarded the proceedings to the Monthly Meeting, where it was again united with. This being final it was so recorded.

At one time brother Pusey, my daughter Martha, and myself attended the Quarterly Meeting held at West Liberty in 3rd month to very good satisfaction. On our return to Bureau Junction, we learned that we could not cross the river at Hennepin. We came on to Henry. There being no arrangements for meeting us there, we started late in the afternoon on foot. We had one valise.<sup>50</sup> Pusey secured a small rope to put around the valise and his shoulder, saying that he would take the first turn. There being considerable snow and ice, it was tedious traveling. After we got up the hills, I took

<sup>50</sup> The valise was filled for that week-end visit among friends in a neighboring state before the appearance of color and variety in the young woman's wardrobe, and when a dark-colored dress still must meet requirements both for day and evening, for traveling and for meetings. Skirts were made heavy to economize on underwear, stones being sewed into hems at the bottom to resist the lift of toying winds. The valise contained no night clothes for the men. The author owned a "plain coat" to wear to meeting, a broadcloth of special make with standing collar, but he probably had worn this to save luggage. Better so, in view of the 13-mile walk home. Plain coats and Quaker bonnets as well, all were to become heirlooms by the close of the century. The author was the last Friend of Illinois Yearly Meeting probably to leave the distinctive garment hanging in the closet.



the valise as brother was showing symptoms of fatigue. He was more corpulent than I. He did not offer to take it afterwards. It was moonlight and, on arriving at the creek southwest of Henry Atherton's house, we found considerable water. In crossing, Martha got her feet wet. Arriving at Atherton's, she put up for the night and we came home. I gave over the valise to Pusey at the end of his lane, saying I would get it another time. We were two tired men.

3rd month, 1885, I entered on the settlement as administrator of the estate of Isaac R. Kimber; having the farm rented, the renter remained until I sold it to Oscar Brenne-man, I think, for over ten thousand dollars. I secured drafts, sending them to the respective heirs, the respective amounts as I was instructed. I closed the business 3rd mo. 21st, 1887. The total of liabilities was \$12,425.00. After receiving my commission, cousin Hulda Kimber Hayslip presented me with ten dollars; general satisfaction was given.

Oliver and Martha Wilson's only child, a daughter, was born 10th mo. 25th, 1885. Her name is Lois Arthelia.

In the spring of 1886, my wife and I asked at our Monthly Meeting for a Minute of Recommendation to attend Philadelphia and New York Yearly Meetings. After our Minute was granted, I received a summons from the United States Marshal's office, Northern District of Illinois, to appear at the Marshal's office in Chicago on a certain date to serve as United States Petit Juror in the United States District Court the next month. It was signed, "F. H. Marsh, United States Marshal." I answered informing of my prospects and requesting to be excused. In due time I received the following:

"3rd mo. 30, 1886.

"Abel Mills,

Mt. Palatine, Putnam County, Ill.

You are excused from serving United States  
Petit Juror in the United States District Court next  
month.

By order of the Judge.

Respectfully yours,

F. H. Marsh, United States Marshal."



In 5th month Elizabeth and I left home with the prospect of attending Philadelphia and New York Yearly Meetings and visiting relatives and friends in other localities. Clarence and Leroy took us to Peru, leaving our son, Charles, and his younger brothers in charge of the farm and their aunt, Eliza Ann Price, and Leonora Thierry as housekeepers. We felt little hesitation in making the trip.

On arriving in Chicago, we met my son, Milton, and our friend, Allen J. Flitcraft. We were transferred to the Michigan Central depot and were soon on our way, crossing the river at Detroit, Michigan, in a ferry boat. On arriving at the Niagara Falls, we had planned to stop off and take the next train. Securing a guide and conveyance, we were taken to both the American and Canadian sides, the guide pointing out the different places of interest. We crossed the bridge to Goat Island. The magnificence and grandeur that fill the mind on viewing the vast body of water plunging, leaping, and foaming, and often rising ten to fifteen feet before making the final leap of one hundred forty feet, are indeed impressive. We went to Horseshoe Falls, saw a perfect rainbow on the water which was indeed beautiful. The Three Sister Islands are connected by foot-bridges. I carved my initials on a tree which stood upon the middle island. We crossed the suspension bridge, said to be 1290 feet in length and 160 feet above the water. The depth of the water is 130 feet. We went down on the Canadian side to Whirlpool Rapids. An inclined railroad passes through rock 930 feet with suitable cars to carry the sightseers to the Rapids below. These cars receive their power from the weight of the passengers and the volume of water that was needed. A cable was attached to each of these cars. One going down brought the other up. The amount of water required, in addition to the weight of the passengers, was supplied at the upper end from a reservoir. My timidity forbade a trip on one of these cars to the Rapids. My wife, being the better soldier, went. She expressed her thankfulness on returning in safety. I was escorted over rocks and among shrubbery down the side of the hill and had a view

of the Rapids. It was a sight indeed worth seeing. My impressions on seeing Niagara Falls were animated in the true sense of the word, lifting the mind from nature to nature's God.

On returning to the business part of the town, twenty or thirty rods from the great cataract, I inquired of a merchant if the falling of the water disturbed them. He replied: "We do not hear it." It has been reported that the noise from the falling of the water has been heard twenty miles. Our visit extended over about six hours. The scenery was in its character the greatest we have seen in our lives.

We boarded the train for Philadelphia. Before arriving, Elisha Wells came aboard. Arriving in the city, we were promptly met by Samuel Jones, who took us to his home where we received a cordial welcome. Samuel took us the next morning to the meeting-house to attend the meeting for ministers and elders. About two hundred were present. We met with many friends of whom we had some knowledge. We dined at Dillwin Parish's, and home with Allen Flitcraft, Sr., and wife at Chester. On first day morning, we went with them to meeting in the city. The house was well filled a half an hour before meeting. John J. Cornell was the first speaker. We dined at Spencer and Louisa Roberts'. At three P. M. we attended a meeting for children of first-day school age. Six hundred children were in attendance. The next morning, second day, the business session opened which afforded a very enjoyable opportunity. We ate dinner in the Library Room with many others. We took supper with Lydia Wilson's cousin, Annie Shoemaker, at Lansdowne. The next evening we went home with Ann Bordon to Mickleton, New Jersey. We crossed the Delaware River on a ferry boat. The following morning we attended public meeting at the Green Street Meeting House. We dined at Edward Dorland's. The meetings were all of a strengthening character. On sixth day we dined at John Williams', brother of Thomas, of Ocean Port. This afternoon the sessions of the Yearly Meeting closed. The sessions had furnished a very satisfactory oppor-

tunity. The largest body of our<sup>51</sup> Friends in America is this Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

While in Philadelphia we visited the United States mint, also a public building which was eleven years in erection and not then completed, the Zoological Gardens, and Swarthmore College. The College is beautifully situated as the surrounding scenery is delightful. We met President Magill.

After leaving Philadelphia, we visited our cousin, Susan Wilson, and family at Chester; and cousin Margaret Hannum and family at Concord. From here we went to Busselton where we visited Watson Tomlinson's, Aaron Wright's, and Nathaniel Richardson's. At Ocean Port, New Jersey, we visited Thomas and Eliza Williams. Thomas took us in his carriage to the Atlantic Ocean, which we viewed with admiration. At Sea Bright we saw many boats coming in laden with fish, principally bass. It was interesting to watch the breakers and see the boats coming over them. We gathered shells and were held here with fascination until near noon, Thomas taking us to a boarding house for dinner. We had plenty of excellent fish.

We returned by way of Long Beach. We rode for miles with the ocean on one side and summer residences on the other.

In the morning we started with Thomas and Eliza to the city of New York to attend the Yearly Meeting. On arriving we went directly to the meeting-house. Our friend, John L. Griffin, informed us that we were to home with them.

We attended the ministers and elders meeting, after which, in company with Lydia Hall, we went to our boarding place. First day morning Sunderland P. Gardener addressed us at length. The ministers in attendance were Isaac Wilson, Robert Hatton, Ann Packer, and others. We dined at John William Hutchinson's with Joshua and Caroline Washburn. On second day business sessions opened. A memoir of Andrew Dorland was read. He was held in high esteem. We

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<sup>51</sup> There are branches of Friends other than Hicksites. Among all branches there is a common basis of belief in the "Inner Light" and much unity in fellowship, as well as co-operation in social service. Differences are marked in the form of worship; English Friends do not hire pastors, neither do Hicksites.



went home with Jacob Capron on elevated railway, the first of our experience. The next day we dined at Jane Russell's, a very wealthy woman. A large company was present. Among the number was Sunderland P. Gardener. We lodged at Joseph Bogardus'. The next day we attended public meeting in Brooklyn, crossing the noted Brooklyn Bridge, a wonderful piece of mechanism. We attended an evening meeting appointed by Isaac Wilson of Canada. Sixth day noon the Yearly Meeting closed. We feel thankful for the high aspirations that were experienced in attending New York Yearly Meeting.

After spending a pleasant afternoon in visiting Central Park with our friends, the Washburns, we accompanied them over a very rough country to their home near Chappaqua, forty miles distant. The following morning we had a pleasant ride with Joshua to Sing Sing on the Hudson River. We saw the prison where there were twelve hundred inmates. On first day we attended a meeting in Chappaqua. The house is over a hundred years old. Near Washburn's had been the home of Horace Greeley. His house had been consumed by fire. It stood in a beautiful grove of hemlocks and other evergreens. Here he had held banquets when running for president.

The next morning we were taken to Croton Lake, an immense dam is situated here. The water is conveyed to New York to supply the city. There was much drilling done in solid rock. We also visited Chappaqua Mountain Institute and climbed to the top of the mountain.

On sixth month first, we bade farewell to this interesting family and were conveyed to Sing Sing, where we boarded a steamer for New York City. The scenery along the Hudson was grand.

We arrived at Henry Haviland's in Brooklyn about noon. After dinner a trip to the ocean was proposed, which we enjoyed. We left Brooklyn for Westbury, Long Island, and were met by our friend, Isaac Hicks. We went home with him. In the morning we attended Westbury meeting with them. We enjoyed our visit with these estimable Friends



until the following morning, when we were taken to Jerico where we attended the meeting in a meeting-house built in 1790. It was in this meeting-house that Elias Hicks had addressed many assemblies. His remains were laid in the cemetery nearby. We passed the residence where he had lived. We dined at Daniel Underhill's.

We took train for Trenton, New Jersey. Arriving in Brooklyn, we went aboard a steamer for Jersey City. On arriving in Trenton, we went to the home of Joseph Willet's. In the morning Joseph and sister Mary showed us over their pottery establishment, where were made nearly all kinds of dishes. Mary kindly gave us some as mementos. From the home of the Willet's, we went to S. Robinson Coale's at Riverton. After a social time, including dinner, we went to cousin John Paxton's in Philadelphia to supper.

The greater number of these Friends mentioned had been in attendance at our Yearly Meeting and guests at our home.

The same evening we left for Pittsburg and proceeded on our way through the Alleghany Mountains, which were interesting. Arriving at Pittsburg, we went directly to Willis Boothe's. His wife was my first cousin, daughter of Uncle Nathan Pusey. They made us feel more than welcome. A daughter and family lived near. The daughter's husband was a poet of no small ability. He presented me with one of his books, which I have enjoyed.

We visited in Allegheny city my cousin, Mary Ann Hughs, a daughter of uncle David Raley. After two days spent in Pittsburgh, we resumed our journey to Brownsville, going to James Abram's. Rebecca, his wife, was a sister of uncle Isaac Kimber. We remained over night. We called at the bank to see an old schoolmate, Oliver Taylor.

We went in hack to Centerville over a good turnpike road and over very hilly country to the home of Emmor Griffith, another schoolmate. His wife made us welcome. Emmor was at work in the cemetery not far from the home of my boyhood. I went down where he and others were. I thought to walk about the cemetery before approaching them. As I

entered, they stopped their work endeavoring to define who the stranger was. Their manifest anxiety drew me toward them. When within twenty or thirty feet, Emmor exclaimed: "That is a Mills! Yes, it is Abel Mills!" We had not met for forty-six years. This recognition astonished me, I having the advantage as I had seen his picture at his residence.

On my way to the cemetery, I called at David Jenkins', who was living there when we came west. A grand-daughter of David's, perhaps seven years of age, was there. On bidding farewell to this little Miss, she handed me a bouquet of flowers, saying: "This is for your wife. I heard you say she is at Centerville." That touched me deeply. I wish I could meet her again.

We lodged at Oliver Taylor's, who lived near the National Pike, one and a half miles from Centerville. In the morning I went with Oliver to the old graveyard where my grandparents were buried. I plucked a rose from the grave of my cousin, Joseph Lewis, which I enclosed in a letter to his widow in Salem, Iowa. She wrote to me and expressed thankfulness for my kindness.

We visited the old Westland meeting-house grounds. The house is nearly all torn down. Some of the stone wall is standing. I was made to feel sad. The property<sup>52</sup> had gone out of the care of Friends.

We called on several relatives of my sister-in-law, Lydia Mills. After lodging at Emmor Griffith's, he kindly offered us his horse and buggy. We first went to grandfather's old place, thence to my friend Amos Cleaver's, and, afterwards, to my birthplace.

Many instances of my boyhood days were brought fresh to memory. The place looked natural although changes were apparent. We went into the house, where we introduced our-

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<sup>52</sup> Westland meeting was abandoned some fifty years ago, but the cemetery is assured perpetual care, thanks to a benefactor, not a relative, but one whose ancestors were intimates of our own ancestors. It came about happily in this way; the graveyard, having been put up at auction some twenty years ago, was bought by Samuel E. Taylor, President of the National Deposit Bank of Brownsville, for the sum of \$51.00. He organized a cemetery corporation. O. K. Taylor, the father of Samuel, lived near the author's birthplace and was a member of Westland meeting.

selves and were shown over the house. It gave me pleasure to go from room to room which father, mother, sisters and brothers, and myself had occupied. Yet, a sadness came in the reflection that father, mother, two sisters, and three brothers had left this stage of action. The visit was not complete without going to the spring and drinking of the pure, cool water. We then visited the barn, orchard, and fields. This visit leaves a bright spot in our memory.

We dined at Lydia Griffith's, formerly the home of Israel Griffith, Sr. Amos Cleaver and wife joined us and accompanied us to Rebecca McGirr's,<sup>53</sup> five or six miles distant, over a very winding hilly road. Rebecca was 96 years of age but quite smart in body and mind. A single son and daughter constituted the family. Next morning, when we bade farewell, it was with tearful eyes she bestowed her blessing on us. Her son, Isaac, took us in a wagon (our seat was a board laid across the box for the three of us) to James Hill's, whose wife is a sister of Mary Ann Tomlinson. We met a cordial welcome. They lived on a very high hill with a fine view of the surrounding country. After dining, James kindly conveyed us to Hillsborough, passing in view of my uncle Nathan Pusey's old home, lying to the south. We made a pleasant call on Thomas Flower's brother, John, and two sisters in Hillsborough. This place is on the highest point between Brownsville and Washington, the county seat of Washington County, Pa.

From Hillsborough, we were conveyed in hack to Washington, where we took train. We were disappointed in not stopping for a visit in Bellmont County, Ohio, the birthplace and home of my wife up to the year 1851. The train did not stop where we wished, so came on to Chicago, making a short visit at Milton's, after which we returned home. We were absent a period of six weeks. On our return we found things

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<sup>53</sup> The wife of Paul Lanning, a long-time Price-Mills steamboat engineer, of LaSalle, Illinois, was Martha McGirr, daughter of William and Rebecca McGirr. The Lannings removed to Chicago, where a son became a member of the instructional staff of Hahnenan Medical College. Rebecca McGirr was a cousin of the author, an aunt of Mary Ann Tomlinson and Elmira Hill. Geographically the last name lives in Hillsborough.



satisfactory and had many pleasant reflections of our extended associations.

10th mo. 17th, 1886, Huldah's second son was born. They gave him the name, Herbert.

6th mo. 1st, 1887, the day after my return from Quarterly Meeting at Blue River, my family had our children invited in to dinner to celebrate my 58th birthday anniversary. My wife and daughter, Martha, had previously, without my knowledge, solicited letters from numerous relatives and friends. While sitting around the dinner-table, our little son, Leroy, handed me a large package of letters, saying: "Papa, here are a few letters that came while thee was away." I was much surprised at the number. We repaired to the sitting-room for the reading of them. Brother Joshua, Henry C. and Hetty Mills were present also. The letters of congratulations were read aloud and indeed were a cordial feast of good-will, expressed in many sentences, causing me to feel that I could take up my duties to myself, family, and others, more zealously because of this outward manifestation of good-will and support of each other in the advancement of the cause of righteousness in the common duties, one towards another, creating an atmosphere toward the Kingdom which is spiritual. The letters received numbered 68. There were many addresses, both far and near.

Early in my observation and experience, I was convinced that, with large families, it is a blessing when the eldest is a daughter. Properly trained, she very soon becomes a great assistance to her mother. Her duties would necessarily be confined to the house. Arriving at an age of more maturity, she would be introduced to social gatherings. The sister's influence gives an added natural refinement. She becomes a student of the judicious mother. The assistance rendered to the two becomes mutual. Thus a watchful care is extended. The brother should be led into society by the more natural refinement of the sister, who should be his first company into all social gatherings. Thus the mother and daughter will, if the necessary care is taken by their individual efforts, extend



a degree of refinement, which would be longer in developing if the eldest were a son. My family was blessed with the eldest, a daughter, who, by her natural disposition and the care of a faithful and devoted mother, endeared herself not only to her parents and family, but to all with whom she became acquainted. As the years rolled on, she was a stay to her parents, brothers, and sisters. When she passed away, it was indeed a sad bereavement.

After Martha's and Huldah's marriage, my wife and I were left with five sons. It will be remembered that I have referred to the necessity of the refinement that a sister generally yields. My wife was in need of assistance. Conceiving it to be my duty to endeavor to secure a suitable young lady to become one of our household, I was therefore looking for one that would improve the conditions.

In 5th mo., 1887, I attended Blue River Quarterly Meeting, near Salem, Indiana. While there I learned that Rebecca Thompson (formerly Rebecca Trueblood) was very sick. Thomas H. Trueblood, James Brooks, brother Joshua Mills, and myself went to see her. On entering we met Rebecca's sister, Susanna Trueblood, also their niece, to whom I was introduced as Victoria Trueblood, daughter of Warner and Narcissa Trueblood, deceased. I remarked that I had been acquainted with them. We were admitted to the bedside of the sick woman. She knew all of us. During our stay, Thomas H. Trueblood made a prayer. I made appropriate remarks. Victoria and aunt were attending to household duties. I, in bidding Victoria farewell, was impressed to say: "I would like thee to go home with me and be my girl." She replied: "I could not, as I am here waiting on my aunt." I replied: "I leave it as a standing offer; consider it at leisure and let me hear from thee during my stay." I met Victoria during the sessions of the meeting with a cordial shake of the hand. I mentioned the circumstance to several of the relatives, who replied that it would be the best thing that she could do, as she had no regular home, although she had numerous connections. On my return, I informed my wife what I had done.

She remarked: "Thee may get into difficulty in controlling her." I replied: "The impression came to me with such force, I have faith to believe it will prove a blessing to both Victoria and our family."

In the latter part of the summer I received a letter from Victoria, in which she inquired if I still desired that she would come and be my girl. I answered her in the affirmative. In the correspondence, she desired to know how I wished to take her. I informed her as to the wages for housework for those who understood it. She requested to become a member of the family, as a home was what she desired. This was very cordial to both parties. On 12th mo. 1st, 1887, she came to our home and was welcomed by all. Previous to her arrival, I expressed a desire to our sons that they use the plain language to her, believing, since she was a member with Friends, that if they would use it to her, she would respond in like manner. Leroy, being the youngest, addressed her in the plain language, the older ones were a little timid.<sup>54</sup> During a period of over nine years, in which Victoria made her home with us, she and Leroy continued to use it. During these years, she endeared herself to us and to all in the neighborhood. The attachment formed, unless some unseen circumstances appear, will continue as long as we are spared.

Our son, Clarence, finished his education in our district school. He had been a good student, grading 100 in physiology. He manifested a great desire to study veterinary science. We finally thought best to encourage him, and in 10th mo., 1888, I went with him to Chicago for the purpose of his entering the Chicago Veterinary College. After going over the building and making satisfactory arrangements, we started for the library on Washington Street to secure books. An incident occurred. I carelessly stepped into the street to cross over to the library building. The first that I knew a

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<sup>54</sup> Plain language was used by the boys within the family circle and to older Friends, but not to cousins and other young people. "Thee" was already losing its traditional status as a test of Friendly faith and it is now not generally used within the families of surviving Friends of the Central West.

By the author, the plain language was uniformly used to everybody, although "thee," as became the custom, was used in the nominative case as well as in the objective, and "thou" was discarded.

horse's nose was in my face. I passed under his neck, the shaft striking with a glance in the left breast. I fell instantly. I rose before the wheel came upon me. The driver must have been looking carelessly about. I was considerably hurt. We went to Milton's that evening and I rested pretty well. The following morning I needed assistance to get into a sitting position. I walked around some during the day and remained another night. On reaching home, I called the doctor, who said it was a close call, but decided there were no ribs broken. He afterwards reversed his decision. One or two were fractured. To this day there is an enlargement.

Clarence entered the college, boarding at Milton's, remaining the term, which was six months. He returned and practiced about home, besides doing farm work. The following fall, he re-entered the college for another term, graduating in the spring, soon after he was twenty-one, in a class of fifty-two. The student that received the highest grade was forty-five years of age. Clarence was next below by two-sevenths of one per cent. Soon after, with one of his college friends as partner, he went into business in Dixon, Illinois.

Soon after this our dear son, Amos P., was taken sick, first with tonsilitis and, after this, he broke out with chicken-pox. He had been exposed at school, and, before he recovered, pneumonia developed. Amos had grown to be impressive in almost every action; cautious, manly, and industrious. We had felt that he would be a stay to us in our old age. He was called from our embrace 4th mo. 6th, 1890,<sup>55</sup> aged 17 years, 8 months, and 9 days. Clarence did not reach home until after he had passed away. It was very hard to part with our loved one, just entering young manhood, and with a promise of a bright future.

My dear sister, Mary Ann Taylor, departed this life, 2nd

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<sup>55</sup> 1890 was the year of the "Grip" epidemic.

Albert C. McGee, medical doctor of Mt. Palatine, attended this case. Usually home remedies without drugs were relied upon. For colds, there was the foot bath in water kept hot, also the inhaling of hot fumes from a vinegar stew, a constituent element of which was honey or molasses. For sore throat, there was the flannel band moistened with kerosene. Magic processes, if suggested as for the removal of warts, were mentioned with thin confidence.

It had been expected that Amos would remain content upon the farm, and eventually would manage it. No other son could be depended upon to do so.



mo. 16th, 1890, having suffered very much for several years, at intervals, with neuralgia in the head. She had been a very energetic woman, a devoted wife, and loving mother. She left a husband and six children, viz.: Albert, Joseph, Isabel, Sarah, John Franklin, and William Henry.

The following fall our son, Albert, was very anxious to attend the State Normal School at Emporia, Kansas. His cousin, Albert Taylor, was the president. Under these conditions, Clarence returned and took Albert's place on the farm, practicing in the neighborhood when called upon.

In the spring of 1890, Daniel Griest of Ellis, Kansas, land agent of one or more railroads, desired to select a committee of three to come out to Ellis for the purpose of judging of the advisability of establishing a colony of Friends in that locality, in which the railroad officials acquiesced, with the understanding that the committee make out a report of its investigation. To compose this committee, Samuel Zavits of Coldstream, Canada; Edward Coale<sup>56</sup> of Holder, Illinois; and myself were chosen.

On 5th mo. 7th, I started on that mission. We met at Omaha, including Daniel Griest. Our arrangements made, passes were secured. Arriving at Lincoln, we were met by Edward Allen and conveyed to his residence, Edward and I lodging there, the others at Doctor Taylor's. In the morning we left for Ellis, where we arrived about nine P. M., and were conveyed to the home of our friend, Daniel, where his estimable wife awaited us. The following morning was bright and cheerful. We noted a great contrast in the appearance of this and our State. Ellis is 302 miles west of Kansas City and 336 miles east of Denver. We went to Ellis, one or more miles from Griest's, where we were introduced to some of Daniel's friends, among the number, a lady by the name of Hull, the foster-mother of Frank Hoge's wife of Wenona. She desired that I should go home with her. They lived three

<sup>56</sup> Edward Coale was the leading spokesman for the Benjamin Monthly Meeting, McLean County, and, at the time, the most effective minister of Illinois Yearly Meeting.

Samuel Zavits was an outstanding member of Genesee Yearly Meeting, an organization with a Canadian membership.



miles southeast of town. We passed over nice looking country. Neighbors were scarce. We were cordially entertained. They had moved there from east of Wenona.

The next morning (1st day) was bright and pleasant and we returned to Daniel's, attending Sabbath school and an appointed meeting. The meeting was not large but satisfactory. After it closed, we were informed that the Baptist minister across the road had called to some who were headed toward our meeting, saying: "Come over here, those Quakers haven't anything for you." We had another appointment for the evening. Quite a large company gathered. For some unaccountable reason, the house was locked and remained so. While waiting, the minister across the street came over and very cordially invited us to come and hold our meeting in his house, as it was already lighted. We accepted his kind invitation and a large number followed us. We had a very satisfactory meeting. The minister expressed unity with our offerings. This opened the way for several short and pleasant conversations with him and, at our final departure, he cordially bade us farewell and extended a kindly invitation that, if we ever came to Ellis again and he was there, he wanted us to feel welcome to his meeting-house.

On the 12th, Daniel took us several miles northeast to a neighborhood of Illinois farmers, the object being to show us what could be done with that land. They were doing well. We found more good land than we anticipated. We returned and went to Ellis to get further arrangements made relative to our passes. We attended an appointed meeting in the evening, four miles distant in a school-house. There were about twenty-five present. Good attention was paid to our offerings, which appeared at first to be a failure, but which proved to be the right thing in the right place. It was late when we returned.

On the 13th, we went northeast to look at lands as far as the Saline River. We called on Eli Sheldon, an Illinois man, who has fine stock and also a fine quarry of stone. His residence is built with stone.

We returned to Ellis and went south nearly to Smoky Hill River, about twelve miles. We were shown some nice land at \$4 to \$8 an acre. We saw four jack-rabbits. On returning we prepared our report of the country.

In the afternoon we took Rose Griest to Harvey Hull's. We had a pleasant call. They returned and attended our meeting in the evening in the Baptist's house. The meeting was satisfactory, as expressed by their minister. On the 16th we bade adieu to our kind friends and left for Beatrice.

Previous to our visit to Daniel Griest's, there had been a Friend, member of the Society, who made his home with them for a time. In their isolated condition, they had not associated with Friends. This Friend had not proved to be a very genial guest. When Daniel informed his family, consisting of two daughters, son, and a son-in-law, that a committee of Friends were coming and would home with them, they were not well pleased, saying they had all the association with Friends they cared for. We, of course, knew nothing about this feeling until near the time we were ready to leave. Not long after our introduction, there existed a very genial feeling and, the longer we remained, the more this feeling was apparent. When the time came for bidding farewell, it was almost like the breaking of family ties. We had been very cordially and kindly entertained.

We made a favorable report of their country and climate, which was accepted by the officials most interested as being more satisfactory than any they had received. Notwithstanding, there has been no colony of Friends established in that part of the country.

Arriving at Beatrice, we were met by Josiah Tomlinson and were made welcome by his hospitable wife. Next morning we went to Lincoln, Nebr. Our kind friends, Russell Lownes and wife, meeting us, conveyed us to the room where we attended an appointed meeting. It was thought to be a favored opportunity. We went to the artists and we of the committee sat for pictures, after which we went to Russell Lownes', dined with several friends, and lodged at Samuel

Coale's near Bennett, 5th mo. 18th. We called at Edon Shotwell's and attended an appointed meeting in the school-house in the evening. The truth was made free to an appreciative audience. A friendly shake of the hands gave evidence of fellowship. Attended an appointment at Bennett, and an appreciative audience was addressed by three or more, including S. Zavits. We lodged at Henry Dorland's. The next day we called at Andrew Dorland's and dined at Kate Moore's. Edon Shotwell and wife were there and we had a pleasant visit. In the afternoon we went to Geo. and Elizabeth Gotchel's, Elizabeth being a niece of my wife; thence to Anna Mahaffey's; thence to a meeting in a school-house, which was a favored opportunity. We lodged at Samuel Smith's.

5th mo. 20th, took train for Steel City, Kansas, at which place Edward and I parted. I was met by Calvin Cassell and was taken to his home. I found my brother-in-law, Jacob Bosley, there. Calvin's wife is a sister of his. I had a very satisfactory visit.

5th mo. 21st, Calvin conveyed me to Endicott to take the train for Chester, Nebraska. As we went into the post-office, my niece, Harriet Howard, came in. She was much surprised to see me, as I had not written, and took all by surprise. 5th mo. 22nd, sister Rebecca and I had thought of going to Belleville to visit Samuel and Lucy Hunt, but were disappointed in getting a conveyance. We dined at Martin Dewey's, called on Oliver Wilson<sup>57</sup> and family, then took train for Hardy.

On arrival no one met me to take me to the neighborhood of the Vale's. I, at last, found a man that took me within two miles. I walked the rest of the way to Nathan Vale's, arriving at dusk. They were all surprised to see me. Will H. Mills and wife were there. 5th mo. 23rd, went to Walker and Elizabeth Vale's. The latter was quite feeble. In the afternoon, my sister-in-law, Esther Mills, and I went to Isaac Vale's. We returned to Walker's and attended a small meet-

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<sup>57</sup> Son of Joshua and Roseanna Wilson, a representative of a considerable migration West. The author's connections went especially to Iowa, Nebraska, California, Oregon, and Washington.



ing. 5th mo. 24th, Will and wife conveyed me to Hardy for the train.

Arriving at Wymore, we took street-car for Bluesprings. A lady came on and left her twelve-year-old daughter in my care, requesting me to get her ticket, and expecting that she would leave for Oketo when I left for Lincoln at 6:25. On inquiry I learned that she would have to wait until after ten o'clock the next morning. Being disappointed and among strangers, tears came to her eyes. I inquired if she had money to pay her way at the hotel. She replied that she had not, requesting me to ascertain what her ticket would cost. I did so, telling her that if she did not have enough money, I would give her some. Leaving her baggage in agent's care, I went with her up into the city. We noticed two ladies in a doorway. I stated the situation and inquired if they could take care of the little girl until morning. They declined. A lady in the door of the next house, hearing the conversation, called: "I will take care of the little girl, and it will not cost her anything." I said to Lois Williamson (as that was her name): "That is the place for thee." I gave her a little money, bade her farewell, and returned to the station. She soon returned with the lady for her baggage. The operator informed me that her brother from Oketo would be here on the train that I would take.

Arriving at Lincoln, I was met by Russell Lownes and conveyed to his home. 5th mo. 25th, I called at Edward Allen's in Lincoln. He attended meeting with me at the usual place. I found a pleasant little company. A Friend by the name of Moon addressed us. We felt the Lord's Power to be in our midst. Moses Brinton's son conveyed me to David Swaney's where I met several Friends. I lodged at Moses Brinton's. He was quite unwell. They were rebuilding their residence, which was nearly completed. I was conveyed from here to Charles Cook's. His wife is a sister of Russell Lownes. I remained over night, had a nice visit with this pleasant family.

On 5th mo. 26th, I was conveyed to Reynold's depot,



enroute to Omaha. I met Edward and Samuel at Valley Station. Arriving at Omaha, we met with Daniel Griest. Closing our business at the office, Daniel bidding us farewell, took train for home. The same evening I took train for Mount Pleasant, Iowa, Edward for his home, and Samuel for Battle Creek, Michigan. Parting with these Friends, with whom I enjoyed true fellowship, caused a feeling of loneliness, as we had traveled together nearly three weeks in the nearness of brotherhood, as becometh Christians.

On my arrival at Mount Pleasant, I sought the residence of my friend, Joseph Dugdale, who gave me a cordial welcome. 5th mo. 27th, Ellwood P. Cooper conveyed me to his home, twelve miles distant. We called at Andrew Canby's and Harrison Van Syoc's, whose wife is Nathan Thomas' daughter. His mother was also there. She had been intimately acquainted with my father's family.

5th mo. 28th was a pleasant first day morning. Robert Blackburn and wife came to Ellwood's (his wife's parents). All attended meeting. It was an interesting company. Fellowship supported the little offering. After the close, a hearty shake of the hand strengthened me. I dined at Theodore Russell's, after which we called on the following: Jessie Cooper, Ann E. Price, Milton Price, Edgar Russell, Caleb Russell, Benjamin Fenton, Harrison Van Syoc, and Andrew Canby. At the last-named place, I lodged.

On 5th mo. 29th, Andrew's son, Jesse, conveyed me to Mount Pleasant. A pleasant ride brought me to Mendota, thence to Lostant, where Elizabeth and Leroy awaited my arrival. On reaching home, I found all well and crops doing well, all of which was a source of comfort. I had been absent a little more than three weeks.

The little girl I left at Bluesprings, Nebraska, gave me her address and I gave her mine. Not long after my return, I received a letter from her mother, thanking me for the care and interest I had taken on Lois' behalf, and expressing a desire that the Lord would bless me in everything I undertook. Lois' brother was editor of the Oketo Star, a copy of

which was sent me for perhaps a year. Lois and I exchanged photographs. It was not long until a correspondence was established, which has been enjoyable. I received a picture card on last Christmas, 1909. She was married. Her home was at Washington, Kansas. Experience has taught me that, if we are willing to lend a hand in promoting the interest and pleasure of others, we shall not fail to receive sufficient reward.

After I purchased the farm that Perry and Willie now own, I concluded to build two double cornercribs, one at home and one there. The boys and I got the material from our own timber lot, cut the trees and hauled the logs, scored and hewed the sills, posts, and ties. All were of oak. We then employed a carpenter to put them up. We secured a substantial job.

Thomas Flower and I occupied the head of our meeting for about nine years, until near the time of his decease, 12th mo., 1889. He was a man of serious turn of mind; an industrious, honest, Christian man.

Oliver Smith sold his personal property in the early winter of 1887, with the intention of moving to California with wife and three children. They went and, after a time, became homesick and returned in 1888. They went into the old home with Eliza Smith, Oliver's step-mother.

My son, Oliver Perry, and Lillian Edsall, daughter of Nathan and Susan Edsall of Marshall County, Iowa, were married at her home, 9th mo. 1st, 1892, Lillian's father officiating. Huldah, William, Elizabeth, and myself attended the wedding. On the return of the bride and groom, they came directly to our house. A reception was given them. Quite a number of guests were invited and a pleasant social mingling of friends was enjoyed. They soon went to house-keeping on their own place in the neighborhood.

The first burned tile that were used here were 3 and 4-inch caliber. These proved to be insufficient and the labor was lost. Larger tile must be used. We made this mistake with others. Our boys and myself put in quite a number of rods. Willie, Clarence, and myself did the most. I hired some done. We

used various sizes, the largest being 10-inch, this being across the northeast field.

In the early history of the drainage of this part of the country, Larain Case of Magnolia, introduced what was called a mole-ditcher. By way of description: steel blade called a coultter, from 4 to 6 feet long, 5 or 6 inches wide, 1 inch thick, front edge sharp. The lower end of this was set in an eye in a shoe made of iron, beveling to the forward end on top. The upper end passed through a mortise, near end of heavy beam. A hole to set this coultter in the depth required. A capstan was used to draw the mole through the ground. A cable attached to the front end of beam, the other end to a strong pulley, framed into the power standing on its end. This power was set at a reasonable distance from the mole, and the oxen were hitched to levers moved in a circle. This shoe was drawn, forcing an opening, through which the water would pass. The shape of the mole would leave the crown very solid. This machine, coming up near to the capstan, moved the power further up the valley at a distance that the oxen could wind it up. This continued until the draining was completed. Experience showed that this drainage was not satisfactory, largely due to the interference of crawfish.

We dug three shallow wells on this farm, one 25 feet deep. Clarence dug one near a large ditch, close to the catalpa grove, nine feet deep and five or six feet across. We secured a supply of water which we have been unable to pump dry. We erected a windmill over this which we used several years. A windstorm finally blew it down, destroying it.

At one time a windstorm blew our chicken-house entirely off its foundation, 12 by 20 ft., 7 or 8 ft. to the square. The same storm lifted our hay-rack off its moorings, carrying it two or three rods. It also leveled about fifty rods of fence. I have lived in this section of the country since the spring of 1840, and I can say that this part of the country (Putnam County) has not been noted for destructive storms.

In the year 1893 occurred the World's Fair in Chicago. It drew crowds of people. Elizabeth and I visited it several



days, taking Leroy with us. On arriving in Chicago, we were met by our son, Charles, on his way home from Cambridge, Mass., where he had been for two years a student in Harvard College. He entered after graduating from the State Normal University at Normal, Illinois.

As Charles had been in attendance of the Fair several days previous to our arrival, he made a good guide for us. We homed at my son Milton's at night. Members of our family attended at different times. Many of our relatives and friends visited us during the Fair, both from the east and from the west. The Fair afforded an exhibition of arts, sciences, implements, and fabrics of almost every kind, both domestic and foreign. Buildings were erected representing many States of the Union. It was perhaps the greatest exhibition the people of the United States and those of other countries had ever witnessed. The concentration of the executive ability of the chosen leaders of all departments astonished the world of mankind who were favored to visit it.

While we were in attendance at the Fair, my daughter, Huldah, gave birth to a pair of twins, on 6th mo. 29th, 1893. One was not living. The other was given the name, Edith.

In 5th mo., 1894, a Minute was granted to Elizabeth and to myself to attend Ohio Yearly Meeting to be held in 8th mo. at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, and to appoint some meetings as impressions and the way opened to do so. Victoria was anxious that we visit her relatives on the way. We therefore concluded to stop at Warrington, Indiana. There, we were met by Victoria's uncle and aunt, Lewis and Louisa Copeland, with whom she had formerly made her home. We had a pleasant visit with the family. Later we visited her uncle, Benjamin Allen, and family. Their only daughter, Mary, and Ida Copeland, Lewis' daughter, visited at our home at the time of the World's Fair.

We afterwards attended a religious meeting at Duck-Creek meeting-house at Greensboro and dined at Martha Kennard's with herself and daughter.

Our next stop was at Belmont County, Ohio. Leaving the



train at a station called Lewis' Mills, we were conveyed to Lloydsville, going directly to Plainfield meeting-house. Elizabeth, when a child, was a member of this Monthly Meeting. We attended the session of their Monthly Meeting, which we enjoyed. The very cordial hand-shake received made us feel welcome. After meeting we went to Priscilla Foulke Baldwin's, an intimate friend of Elizabeth's. Several Friends called to visit with us.

The following day we went to East Richland, two and a half miles east along the National Pike, passing Elizabeth's old home, situated a few rods north of the Pike, to Henry Pickering's. He and his wife took us to see his aged father, Elisha Pickering, who had sat in his chair twenty years, not being able to lie down. Henry Pickering took us to Elizabeth's old home, where she had lived with her father, mother, brothers, and sisters until near her fifteenth year and which she had not visited since. We went into the house and barn and to a spring of clear, cool water, from which she had many times satisfied her thirst.

This is a hilly country. We climbed a very high hill on the east side of the farm, inclosed in a large field. We also drove over a considerable portion of the place and to where her brother, Thomas Wilson, lived before coming west. This was all very much enjoyed. We then went to Enoch Carman's, in former years, a near neighbor of the Wilson family. He was a nephew of our sister-in-law, Roseanna Wilson. Here, we parted, I leaving Elizabeth to make some further visits, while I went to Wheeling, Va., 14 miles east, to take the train for Washington County, Pa.

I had written to my friend, Amos Cleaver, that I desired to have an appointed meeting in the neighborhood. Amos informed me that a camp-meeting was being held near Bentleyville, believing there were only a few left to attend. After my arrival, my faith increased, as Amos took me around and introduced me, informing Friends that I desired to have a meeting appointed at the meeting-house on a certain evening. Both Amos and I were agreeably disappointed, the house

being filled with an interested audience. I have evidence that the meeting was honored by the great Head of the Church.

I remained over night with my friend, Emmor Griffith, and family; Emmor conveying me to Oliver Taylor's in Bridgeport, Pa., on the Monongahela River, thence to McGirr's and Josiah John's neighborhood. Isaac McGirr conveyed me to Bentleysville, thence to Hillsborough, where I boarded the hack for Washington. From this point, I returned to Wheeling, where I joined my wife with her friend, Etta McMecken, making a call on Etta's sister, Mary.

We boarded the train for a station near Mt. Pleasant. We were assigned a pleasant home at Abel Walker's during the Yearly Meeting. Joseph Hartley of Salem, Ohio, and Jane Edgerton of St. Clairsville were clerks. The business was transacted in joint session.<sup>58</sup> The meeting was held in one end of a very large house, built when the congregation required it, before the division.

We visited at Samuel Tomlinson's, Ezekial Roberts', both ministers, also at the homes of several other Friends. Levi Benson and Rebecca Merritt, ministers, were in attendance. We enjoyed the sessions very much. Abel Walker's wife was a Griffith, sister of Mercy Griffith. Their aged mother, Hannah Griffith, was homing with them.

Soon after the close of the meeting, we turned our faces homeward. We came by way of Chicago, bringing with us pleasant recollections of our enjoyment throughout the journey. Children and friends gave us a hearty reception.

Mother Wilson passed away 1st mo. 9th, 1895, in her 90th year. She had a stroke of paralysis a few months previous, and was almost helpless thereafter. She was father Wilson's second wife, he having five children. After their marriage, nine children blessed their home. There appeared to be no differences in the interest and devotion shown by mother Wilson. Harmony was maintained throughout her long life. She was a birthright<sup>59</sup> member and lived out the testimony of

<sup>58</sup> In the earlier days, men and women acted in separate sessions. They still do so in Philadelphia.

<sup>59</sup> A child born of Friends is a birth-right member, no confirmation being required.

the religious Society of Friends, a regular attendant of its meetings. She reared her children to this reasonable duty. She was ever a wise counselor, a devoted mother, a true Friend.

1st mo. 17th, I received a telegram of the death of my nephew, Parker P. Mills, of near Hardy, Kansas. They brought the remains to our house, arriving the evening of the 19th. Nathan and Elmira Vale, David R., and Will H. Mills, brothers and sister of the deceased, accompanied it and remained with us until after the funeral, which occurred the following afternoon. I was appointed guardian for his son, John H. Mills, 2nd mo. 6th.

Near the middle of the 5th mo., we had some very heavy frosts. Ice formed as thick as common window-glass and vegetation was frozen. Uncle Henry Morris was very sick. On the 19th, I visited him and it was chilly riding with heavy overcoat and fur robe. He passed away 6th mo. 3rd. He was mother Bosley's brother.

In the summer or fall of 1894, Oliver Smith built a new house and barn on the 60-acre farm he inherited from his father, adjoining his mother's farm on the east. They moved into it in first month, 1895. It was a source of satisfaction to be in their own house. Huldah was not well and continued quite poorly, yet attending to her family and household cares. On 3rd mo. 1st, she made her last visit here. She continued to grow worse. Medical skill was unavailing, the disease having gone to the brain. Telegrams brought her brother, Milton, from Chicago, and Albert from Emporia, Kansas. She was unconscious when they reached her bedside. Her pure spirit took its flight the evening of 3rd mo. 19th, 1895. She was a devoted wife and mother, had an admirable disposition, and was an every-day Christian. On the 15th, her remains were laid in Friends' Cemetery at Clear Creek.

Clarence took Albert to Toluca the same afternoon to return to school at Emporia. My daughter, Mattie, took little Edith to care for her. She was of a very interesting age, and the family became very much attached to her.



The following month the Woman's Christian Temperance Union held a memorial meeting in memory of our departed daughter. She had been an interested member. Many beautiful tributes were paid to her memory.

Oliver Smith became dissatisfied owing to the manner in which his father's estate was distributed. In the fall he sold his farm to Oliver Mills, sold his personal property at a public sale, and made preparations to move back to California with his family of four children. It was a great trial to all of us to have them go, especially for Mattie to give up the dear baby. Mattie had invited Oliver and children, wife and myself, with brothers and sisters and others, the evening before they started, to a farewell reception. They took their departure 10th mo. 23rd, 1895, Clarence taking them to Toluca. Mattie went with them to Wenona to have their pictures taken. They made the journey safely.

Milton and Emma Mills' youngest son was born 5th mo. 17th, 1895, and was named Herbert.

2nd mo. 20th, 1895, we went to Lincoln, Illinois, to visit my sister-in-law, Eliza A. Price, and adopted daughter, Jennie Miller, and family. From there, we went to Normal and thence to Benjaminville.

In 4th mo. 1895, thirty-six years after our well was dug, which I have previously described, I engaged Samuel Lippincott of Lostant to correct the conditions. We succeeded in getting the dirt out down to the wall. We built it to the lower end of the crib, cutting out sections 14 to 16 inches all around the crib, building the wall, and continued this until reaching the top. As we came up, we dug an opening outside the wall ten or twelve inches square for the purpose of shoveling dirt into the vacancy which had been made in caving. We made a success. We now feel that we have a permanent well of excellent water, costing, besides our own labor, twenty-eight dollars (\$28.00). We have been depending on this for stock water raised by wind power.

At same date as above, Sewel Gotchel of Ottawa put in our bay-window, which has been a pleasant convenience.



In 5th mo., I attended Quarterly Meeting at Blue River. On my return, I made a stop at Hoopeston,<sup>60</sup> Illinois, where I attended religious meeting and visited Friends. While there, I received a telegram that sister Hannah S. Mills, brother Joshua's wife, had passed away, 5th mo. 28th. I returned and attended the funeral, which occurred on the 30th. There was a large assembly present to pay the last tribute of respect. She was a devoted wife and a loving, affectionate mother.

6th mo. 1st was my 66th birthday anniversary. My children came in to supper. Anna Rogers, an intimate friend and formerly a teacher at Clear Creek, sent me a box of beautiful flowers through the mail. All of this was appreciated.

6th mo. 15th, the Yearly Meeting House was struck by lightning. The chimney and roof were torn considerably, making a whole in the ceiling similar to that of a broomstick going through endwise. Charles W's acquaintance with electricity caused him to say: "It went through the floor to the ground," but we never found the hole in the floor.

On the 17th, Clarence started to Boston, Massachusetts, to attend the commencement at Harvard College, where his brother, Charles, graduated with honors. Clarence returned without Charles 7th mo. 3rd.

My son William L. and Edith Price, daughter of John B. and Emma Price, were married at her home on the evening of 8th mo. 20th, 1895. We were about ready to go to the wedding when Charles arrived from Boston. He had walked from Peru and attended with us. John M. McNabb, Judge of the County Court, officiated. The evening was spent pleasantly. The following day, we had a reception for them. The bride and groom, with a number of guests, dined with us, thirty-six in all. Amanda Mills, at whose home William was boarding, invited the young people in the evening. Amanda was preparing to move to Normal for the purpose of educating her three daughters, and William and Edith went to

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<sup>60</sup> The home of a very prominent Friend, Mary G. Smith, who labored untiringly for social purity and wholesome literature.

housekeeping in her house,—across the road from his farm, which made it very convenient.

The morning of the 22nd, I went in a buggy to Whiteside County, in company with Harley Cooper, to attend the Indulged Meeting and visit Friends there including Martha John, Lydia Penrose, and others.

Charles was engaged to teach in the high school in Decatur, Illinois, for one year. He left home on the 27th.

On the 4th of 9th mo., I went to Fairbury and visited the Shaw families and Joshua Mills, Jr., appointing one or more meetings; thence to Benjaminville to attend Quarterly Meeting. Victoria and Leroy started the next day to Benjaminville in a buggy, driving Nettie and Lady. In crossing the Mackinaw, they came very near being washed away, the water coming up in the buggy and getting some of their baggage wet.

After attending the Quarterly Meeting, Leroy remained at Normal to enter the State Normal School. I returned home with Victoria in the buggy.

10th mo. 26th, Elizabeth and I went to Normal in buggy, driving Nettie, to visit Leroy. We went to Amanda Mills' where we met Leroy, as he was boarding there. The following day Amanda and I attended the meeting at Benjaminville. We returned home the next day. We enjoyed the ride and had a pleasant visit.

11th mo. 20th, attended Mary Ann Price's funeral. She was buried in Magnolia. She was the daughter of Abram and Susan Kimber, widow of Captain Herman Price, a woman highly respected.

12th mo. 5th, started to Marshall County, Iowa, to attend the Quarterly Meeting near Marietta. The Friends composing that meeting are not the exception in their social attitude towards their guests. Clarence met me at Hennepin when I returned.

Charles, Albert, and Leroy returned home for their Christmas vacation. On Christmas day dined with Perry and Lillian, in company with Oliver Wilson and family, Will

L. and Edith, Annie Rogers, Bertha Mills, Carver Tomlinson and family, and our four single sons. Received Christmas presents, Charles, Clarence, and Albert presenting us with a beautiful clock. On the first day following, our children, except Milton, were all here for dinner, fourteen in number including ourselves. We felt thankful that so many were privileged to sit around the table together.

4th mo. 1896, Charles came up from Decatur on a spring vacation. We concluded to put in a telephone line from here to Perry's and William's residences. On second day morning, Clarence and Leroy went after poles to John Sutherland's timber. Charles and I measured the distance of 200 feet, the distance between the poles. This measurement was made directly west of our south line, after reaching that line from our dwelling. We all worked with a will and had the line completed and telephones in and conversed on the following fifth day;<sup>1</sup> being something very convenient as well as amusing, some of the neighbors coming in to enjoy the conversation at that distance, one mile and a half. This was the first telephone in operation in Putnam County.

Clarence continued to take a very active part in constructing and estimating expenses, and was requested to read a paper at two or more County Institutes. In closing the reading of one of his papers at Hennepin, a man arose and asked: "Who am I, and in what time of the world am I living?" being so astonished.

Not long thereafter, lines were put in to Lostant, Tonica, Wenona, Granville, Hennepin, and other surrounding towns. Our residence was used for the central exchange for over six years. A mutual company was organized and the Central removed to McNabb, now an important central with seventy-six lines and ten centrals.

10th mo. 1896, we left home to attend Baltimore Yearly Meeting. A Minute was granted by our Monthly Meeting to appoint some meetings if the way opened. We went by way

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<sup>1</sup> That "fifth day" following Easter, 1896, may mark an epoch in the history of rural telephones.

of Chicago, remaining over night at Milton's. On reaching Pittsburg, we met with Oliver and Mattie Wilson on their way to Baltimore. We proceeded together and went by way of Washington, D. C.

On arriving in Baltimore, we were met by Jos. Janney and Wm. M. Price. We were taken to Joseph's hospitable home, where we were cordially received by his daughter and her aunt, Martha Townsend. By arrangement, we were their guests during the sessions of the meeting. John J. Cornell and wife were living in Baltimore at that time, but we did not get to visit them. However, we were entertained at different homes among Friends. Among the number was Eli Lamb, where we took supper and where we met a stranger to whom we were introduced, but didn't understand the name. After supper on returning to the parlor, he invited me to sit near him. I made further inquiry as to who he was. He replied: "Alfred H. Love." I immediately arose and said: "I must shake hands again." A. H. Love is president of the Peace Association and Editor of *The Messenger of Peace*. The evening was spent very pleasantly. We went as usual to our adopted home for the night.

Toward the close of the sessions, I requested the privilege of going into the women's meeting, as I felt to have a message. Inquiry was made of women Friends as to whether a visit would be acceptable, which is the regular order<sup>62</sup> of Friends. They answered favorably. William Wood, a minister, requested to accompany us. I was favored to relieve my mind to my satisfaction. On returning William said that he had unity with my testimony, which was a source of satisfaction.

At the close of the meeting, which we had so much enjoyed, and, after bidding adieu to kind Friends, William Moore of Sandy Springs kindly went with us to Washington, D. C., to pilot us to the White House, Capitol, and many other buildings characteristic of the great center of interest to

<sup>62</sup> The announcement of a desire to visit and the arrangement for a visit were publicly made. After the minister delivered his message, he returned to his own side of the partition, permitting a resumption of business.



American citizens. We visited the Treasury and saw them make bright silver dollars; they were counted mostly by ladies. We were at the great Washington Monument, but I was not soldier enough to ascend to the top. We were shown the room at the depot where President Garfield was shot; also the theater building where our beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, was assassinated. It was a lovely day for sight-seeing.

We returned to Baltimore and went with Catherine Price, Samuel Price's widow, to her home seventeen miles north, where our friend, William M. Price, was making his home. Her son, Charles, had charge of the farm.

During our stay, William M. Price and I desired to have a meeting appointed for the colored people in their meeting-house. This being granted, the house was filled. We had John B. and Emma Price with us. They had also been in attendance upon the Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Our meeting with the colored people was a very satisfactory opportunity. The attention given to what we had to offer was general all over the house. William recited a familiar poem.

At Charles Price's, I first saw loads of pulled corn unloaded by there being two ropes laid on the bottom of the wagon. When the load was brought into the barn backwards, a pulley was fastened to a post behind the wagon attached to the front end of the double rope, the other attached to a team of horses near the barn doors. When they moved out, the corn would roll out at the rear end, leaving only a few ears on the bottom. When the pile was large enough to be in the way, it was husked and thrown into the crib.

While in that neighborhood, I attended their Monthly Meeting at Gunpowder, their regular meeting place. I remember one of the subjects claiming their attention. It was the release of one of their members for neglecting his attendance of meeting. I was impressed to remark that it may have been the lack of duty of the officials or some member of the meeting. A woman Friend replied: "That is true."

We visited also John B's brother Henry and family.

After leaving our kind friend, we left for Sunny Side, where there is a neighborhood of Friends. On the way we met with and became acquainted with a Friend who had been in attendance of the Yearly Meeting, who very kindly proposed to take us over to the battlefield of Gettysburg. We were conveyed in a carriage. The driver and our friend explained many things. We were taken to a very rocky cliff near a creek. Our driver said that it is called "The Devils Den." I remarked that it looked like it. We continued on our way up a pretty high hill where there was a small building constructed for the use of soldiers and called THE LITTLE ROUND TOP. Further west, on a higher elevation, there was another building called the BIG ROUND TOP. From our position, we were shown an extensive field upon which the battle had raged furiously. I was told that the creek was colored with the blood of the slain, sons of devoted mothers and fathers. My convictions were made stronger that all wars are wrong.

During the afternoon, we reached Sunny Side, spending two or three days in this neighborhood and visiting several Friends. Among the number were two families of the Greists. We also attended their meeting, dined with several others at a Friend's home. Their names I do not recall.

On leaving this place, we turned our faces homeward, going by way of Chicago. On arriving at Peru, we were met by our son, Clarence, and conveyed to our home. The pleasure was mutual. Victoria Trueblood, whom we had for housekeeper, had gotten along very satisfactorily. The remembrance of our journey and the mingling with genial associates have since been a pleasant reflection.

Ruth Lucile, daughter of William and Edith Mills, was born 12th mo. 17th, 1896.

Lillian E., wife of O. P. Mills, departed this life 1st mo. 16th, 1897, aged 29 years. She was a bright, intellectual, industrious, and capable woman, a loving and devoted wife. When called to act as secretary for any of our associations, she complied with apparent understanding. She was respected by all who knew her. The citizens of this community

entered in deep sympathy with the bereaved husband and relatives. The disappointment in having to give her up was general. She left a babe a few hours old, named Golden Edsall Mills. Considering the condition in which Perry and the babe were left, Elizabeth thought that she must assist in caring for the little, motherless babe, and remained with them five weeks; when Rebecca Mills, Perry's cousin, came to take charge.

During this period, Victoria Trueblood had charge of our home. She was anxious to go to her brother, Allen, in Indiana—he being in a serious condition with cancer. He survived but a short time. She left soon after Elizabeth's return. There was evidence of a prospect of going into a home of her own with a partner of her choice.

Victoria's associations with the Friends of this neighborhood were very cordial throughout. She made many lasting friends. I often refer in memory to the introduction I had and the impressions made which resulted in developing an increased pleasure and satisfaction far beyond what they might have been had she remained with her earlier associates. Our family in particular have realized an opening through which our affections have expanded.

After the close of Charles' school in Decatur, he was offered an advance in salary to remain as a teacher in the high school. As he had his mind fully made up to go into the electrical business, he accepted an invitation of a Harvard school friend, by the name of Clark, to go into business with him. Therefore, in the fall of 1896, he left home for Boston, Massachusetts. This was a trial to his parents, to have Charles go so far from home. The two young men started in business in a very small way, neither having much capital. Their business has proved remunerative for reasons that are a credit to the firm of Clark & Mills. Their strict integrity and their work have caused them to render satisfaction.

My son, Clarence, remained at home, practicing in his profession, until in the summer of 1897, when, by the solicitations of some of his relatives there, he went to Decatur. He



likes his business. The circle of practice is increasing every year. He has done justice to his calling and has arisen to prominence in the veterinary fraternity.<sup>63</sup>

It being apparent that there was more responsibility resting upon me at my age than I felt able to retain, I determined to make a change. We made a public sale of stock and machinery, 1st mo. 15th, 1898. Including that which belonged to the boys, the sale amounted to \$1,342.37. I rented a part of the farm to my neighbors, Lawrence Dose and John N. Wilson, for two or three succeeding years.

Our son, Clarence, and Sarah M. Wilson, daughter of James and Sarah Elizabeth Wilson of Decatur, Illinois, were married on the evening of 8th mo. 18th, 1898. There were present many relatives and friends of each party. A pleasant social evening was much enjoyed by all as far as was apparent, including a bountiful repast.

The bride and groom, having secured a dwelling in the city and had it furnished, they were conveyed to it the same evening and took possession. We, with others, dined with the newly married parties the following day. Charles had come from Massachusetts to be in attendance. He and his mother went from there to Pendleton, Indiana, to visit Victoria B. Trueblood; after which Albert and his mother met at Richmond, Indiana, to attend the General Conference<sup>64</sup> of Friends.

8th mo. 25th of the same year, my eldest grandson, Harry Abel Mills, was united in marriage to Jennie McLeague of Chicago.

Victoria B. Trueblood was married to Dr. Ralph Wilson of Shirley, Indiana, 9th mo. 20th, 1898, which occurred at the home of her uncle Edward and aunt Mary Ann Roberts, a few miles southeast of Pendleton, Indiana. The time had been arranged so that I could attend on my way to Indiana Yearly Meeting, held at Waynesville, Ohio. There was quite

<sup>63</sup> Dr. C. C. Mills, retiring professionally about the time of father's death, returned to the old home to keep the hearth fires burning there, and to find leisure to apply his knowledge to the rearing of his own stock.

<sup>64</sup> The General Conference was organized to unify the activity of the seven yearly meetings of Friends in America. It meets bi-ennially.



a number of her relatives present, but they conferred upon me the honor of standing next to the bride while the ceremony was rendered by a minister.

Our son, Leroy, was quite anxious to join his brother, Charles, in the electrical business. In 8th mo., 1899, he bade his parents and many other relatives farewell at Isaac P. Wierman's, Lostant, Illinois, at the close of the annual Wilson reunion, with the full intention of joining his brother, Charles, in the electrical business in Boston, Mass.

Raymond, my first great-grandson, was born 8th mo. 12th, 1899, son of Harry and Jennie Mills.

11th mo. 20th, 1899, a little daughter came as a blessing to the home of Clarence and Sadie. They gave her the name of Anna Mary. And in second month following, a daughter was born to Ralph and Victoria Wilson, who was named Elizabeth Victoria.

My grandson, Ellsworth C. Mills, was married to Sadie Smith 1st mo., 1900. Sadie departed this life 4th mo. 22nd, 1901, aged 17 years, 2 months, leaving an infant son, who was named Milton Clairmont. His grandparents, Milton and Emma Mills, took the little babe and cared for him, but he was only spared to them about 15 months, when his little life went out, 7th mo. 28th, 1902.

I was solicited by Esther R. Mills, my brother Henry's widow, to take charge of her 120-acre farm, lying directly west of the Yearly Meeting-House; renting, collecting rents, keeping up repairs, and all that pertained to the care of a farm when the owner is not living in the neighborhood. This care was extended for a term of thirteen years. At the end of that time, 2nd mo., 1900, the farm was sold to Willis B. and Mattie Mills, his wife, for the sum of \$9,500.00 in cash or its equivalent. I was instructed to send to each of the six heirs one thousand dollars, the remainder to the widow and mother, Esther R. Mills, which I did. Although I had received compensation for service each year, on making my report, which was apparently satisfactory to all concerned, not long after completing the work entrusted to my care, I received an

express package from Esther, then residing in Chicago. On unwrapping it, I found, to my surprise, a gold watch enclosed. On the inside was inscribed: "Presented to Abel Mills for faithful service." The confirmation was very satisfactory.

On 3rd mo. 22nd, 1900, Oliver Perry, my son, and Ida Jones, a daughter of Josiah and Elmira Jones of Pennville, Indiana, were married at the home of the parents. Rebecca Mills had remained as Perry's housekeeper and had faithfully cared for the little motherless boy until she was relieved by the coming of the new wife and mother.

In 1900 wife and I obtained a Minute of unity from our Monthly Meeting in view of attending Genesee Yearly Meeting, which would be held at Bloomfield, Ontario, Canada, in the latter part of 6th mo.

We went to Chicago, remaining over night with relatives. Next morning boarded the train for Boston, Mass., as we expected first to visit our sons Charles and Leroy. We arrived there the following evening. On arriving in the city, we were met by our sons, conveyed to Cambridge, and taken to their boarding place, the McNeil's. We were cordially received by the family. Our visit extended over six days, during this time our children had much to show us of historic interest. Also visited my nephew, Joseph Taylor, and family, living at North Marshfield, about thirty miles out of Boston. Visiting Plymouth, we stood on the memorable Plymouth Rock.

On first day attended Friends' meeting at Roxbury, in company with Charles, Leroy, and Florence McNeil. Benjamin F. Trueblood, formerly of Blue River neighborhood, was the pastor. A request to express a few thoughts was granted me.

At the limited time, we bade adieu to our dear children, with whom we had such a very pleasant visit. It was a pleasure to find them well and doing well.

We went to Bloomfield by way of Montreal, a short and unsatisfactory opportunity in this noted city. Rain prevented us from getting around. I omitted to mention that Florence's

sister, Viola McNeil, accompanied us from Cambridge. She wished to take a vacation and thought this a good opportunity for an outing. We found her to be a worthy young woman, and her company was very much appreciated. After leaving Montreal, our next important stop was Kingston. Here we took shipping on a steamer and had a very pleasant ride to Tipton, where we were met by my friend, Samuel P. Zavits, and brother David Wilson of Wenona, Illinois, and conveyed a short distance to Bloomfield to the home of our esteemed friends, Isaac and Ruth Wilson, where we were to make our home during the sessions of the Yearly Meeting. They were very cordial and we felt much at home. We attended all the sessions of the meeting, met with numerous kind Friends, and had the pleasure of being entertained in many of their homes. We have evidence that our friend, Viola, enjoyed the meetings and the association beyond her most sanguine expectations.

We were taken a few miles to Lake Ontario to the immense sand banks. We were amazed at the many acres of farm land covered with sand which had been thrown out on this shore by the waves, dried and carried by the wind over perhaps one hundred or more acres and piled from thirty to fifty feet deep. The deep snows at various times had been covered with sand. We climbed up the side and, digging out the sand, we would find nice white snow. This was in sixth month. We ate this snow with a relish as it was a hot day.

After the close of the meeting, we bade adieu to our very genial friends and proceeded on our way to Toronto on the Niagara, in company with Samuel Zavits and David Wilson, and remained over night at a hotel. The next morning Viola parted with us, she going across to Niagara Falls. We proceeded on to Coldstream, near the home of Samuel P. Zavits and were conveyed to his home. We were cordially received by his wife and family, remaining several days visiting Friends of that locality. We attended their meeting on first day including first-day school. At first-day school, where we



met a large audience, all appeared to give us the right hand of fellowship.

Being here in the midst of the strawberry season, we were treated liberally to the fine luscious fruit. Bidding adieu to our kind friends, we turned our faces homeward, brother David with us, feeling that our spiritual strength had been renewed and feeling very thankful that we had been permitted to be with our Canada friends.

In the spring of 1901, I rented our farm to Charles Wierman, also the following year. He boarded with us. He rented for grain rent.

Previous mention has been made of my son, Albert T., having gone to Emporia, Kansas. He remained in the school and graduated, then took a post graduate course, also acting as private secretary for the president two years.

Wishing to further fit himself for more efficient work on the line as an educator, he went to Ann Arbor, Michigan. He was there three years, graduating at the end of that time. He was applied to by the authorities at Fargo, North Dakota, to teach history and constitutional law. He was engaged for that service. Wishing to better fit himself for these special lines, he entered the University of Chicago, remaining until he felt himself fitted to do the work to the satisfaction of his employers, and entered the service in the Agricultural College in the fall of 1899.

In the spring of 1901, he took the typhoid fever. Eight weeks' sickness prevented him from teaching. Much of that time, he was a very sick man. His mother went out to aid in the nursing, remained four weeks. Albert, at the time, was able to come down stairs and witness the departure of his mother for home. During the time his mother was gone, I was an extremely anxious father, and also was before her going. I was well assured that a mother's presence and a mother's hand could do more than any other.

Lizzie Dose was my housekeeper during my wife's absence. Sarah Parsons<sup>65</sup> was making her home here. Lizzie's

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<sup>65</sup> An aged Friend later provided for in the Old Ladies' Home, Decatur, Illinois.



mother became very anxious to have her come home. We, having the central telephone exchange, secured a lady from Hennepin by the name of Cunningham, who remained until my wife's return. Albert was able to teach several weeks. He finished the term and returned home 6th mo. 14th.

Howard Jones Mills was born 6-25-1901, son of O. P. and Ida J. Mills.

Leroy arrived home from Boston 7th mo. 27th; Charles, 8th mo. 9th. Their being with us was a source of great satisfaction.

Leroy was married 8th mo. 21st, 1901, to Bertha Helen Johnston, daughter of John and Agnes Johnston of near Latham, Illinois, fifteen or twenty miles northwest of Decatur. Elizabeth, myself, Charles, and Albert went to Decatur. We, with Leroy, dined at Clarence's. (Quite a reunion of the family.) In the evening we, with Clarence, attended the wedding. I had not met Bertha before, or any of the family. They received us very cordially. The marriage ceremony was rendered at 7:30 by a Presbyterian minister. After congratulations, the company was invited to their beautiful lawn, where two long tables were spread, and partook of a bountiful supper. The lawn was lighted with Japanese lanterns. An enjoyable evening was spent. Wife and myself remained over night.

The following day we dined with Clarence and Sadie, as the day previous with the addition of our new daughter. The same afternoon the bride and groom accompanied us home. Lucretia Mott Smith was here during our absence, also Victoria Wilson and little daughter, Elizabeth. They had done well and everything was in readiness.

The following day the annual reunion of the Wilson family was held at our house, 155 persons present. Had tables in shade of maple trees in yard. In the evening we had a reception for the newly married couple, about forty present.

The following morning Charles left for Boston and Clarence returned home, Leroy and Bertha remaining several

days. They returned to Decatur, thence to Bertha's home. A few days thereafter they started for their far away eastern home. On their way they stopped off at Buffalo, N. Y., to visit the exposition. The beloved President of the United States, William McKinley, was shot by the hand of an assassin the same day. The exposition was closed, silence prevailed, and deep mourning was felt to be universal.

Harrison John, son of Harry and Jennie Mills, born 8th mo., 1901.

Charles Wilson, son of Clarence and Sadie Mills, born 9-18-1901.

In 10th mo. of the same year, I had a concern, mingled with duty, to visit Prairie Grove Friends and appoint some meetings near Winfield, Iowa. To reach Peoria for the 7:30 A. M. train to Winfield, it was necessary to leave home at an early hour. We started at 3:55, Charles Wierman taking me to Henry. It was quite dark. I wished him to keep up out of the creek bottom, as it would not be so dark. He declined, saying, he was used to driving in the dark. When we were approaching the hill which led to the bridge this side of Ham's old place, I cautioned that the culvert at the foot of the hill was at a curve in the road. The horse went over the end of the culvert, down three feet. The buggy and its occupants went also. The darkness was dense. Charles had a match which he lit, and by this we could see how to get out. When back in the road, we proceeded, crossing the bridge; started up the hill, driving so close to the bank that we were upset. We jumped out. I said: "We must turn the vehicle on to its wheels before the horse becomes frightened." I also remarked: "This experience is enough for me. We must leave the creek bottom and go up on the south road," which we did. I said we could not make the train at Henry. Charles replied that he thought we could. Arriving near the depot, we saw the train had passed from forty to sixty rods. The agent informed that there were two boats at the landing on the eve of starting to Peoria. We hurried back to the river, arriving in time, and I went aboard. Reaching Peoria, I found

there was no train to Winfield until 4:00 P. M. I telegraphed my friends. On arriving, I was met and conveyed to Theodore Russell's. I attended their meeting on first day, also two or three appointed meetings. They were fairly well attended, and I have reason to believe were favorable opportunities.

Wishing to attend the Half Years Meeting at Lincoln, Nebraska, I took train at Mt. Pleasant. In due time, I reached Bennett, Nebr., was met by Alice Coale, went to her hospitable home, visited the Dorland's and Mayhaffy's. Held one or two appointed meetings. Afterwards was conveyed to the Bedell's, near Lincoln. I attended the sessions of the Half Year Meeting and visited most of the families in that locality, all of which were felt to be favored opportunities. Bidding adieu to my very genial friends, I turned my face homeward. I was met at Peru<sup>66</sup> by Elizabeth, reaching home in safety, 10th mo. 29th, for which I felt thankful.

11th mo. 9th, 1901, Clear Creek Monthly Meeting was held in the Yearly Meeting-House for the first time. We continued to hold it there during the winter months.

Christmas the same year, we received a nice davenport from our four younger boys, a handsome and useful gift, highly appreciated by their parents.

2nd mo. 1902, Elizabeth and I attended Quarterly Meeting in Chicago. We had an interesting meeting, and visited a number of families. After the close of the meeting, we returned, in company with brother Joshua, Sarah Swaney, I. P. Wierman, and Oliver Wilson, over the Alton R. R., expecting to make connections with the I. I. I.<sup>67</sup> at Streator for McNabb, but, being too late, we went on to Custer to intersect the

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<sup>66</sup> Peru was 13 miles distant. The means of conveyance was a one-horse buggy.

<sup>67</sup> The Indiana, Illinois & Iowa Railroad gave the Friends' neighborhood of Putnam County its first nearby market. McNabb was created and equipped with shipping conveniences. Grain is now handled here through a Farmers' Elevator, the author having been one of many stockholders in the successful enterprise. Through the agency of a co-operative organization, stock is shipped out, and the Grange frequently brings car loads of produce in for distribution. The railroad, now a part of the New York Central system, is only incidentally a local convenience. The project had been called for to connect the West with the East avoiding the glut of Chicago.



T. M. & N.<sup>88</sup> This was a new road and some of us had never been over it. Our ride was an interesting one.

In third month I attended Quarterly Meeting at West Liberty, Iowa, visiting most of the Friends there. This was Thomas E. Hoge's home. There existed between us a very close brotherly feeling, especially in the ministry.

Mt. Palatine, two miles north, had been our post-office ever since we came to this farm. On 3rd mo. 1st, 1902, the office was closed by government officials and a rural delivery was started. Our route was for a time from Tonica. For several years the mail has been delivered at the corner of our door yard from McNabb, which makes it very convenient.

In the 5th mo. of this year, I went to Blue River Quarterly Meeting, by the way of Decatur. While in attendance of the meeting, our son, Charles W., was united in marriage, 5th mo. 21, 1902, with Florence N. McNeil, daughter of Johnson and Naomi McNeil, all of Cambridge, Massachusetts. We had received an invitation to be present. The responsibility here and the distance considered, we declined. They went on a wedding trip to New York City. On their return, they went to housekeeping at Belmont, a suburban town.

In 6th mo. 2nd, I again attended Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting near Winfield, Iowa.

In seventh month, by request of the minister, I attended and addressed the regular meeting in Magnolia in his absence. I responded to a similar call several times. I appointed meetings in several different neighborhoods, including one in Henry, apparently to good satisfaction. Also, I was called to conduct a number of funerals in different localities.

My brother-in-law, William S. Bosley, passed away at Tonica, Illinois, 3rd mo. 10th, 1902; his brother Morris having passed away the year before. They both served in the Civil War.

8th mo. 25th, 1902, the funeral services of sister-in-law Esther R. Mills occurred at our house. Her remains were

<sup>88</sup> The Toluca, Marquette & Northern Railroad was projected for local reasons, the intention being to tap a coal area. But via the Alton, this made the Peoria and St. Louis markets more accessible, as the other had given the Chicago market.



brought from Chicago. She had been a devoted wife and an affectionate mother, with strict integrity on all occasions.

We have another instance of the instinct in animals in their love for home in that of Nellie. She had faithfully served us many years. (She was the mother of our driver, Nettie.) Nellie was getting old. Our niece, Hannah Gotchell (a daughter of sister Margaret Merritt), who resided in Ottawa, wished to purchase Nellie for her daughter to ride and drive. Nellie was quiet and trustworthy. The daughter was well pleased and enjoyed many nice rides, giving her good care. However, one cool morning, feeling pretty spry, she broke away, and they did not catch her. She went to the Illinois River nearby, to the usual crossing, and swam the river. The water was very cold. When she reached this side, she was nearly exhausted with the cold and exertion. This was to get home.

In 11th mo. and 12th mo., 1902, we built our tenant house. The carpenter work was done by Oliver Mills and his employees, Barbour of Loston, did the plastering. The total cost, painting included, was \$656.56. I squared and built the foundation and attended myself. Carpenters had no change to make.

Axel Berg and family were my first tenants in the new house. They came in the spring of 1903, remaining two years.

Information was received of the birth of Warren Johnston Mills, son of Leroy A. and Bertha H. Mills of Somerville, Mass., born 9th mo. 16th, 1902.

My grandson, Ellsworth C. Mills, was united in marriage with Nellie Robinson, 12th mo., 1902.

Previous to our going on our eastern visit, I went to Iowa by the way of Peoria. Elizabeth was in company with me that far, visiting at Oliver's<sup>69</sup> and Mattie's. I went on to West Liberty and attended the Quarterly Meeting, a pleasant and profitable opportunity.

<sup>69</sup> Oliver Wilson's widening duties in the Grange—first as State Lecturer, then State Master, next National Lecturer, and finally National Master—took him away from his farm home so much that he moved his family to a point easier of access, Peoria. Here he rounded out an illustrious career which was concluded in 1924. His wife, their daughter Lois and her husband, Philip Hasselblad, and the granddaughter, Marthella, survive him there.

3rd mo. 17th, 1903, we started on our trip to Boston, Mass., to visit our sons and their families. Reaching Chicago, we remained over night with our friends, Thomas and Marie Poulson. Next morning we resumed our journey. We passed through Cleveland, Ohio, on to Buffalo, New York, where we changed cars, thence passing through Syracuse and the great Hoosic tunnel, four and one-half miles in length. We looked on snow-capped mountains, winding rivers, and numerous towns, which interested us. The evening of the 19th, we reached Boston and were pleased to meet Charles, Florence, and Leroy awaiting us. We were taken to the home of the latter, where we met Bertha and baby Warren. Charles and Florence remained to supper and all spent a pleasant evening together.

The following afternoon, Bertha and babe went with us to Charles' home in Belmont, Leroy and Viola McNeil coming to supper. We find the boys very differently situated than when we visited them three years ago. Now they have pleasant homes and genial companions. The firm of Clark & Mills have two offices, Charles is in the Cambridge office and Leroy in Boston.

As we had allowed ourselves considerable time, we could visit some of the many places of interest, as those who were familiar with these places could accommodate us. Harvard College has about one hundred buildings connected with it, beautiful grounds, walks, trees, shrubs, and flowers. Charles pointed out his room (while at school) in Hollis Hall. Among the other things in the Museum, connected with the school, were beautiful glass flowers, made in Russia by a Russian Pole and his son, said to be the only persons who know how to make them, and they will not divulge the secret. We walked through Cambridge Commons where the American troops gathered before starting to Bunker Hill, the time of the battle in 1775. A statue of John Harvard, the founder of the college, stands on the ground.

The old Washington Elm is guarded with a wire shield. Fully one-third of the tree is gone. Nearby is a monument

of stone, perhaps six feet high, bearing this inscription: "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American troops."

Longfellow's old home is a pretty place. We walked around the grounds, but were not admitted, as we were there on first day. An open, green plat lies between the house and Charles River.

One day when at Charles' home, Elizabeth and I walked out to Mount Auburn cemetery, it being not far distant. We met Florence's father who showed us around. We went first to the church, or chapel, then to the cemetery. Visiting this institution confirmed my aversion to the disposition of human bodies by submitting them to the heated furnace.

This is an old and very large cemetery. As we walked around, we noticed many very costly monuments. Many persons of note were buried here of whom we had more or less historical knowledge, namely: Charles Sumner, James Russell Lowell, Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Phillips Brooks, and others. The last-named has quite a plain monument, in comparison to many others, and bears this inscription: "He that overcometh will be a Pillar in the Temple of my God."

At another time, Bertha took us to Revere Beach, near ten miles north of east of their home, a beautiful resort for sightseers, where the great Atlantic spreads a broad area of its waters. Several small islands are observed. In reaching this noted place, we crossed Boston harbor on a very large ferryboat. Many vessels are seen afloat and at the docks. Ships, with their tall masts, anchored awaited lading and weather suitable to sail upon their missions. We gathered some souvenirs. This was an enjoyable day.

On first day we attended several places of religious worship, once in the New Old South Church, where Rev. Gordon delivered the sermon. The house was a very fine one and there was a very large audience. A collection was taken for home missions. They asked that the collection might be as large as at the same time last year, which was \$4,000.00.



We also attended services at the Old North Church, built in 1623. A young man delivered the sermon. After the meeting closed, Charles and his mother went up in the tower, 150 steps, to the window where history tells us Paul Revere hung the lanterns on the 18th of 4th mo., 1775.

We went to Copley burying ground nearby, the oldest in New England. 1625 is inscribed on the oldest tombstone. We saw the grave of Samuel Adams.

The Public Gardens are beautiful, with their lovely flowers of many colors. We enjoyed our walk through Boston Commons, a tract of land well laid out to attract the visitor. However, we were reminded that on this tract members of the religious society of Friends yielded up their natural lives on the block for their testimonies to the world of mankind, as to what was truth. Mary Dyer and others were of the martyrs who died for the liberty which, in our day and generation, we are peacefully and quietly enjoying.

At the Boston Art Club, we saw many fine paintings; at the Art Museum, many statues and paintings and old relics. Bunker Hill monument we were interested in, Charles and his mother going to the top of the tower. Went through a large vessel moored at the dock, which was 600 feet in length and 60 feet wide.

One day Charles took his mother and myself to Salem. In its early history, it was noted for witchcraft. Nineteen so-called witches were hung here in 1772. We also saw "The House of Seven Gables." The first Puritan church in this country was organized in Salem, 8th mo. 5th, 1629.

Roger Williams' meeting-house, built in 1634, is still standing. We were inside of this. Their original covenant was: "We covenant with the Lord and with one another, and do bind ourselves in the presence of God to walk together in all His ways according as He is pleased to reveal Himself unto us in His blessed word of Truth."

At the Essex Institute, we looked over many old relics. Returned by way of Marblehead, another very old town with narrow, winding streets. On this rocky beach, we had a good



view of the ocean. Although very windy, we sat down on the rocks and watched the breakers coming in.

Before leaving home, we had met with Marie Baehm, who was then State President of the W. C. T. U. of Illinois. She requested that we visit Mary H. Hunt, while in Boston, who was superintendent of scientific temperance instruction, having given us her address and a card of introduction. Leroy was our pilot. On arriving at her residence, we were disappointed on learning that Mary was in Europe attending a temperance congress. Her secretary was very cordial, showing us many relics, Mary's study, etc. Mary H. Hunt was a woman, I believe, of a superior mind, which was drawn into the organization of temperance science.

We visited, while in the city, the homes of Florence's parents; her brother, John, and family; Clark's father, mother, and sister; also a family by the name of Austin, the parents of Walter Flitercraft's wife, who were neighbors and good friends of Leroy and Bertha. Walter's wife and little daughter were with them. Their home is in New York City. I was much impressed with their kindness and cordiality.

Bertha and Warren went with us to Joseph Taylor's near Marshfield Hills for a visit for a few days, Leroy joining us the following evening and remaining until our return. Joseph and family lived in a large, old house near North River. The house had been a long time vacant. They repaired it and now have a comfortable home.

During our visit here, Leroy took us in a buggy eight miles to the Daniel Webster farm. There is a nice driveway to the house which is situated perhaps forty rods from main road, trees on either side, a lovely green lawn, and large house with Webster's coat of arms just below the upper front windows. We also drove to the cemetery where Webster and several of his family were buried. The few days spent at the home of our relatives were much enjoyed. We went back to the city feeling well repaid.

After spending seven weeks very pleasantly with our children and little grandson, the time came (5th mo. 8th) for us

to bid adieu. Leroy and Bertha went to the station with us, Charles and Florence met us there. It was hard to part with our dear children and return to our distant home. However, we are anticipating much pleasure in the prospect of attending Philadelphia and New York Yearly Meetings before our return home.

On our way, we were much interested in the diversity of scenery. We passed through Providence, Rhode Island, and New Haven, Connecticut. At Harlam our train went aboard a steamboat. Were on the boat one hour, passed under Brooklyn Bridge, left the river at Jersey City.

Annie Shoemaker met us (Lydia Wilson's cousin) and took us to the pleasant home of herself and son, Benjamin, at Lansdowne. The next day attended ministers' and elders' meeting, and met with many familiar faces and a cordial welcome. Dined at Webster's in company with our friends, Joshua Washburne and wife, John J. Cornell and wife, and others. We remained with Annie Shoemaker a few days, attending sessions of the meeting, when arrangements were made for us to home with Edmund Webster and wife, in order to be more convenient to the meeting-house. We were very kindly entertained here.

At one session, I had an impression to ask Friends to acquiesce in a concern to visit women's meeting with a message to mothers, which was granted.

During our stay in the city, we visited by invitation: Lizzie Carr and sisters; sisters of O. Edward Janney's wife and of Jesse Holmes' wife; also Florence Conrad Griscom, and William Webster. Were at Webster's over night. William's wife is a relative of sister Emma Wilson. Met with a large company here.

After quite a general conversation, in which most of the company participated, I remarked that, if it would be acceptable, I would request that we get into the silence, that we could embrace an opportunity to listen to some remarks that I may be impressed to offer for our spiritual strength. This

met with approval. It was in evidence that my remarks were acceptable.

We were surprised to meet Amanda Mills at meeting on first day morning. She was returning from Plainfield, N. J., where she had been on a visit to her daughter, Flora Brown, and husband.

After the close of the last session of the Yearly Meeting, all of which was enjoyed, we parted with the many kind friends and went to Riverton, N. J.; first visiting Ezra Carpenter, spent the evening at S. Robinson Coale's, very pleasantly. In the morning, went to the fisheries nearby, where men were drawing in their nets and unloading their fine shad. By the kindness of Ezra, we visited his sons' extensive pear orchard, which has proved to be a source of a satisfactory income.

In the evening we took train for Camden, thence to Mickleton to the home of Ann Borden. Attended Friends' meeting next day, thence to John Heritage's to dinner, a very pleasant visit. In the evening went to Samuel and Anna Jones' in West Philadelphia, remaining until the next morning; thence to Swarthmore, twelve miles, to the home of our cousins, the Hannum sisters.

In the afternoon visited the College,<sup>70</sup> meeting President Swain, who gave us a cordial welcome, also received a hearty shake of the hand by Elizabeth Powell Bond. Visited the Historical Library and were introduced to Dr. Beardsley, who was almost blind. He could go to the library and get any book he desired. Also called at the home of Jesse Holmes, a pleasant call with wife and children.

Spent the following day in Chester at cousin William Wilson's, Culter's, and Allen Flitcraft's, Sr., where we took supper. Returned to Swarthmore. The following day went to Coatsville to visit our cousins, Hattie Shellcross, Sallie

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<sup>70</sup> While not many of the young men and women of Illinois Yearly Meeting went to Swarthmore College to finish their education, Swarthmore was held in high esteem as inspiring a creative leadership.

Among Swarthmore professors, Jesse Holmes was the best known to us. He was a frequent and well-beloved visitor in Friends' communities of the Central West.

Clark, and Rebecca Hoops and families,—pleasant visits of two days,—then returned to Lansdowne. Held a parlor meeting at Ann Shoemaker's.

The following day we went to New York to attend the sessions of the Yearly Meeting. We were conveyed to "The Pennington," which was to be our home. This is under the care of an association of Friends, a pleasant place next door to the meeting-house. Many friends are boarding here: Henry Haviland, William and Anna Jackson, Phebe Wright, and others. Attended the sessions of the meeting and felt very thankful for the privilege of witnessing the interest manifest in which apparently all participated.

After the close, we parted with kind friends and went home with Joshua and Caroline Washburne, near Chappaqua. Attended their meeting; also attended a meeting in another neighborhood to good satisfaction, in which I was led to speak on the fundamentals of the Society of Friends, to the relief of my mind. Visited some families in the neighborhood, among others, John and Mary Cox. Mary is the daughter of Benjamin F. and Loretta Nichols of Marshalltown, Iowa.

6th mo. 1st, my 74th birthday anniversary, Joshua and Caroline Washburne took us in their carriage eight or ten miles to Phebe Fields' to dinner, a pleasant visit. Called upon Anna Willets, an interesting, intelligent, elderly lady; thence to Robert and Esther Barnes' to supper. Attended an appointed meeting at Purchase in the evening. Returned to Barnes' for the night. The following morning we parted with Joshua and Caroline Washburne, to whom we had formed a very genial attachment, it being the last time we will ever meet Joshua.

By the kindness of Robert, we were taken to White Plains to go aboard train to New York; Walter and Ethel Flitercraft met us. I had to go to "The Pennington" for baggage. Ethel took Elizabeth for a long car ride to Grant's Monument, situated near the banks of the Hudson. Met at the station and started at 6:00 P. M. on our homeward journey; traveled along the banks of the Hudson to Albany; arrived at Roches-



ter about daylight; changed cars at Buffalo; had a good view of Niagara Falls, car stopped a few minutes for passengers to take a view. At Detroit, Michigan, our train went onto a ferry-boat. Passed through Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti, and Battle Creek. Reached Chicago at 8:58 P. M.

We were promptly met by Ellsworth Mills and wife and taken to their home.

Visited Harry's family the next day, returning to Ellsworth's to lodge. On the 5th, we turned our faces homeward by way of Streator. On arriving in McNabb, found William L. Mills awaiting us. He conveyed us to his home. After partaking of dinner, reached our home early in the afternoon, after an absence of nearly twelve weeks, finding things quite satisfactory.

Having received an invitation to attend our son Albert's marriage with Goldie E. Reynolds, daughter of Joseph H. and Elizabeth Elmira Reynolds (both deceased), at Fargo, North Dakota, to take place on the evening of 6th mo. 11th, 1903; and, although I had written that we had no prospect of attending, I changed my mind and started in the afternoon of the 10th, arriving in the afternoon of the 11th.

The marriage was to be at the home of Goldie's friends, the Christiansen's, and, having their street and number in mind, on inquiry, was directed to the street. Soon I was treading with a quick step, grip in hand. The dwellings were a considerable distance from the sidewalk. I could not distinguish numbers. I came to a dwelling; from its number, I found I had gone too far. Before reaching this dwelling, I noticed some ladies on a porch, looking intently, as I thought, at the stranger. Some children were playing who came and inquired where I wished to go. Receiving instructions, I went to those interested ladies. One introducing herself, inquired: "Is this uncle Joshua?"

I cannot tell why I did not give her a direct answer, for which I have since regretted. Joshua had written that he had some prospect of going. I inquired for Bert, and was informed that he was at his boarding place. I requested that

he be called and the name of the person wishing to see him withheld. I met with a very cordial welcome. After being seated in the second room from that which I entered, Goldie stood at the door in front of me. Wishing to relieve her of the suspense, I told her that I am Albert's father. On Albert's arrival, he came into the second room from where I entered. The door being opened, he saw me, was so surprised he did not take a step towards me. I arose and went immediately to him. Albert remarked: "I was anticipating pleasure in introducing thee to Goldie." I replied: "Thee can do it over again." In a short time I returned with Albert to his boarding place, and was introduced in the evening to a number of the guests who attended the wedding.

After the ceremony, which was brief, were served with a good supper, and a pleasant social time was enjoyed. I requested an opportunity to make a few remarks, which was granted. I expressed my gratitude to those who had an interest and assisted at the time of our son's protracted illness. I was taken to a hotel for the night. The following day the bride and groom accompanied me to Minneapolis, dining on the cars. After dark, I bade them farewell. Albert carefully assisted me on the cars. I was soon homeward bound, traveling all night, reaching home the following day, feeling thankful that I had made the effort.

On the afternoon of the 16th, Albert and wife arrived at our home and were given a cordial welcome. We arranged for a reception the following evening; there came relatives and friends of the neighborhood, including Clarence and Sadie, to the number of 46. Goldie, although a stranger to all except myself, gave evidence that she felt at home with us, causing rejoicing throughout the company. They remained with us two months, then went to Decatur and to housekeeping at Riverside close to our relatives. Albert entered The James Millikin University<sup>71</sup> as one of the teachers; his cousin, Albert R. Taylor, the president.

Albert Mills, having previously purchased a lot, built a

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<sup>71</sup> This was the initial year for the Decatur College.

home thereon, which he rented for two years; afterwards they occupied it themselves for several years. He continues to teach in the university.

6th mo. 19, 1903, received information by telegram of a little daughter born to Charles W. and Florence N. Mills who bears the name of Alice Elizabeth.

8th mo. 26th, little Willard, son of Harry and Jennie Mills, passed away at his grandfather's, Milton Mills', near McNabb. The babe was nearly six months old. The mother was in very poor health and was advised by her physician to come to the country. Jennie was taken away the 3rd month following. The two boys left have been living with their grandparents since.

Walter, son of Ellsworth and Nellie Mills, born 9th mo. 11, 1903.

My daughter, Martha M. Wilson, and I attended Indiana Yearly Meeting at Richmond in 8th mo. Went by way of Shirley to visit Victoria and family. While there I became quite unwell, was treated by Victoria's husband, Dr. Wilson; was discouraged in reference to our going on. We finally went, homing with Eli Morris and wife. She is a sister of Charlotte Cox of Mendon Centre, N. Y. (now deceased). Samuel Zavits of Coldstream, Ont., also made his home there, a pleasant home. I continued to feel very unwell. One and a half days was unable to be at the meeting, a great disappointment to both of us. We returned before the close of the meeting, traveling all night. Were met and went home with Martha, went to bed and took much needed rest and sleep. The Wilson reunion was held at the home of Amos B. Wilson, and I was able to attend with my family in the afternoon.

10th mo. 8th, in the evening after attending the Grange Fair, brother Joshua was taken very ill. Suffered exceedingly; at times could not converse, expressing a desire to be released from his suffering. Lingered until the morning of 11th mo. 12th, 1903, at 6:40 he quietly passed away.

Truly this neighborhood was deprived of a man of sterling worth, always ready with time and money to aid in any



enterprise that he felt was needful. Illinois Yearly Meeting's loss will not be easily repaired. He was a business man, was entrusted to settle several large estates, which he did to satisfaction, as I believe, to those he served so faithfully. He had made a success in business, a hard working man. During 25 or 30 years, the latter part of his life, he had retired<sup>72</sup> from manual labor, with slight exceptions. Remaining clear mentally, he often gave me counsel by which I was enabled to profit. When his light went out, I was the only member of my parent's family remaining. Can there be any good reason that I should not be thankful that my life is spared to my people?

The funeral services of my brother were held at his residence on the 14th. Many loving tributes<sup>73</sup> to his memory were offered. He left three daughters, namely: Mary Louisa, Sabina F., and Ruth Eva.

Gladys Emma, daughter of W. L. and Edith M. Mills, was born 11-24, 1903.

In 2nd mo., 1904, I attended our Quarterly Meeting at Chicago; 3rd mo., the Quarterly Meeting at West Liberty, Iowa; 4th mo., Nebraska Half Year's Meeting at Lincoln; 5th mo., our own<sup>74</sup> Quarterly Meeting at Blue River, near Salem, Indiana; feeling that the efforts made to be in attendance of these meetings were blessings which enabled me to increase my interest in the Society.

On my way to Lincoln, I made a short visit to my cousin,

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<sup>72</sup> John and Eva Sutherland farmed the place and made a home for him. The home farm consisted of three 80's. Under a provision of the will, this farm was divided, the east part has fallen under the care of a grandson, Joshua Mills Bumgarner, who has put up a group of good farm buildings almost immediately across the road from the author's home.

<sup>73</sup> An attractive booklet of tributes was later compiled by Judge John M. McNabb.

The loss of Uncle Joshua's soft palate when he was a little child, it is said was the result of scarlet fever and the cause of an impairment of his speech, which was permanent. To try to save the afflicted palate, which was being eaten away little by little, the child's doctor advised smoke from mullin leaves. So, to do her part, his mother resorted to the agency of a pipe, but without benefiting the sufferer.

<sup>74</sup> Blue River Quarterly Meeting, of which the author's Monthly Meeting was a constituent member, consisted of Blue River Monthly Meeting, Benjaminville Monthly Meeting, Clear Creek Monthly Meeting, and Chicago Executive Meeting. This Quarterly Meeting with the Iowa and Nebraska meetings composed the Illinois Yearly Meeting.



Elizabeth Officer, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, being the last time I saw her.

5th mo. 30th, 1904, a little daughter came to bless the home of Leroy and Bertha Mills, who bears the name of Muriel Agnes.

6th mo. 15th, Ronald Reynolds came to gladden the hearts and home of Albert T. and Goldie E. Mills.

7th mo. 3rd, my nephew, Isaac R. Mills, lost his life in a wreck on the Wabash R. R. near Litchfield. Cars ran into an open switch. He was a lawyer<sup>75</sup> located at Decatur, a man of good professional ability, a genial disposition, and highly respected. I went to Decatur to attend the funeral, which was largely attended by sympathizing relatives and friends.

8th mo. 4th, our son, Charles, Florence, and their daughter, Alice, with Viola McNeil, came. Bertha and children had come as far as Decatur with them, thence going to Latham to the home of her parents.

15th, Charles, Florence, and Viola went to St. Louis to the World's Fair and left baby Alice with us, were gone near a week; Viola returning home from St. Louis.

24th, Clarence, Albert, Leroy, and families came from Decatur, eleven in all. Mattie and Lois with Charles and family were already here; a joyful meeting. The next evening we had a reunion of our family, thirty-five in all. I remarked it was a great pleasure to have them with us.

27th, Charles and family parted with us, returning to their far eastern home.

Leroy went a few days later to Peoria, with prospect of locating in business. Finding an opening, he settled in business as an electrician, and has continued with a large stock on hand. Bought a lot and built a residence, which they occupy<sup>76</sup> on Parkside Drive.

<sup>75</sup> Walter Mills, the son of Isaac R. Mills, succeeded to the vacant place in the law firm of Mills Bros.

<sup>76</sup> Leroy Mills later removed to Stockton, California, where he became an attorney-at-law. Muriel Agnes, the daughter mentioned in the text, was married in Oakland, California, May 30, 1926, to Albert Gorle.

Summer and fall of 1904, my son, William, built a good, comfortable house on his farm and they moved into it early in the year 1905.

12th mo. 9th, we attended the funeral of my sister-in-law, Eliza Ann Price, at the Cumberland Presbyterian meeting-house at Sandy, Rev. Rogers conducting the services, a C. P. minister. After which her remains were laid in the cemetery nearby by the side of her husband, O. P. Price, who preceded her several years. The day was extremely cold and disagreeable. Eliza Ann was a devoted Christian woman.

In the morning of the same day, attended the funeral of Theron Gallaher's oldest son, Lewis, who had been an intimate associate of our son, Amos.

In looking over my papers, I find several old letters in my possession: one written by my uncle Abel to my father (a brother), dated 8th mo. 6th, 1847, a very short time previous to my father's decease; one written by a young man who was in love and proposed marriage with my aunt, Elizabeth Raley (name torn off), dated 8th mo. 28th, 1827; one by Eli Raley to his mother, Mary Raley, Centerville, Washington Co., Pa., dated 9-10-1831; one by Harriet A. Brady, dated 5-1-1847, to my father; one by brother Eli and wife, Elizabeth Mills, to aunt Elizabeth Raley (my mother's sister), dated 9-7-1843. At the decease of aunt Elizabeth's father, she was left without a home. This letter extended an invitation to aunt to make her home with them.

Postage on letters at the date of those ranged from five to twenty-five cents at one period; the recipients paid the postage. They used foolscap paper without envelopes, the sheet being folded so that the address could be written on blank paper left for the purpose and sealed with a wafer. At one time I sent a letter to an unmarried lady (I was also unmarried), sealing with the white of an egg. When the answer came, a wafer was enclosed to seal the next.

In 5th mo., 1905, Elizabeth and I attended the Quarterly Meeting held at Highlands Creek, Indiana. On arriving at Salem, were conveyed to our very dear friend, Ruth Lewel-

ling's, at her old home. Her son, Thomas, and family occupied the home with her. Visited at Joshua, Elwood, and Hicks Trueblood's; William and Oliver Overman's, Libni Knight's; and called at Ida Shields Calloway's; spending one night at T. H. Trueblood's. At all of these homes, received a cordial reception. Attended all the meeting sessions, including conference and first-day school, to good satisfaction.

Marjorie, daughter of O. P. and Ida J. Mills, was born 6-18, 1905. She was a frail little blossom, not long for this world; her pure spirit leaving the body 10th mo. 19th, same year.

In the summer of 1905, most of our children were home, including Charles and family. One afternoon we assembled in the beautiful woods in a part of my old home farm for our family reunion. Had a pleasant, lively time,—an ideal place for a picnic. Our supper was enjoyed. William Haws, now owner of the place, came in to welcome us. Some pictures were taken of the party. Wm. Haws<sup>77</sup> and I desiring to have ours taken together, an attempt was made; failed to get a satisfactory one. I had prepared a paper which I read in reference to the history of my father's family.

A storm was approaching. We were admonished to get away as soon as possible. We drove near the dwelling. There the storm settled heavily upon us. We were obliged to remain in our carriages and hold our horses. Thunder and lightning with a strong wind and pouring rain followed. Some of us were made decidedly uncomfortable. We were permitted, after the storm abated, to reach home in safety before dark.

Our stock of sheep increasing, I felt it necessary to build a sheep barn. Oliver Mills was engaged to build it. The total cost was \$280.75.

Charles W. conceived the idea of writing circular letters,

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<sup>77</sup> The first mark indicating that Putnam County had been chosen for a home was made on a tree in Magnolia timber by William Haws, the father of the William Haws mentioned in the text. In quest of the most desirable place to settle, he had left his home in Ohio and traveled across Indiana, Illinois, and into Iowa. In what was to become Putnam County, he marked a tree and returned to it from Iowa in 1826. Then there appeared a wife, a tent, and later a house of wood.

proposing the same to his parents and brothers. All embracing the advisability of the correspondence and requesting that it should not interfere with mutual or personal letters, Charles wrote the first letter 1st mo. 1st, 1906, giving it the name of "Round Robin," Florence also contributed; sent it to Clarence and Albert's families in Decatur. They contributing, forwarded to Leroy and family at Peoria; who, after adding their contributions, forwarded to father and mother. After reading and preparing our communication, forwarded all to Charles and Florence, except their own letters, which are filed<sup>78</sup> here. This has been continued to this date, 2nd mo. 10th, 1911, to our great satisfaction.

1st mo. 5th, Perry submitted to a surgical operation in a hospital in Chicago, which proved to be satisfactory; returned home on the 20th.

1st mo. 14th, Charles informs us by letter that he has purchased a tract of land of twenty-five acres of his cousin, Joseph Taylor, called "Gravelly Beach," bordering on North River. This is about thirty miles southeast of Boston, at which place they spend their summer months. He paid for this tract \$1,500.00.

While in attendance of the Quarterly Meeting in 2d mo. in Chicago, we visited at Ellsworth Mills', Spargrove's, Clifford Ellis', Poulson's, Amelia Woodard's and mother (the latter being 97 years of age), our niece, Elmira Wright's and family. We missed our kind friend, Thomas Woodnut,<sup>79</sup> who had passed away this winter.

In 3rd mo., Elizabeth and myself attended Prairie Grove Quarterly Meeting at West Liberty, Iowa; were met by Griffith E. Coale and others, went home with Griffith, spending the evening pleasantly. We attended afterwards all the sessions including conference. The meetings were small but

<sup>78</sup> A round was made about once a month. All old letters were carefully preserved by the wife of the author, a possible treasure find for some future historian. Round Robin was continued until 6-27, 1915, i. e., during the remainder of the lifetime of my mother.

<sup>79</sup> Thomas W. Wordnut was one of the attractive personalities of the group of Friends in Chicago. Friends are widely scattered there, but he kept intimately in touch with all of them. Hull House is the present meeting place of Chicago Friends.



interesting, Josephine Hollingsworth acting clerk. I addressed the several meetings to my satisfaction.

On seventh day took dinner with Thomas E. and Mary Hoge with others. Thomas and Mary were both feeble, but attended meeting. Called at Levi Pilkington's on our way to Josephine Hollingsworth's; were well entertained, remaining over night with her and cousin, Libbie Woodard. First day dined at Esther Harrison's with others and made a pleasant but short visit at John and Lydia Taylor's.

William Elliott died seventh day night at 12 o'clock, and his sister at 11 A. M. on first day, both members with Friends. First day evening at G. E. Coale's, several friends called to spend the evening with us, which was pleasant. We remained over night. Next morning, bidding our friends adieu, we left West Liberty at 5 A. M., turning our faces homeward feeling that our effort had been blessed with the rewards of the faithful. On reaching McNabb, our son, W. L., had our horse and buggy there, and we soon reached home in safety.

Same Spring in 3rd mo., Bumgarner's large dwelling house burned,—very few things saved.

4-17, John Swaney and myself went to Springfield to attend the State Prohibition convention,—an enjoyable meeting. John P. St. John presented those who had voted for him in '84 a souvenir. Two hundred and sixty-four men filed up, two and two to the platform, received the medal from his hand. I was one of the recipients.

On 4th mo. 19th, learned of the terrible earthquake in San Francisco; much of the city in ruins, many lives lost, many more injured, and thousands homeless.

6th mo. 3rd, Herbert Mills, son of Milton and Emma Mills, died of diphtheria, aged 12 years, a bright, lively, energetic, little boy.

7th mo. 20th, infant daughter born to O. P. and Ida J. Mills, who was named Margaret, passed away in a few hours.

Candace Elizabeth, daughter of Clarence and Sadie Mills, was born 11th mo. 3rd, 1906.

John Swaney, a cousin of mine, wishing to do something

for educational purposes, offered to donate 24 acres of timber pasture land, lying across the highway directly east of Friends' meeting-house, near Clear Creek, Magnolia Twp., Putnam County, Illinois, to Center, Clear Creek, and the Bob-bit schools,—district numbers 22, 23, and 25; if they would consolidate into one and build a school-house sufficient to accommodate not only the children of the three districts, but other pupils who desire to avail themselves of a higher education.<sup>80</sup> In the year 1906, an architect was secured and a draft produced and accepted. Work upon the new building was begun in 7th month.

The house was builded with cement basement, with two stories and a half of brick, at a cost of \$12,000; containing four recitation rooms, two laboratories, a large auditorium, two library and office rooms, a boy's manual training room, a girl's play room, furnace and cloak rooms. All are lighted with gasoline, generated by a plant. The laboratories are also furnished with gas from this plant. The building is heated with steam and furnished with running water supplied with an air pressure system. The school is progressing in a large degree satisfactorily with about as many pupils as can be accommodated, including quite a number from other localities. Five teachers are employed.

In the spring of 1907, I rented our farm to William H. Francis, with equal shares of stock and everything raised on the farm, including chickens; he to perform the labor, including the care of stock. I furnished a tenant dwelling and small piece of ground, including north side of garden; he to keep fences in repair, I furnished material. This has proved more satisfactory than for me to own the stock and pay the tenant for the care. The said W. H. Francis has been farming here four years (now 1911). I have added improvements in the way of dining room, cellar, and cistern.

<sup>80</sup> John and Sarah Swaney's residuary estate became available for the support of the consolidated school in 1926, on the death of their daughter, Cassie. The amount of the endowment from this source is about \$40,000.00. John Swaney thought that it is a mistake to train prospective farmers in city high school; therefore, the original gift of the site and the subsequent provision in his will. The school is three miles distant from a railroad station. Immediately adjoining it is an experimental plot of the University of Illinois.

Little Margaret Naomi came to brighten the home of Charles and Florence Mills on 6th mo. 7th, 1907.

My grand-daughter, Anna R. Smith, was united in marriage with Lewis Dapron at Duarte, Calif., 7-17, same year.

12th mo. 20th, our son, Charles, and little daughter, Alice Elizabeth, came to visit us. Came by way of Ann Arbor, Michigan, visiting his brother, Albert, and family. Albert was there in school taking a special course. On Christmas day, Charles and Alice with others of our children and grandchildren were here. It was pleasant and satisfactory to have them with us. Albert and family returned to Decatur 1st mo. 25th, 1908, having been in Ann Arbor four months.

A little daughter of Wm. L. and Edith M. P. Mills was born 11th mo. 7th, 1908. They named her Marcia Wilma, a welcome addition to the family.

In the latter part of 1908, I secured tile ranging from 6 to 18 inch calibre. Starting at my south line, two or three rods east of the original ditch, with 18 inch tile, joined in with Oscar Bumgarner's 18 inch. For the privilege of connecting, I paid \$500.00. Ran this ditch north to my catalpa grove, thence northeast to the Meridian.<sup>81</sup> The latter half of this string is 16 inch tile. Crossed the road with 12 inch and 16 inch laid together with one 8 inch north of the bridge. A little less than half the distance from the starting point to the road, I connected a 10 inch tile, running a little to the northeast, and connecting with Adam Mattern's tile at our north line. I had previously put in 5 and 8 inch in other parts of the northeast field.

Commencing at the bend at the north end of the catalpa grove with, I think, 7 inch tile running northwest to within a few rods of the south side of the northwest field. At the starting point at my south line, at the entrance to Oscar's tile, I had an 8 inch tile connected running northwest, crossing the lane a few rods east of the old well into the middle field. There had been a 6 inch tile put in connecting about

<sup>81</sup> Thus the upper end of Muskrat Creek was put under ground, much to the benefit of the basin. Other land owners below co-operating in the drainage project were Mason Wilson and Andrew H. Mills.

20 rods northeast of main line from catalpa grove, running southeast upon the high land.

The tile that was put in in 1908, including first month 1909, cost \$1,500.00, including the outlet. From Lawrence Dose, Adam Mattern, and William Hiltabrand, I received \$140.00 to assist in securing the outlet. I had previously put in an 8 inch tile from my north line across the northwest field, entering tile below the road at the willows.

I long had a desire to go beyond the Rocky Mountains, and visit some of the western states. It appeared to be a big undertaking, therefore, had been postponed. On Thanksgiving day, 1908, our son, Leroy, from Peoria was visiting us. He made this remark: "Father, if thee and mother will go to California this winter, I will go with you." I replied: "That's our chance."

We soon commenced making arrangements, our tiling enterprise being nearly completed. The day was set for starting, 1-11, 1909.

Our niece, Amanda Mills, kindly came and rendered efficient assistance, and remained a short time after our leaving to adjust things preparatory to shutting up house for the winter. The evening of the 11th, we went to Peoria to the home of Oliver and daughter Martha, Leroy and family spending the evening with us.

On the evening of the 12th, in company with Leroy, we bade adieu and started on our contemplated journey. Our tickets had a nine month's limit, with stop-over privileges. We boarded a Pullman sleeper, being our first experience, as Elizabeth and I had not occupied sleepers in all of our journeyings. We found them comfortable and restful.

Our first stop was Kansas City, arriving in the morning. Visited George and Sarah Ewing and three daughters,—two married living near coming in to see us. Sarah is the younger daughter of sister Mary A. Taylor. Toward evening our niece, Lucretia M. Franklin, came and conveyed us to their home, where we were well entertained until the following morning.



Resuming our journey, reached Chester, Nebr., in the evening; were met by John and Minnie Howard, walked out to Elizabeth's sister, Rebecca Howard, received a warm welcome. Rebecca's son, John, and family live in same yard. Were all in to supper. The evening was spent pleasantly. The next afternoon John took all, including Rebecca and grand-daughters, Edna and Minnie, in lumber wagon with span of colts he was breaking,—which was a merry drive,—to the country home of Rebecca's daughter, Luella Fraley. We enjoyed the afternoon and were treated to unusually fine Baldwin apples, and a generous supply to take with us on our journey, which we appreciated. After returning to Rebecca's, Leroy, and girls went to the pasture on a hunting expedition, as Leroy was anxious to capture a jack-rabbit. He returned much elated with two that he had shot. He cut off their ears thinking he would take them home as souvenirs. The time soon came for bidding adieu and pursuing our journey. The time had been spent very pleasantly.

Our next point was Denver, Colorado. When daylight appeared, we had our first view of the Rocky Mountains in the distance. At Denver, were met by my niece, Alice Mills, and daughter Ruth. Alice is the widow of John H. Mills (son of brother Henry), who was a railroad engineer who lost his life<sup>82</sup> in a wreck near Morris, Illinois, several years ago. We enjoyed our visit, including dinner at restaurant. Leroy and I made a pleasant call on John Plummer, Jonathan W. Plummer's son. We were kindly taken by our nieces a long ride on street-car to view more of their beautiful city.

After which we boarded car for Colorado Springs, where we visited Ida Howard Anderson and husband and Ida's sister, Harriet Howard, spending the evening very pleasantly, and had a good night's rest. On going out in the morning, I discovered we were in a curve in the mountains; outside of the small range, noticed the top of another; making inquiry, I was informed it was Pikes Peak, a name with which I was familiar. I was requested to guess the distance. My answer

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<sup>82</sup> Date: 10-18, 1887.

was: "A mile or two" (as I now remember). To my astonishment, I was told it is fourteen miles' distant.

Pikes Peak was a noted place. Many years ago we of the East had heard<sup>83</sup> that much gold was mined there. Brother Pusey, cousin John Raley, and others organized a small company with team and wagon and started for that place of much attraction. On reaching St. Joe, Mo., having met many persons returning disheartened and discouraged, and this information was so general, that the little band of relatives became discouraged also and returned home, in a degree pretty well satisfied.

Our time at Colorado Springs was short, as Leroy had limited his time to be absent from home only one month. He, going out before breakfast, climbed the foothills and sat down on a high elevation and, I think, wrote a letter home. Our relatives all went with us to the Garden of the Gods, also partook of the healing Spring Water, and remained with us until we boarded train for Salt Lake City, which we reached about one o'clock P. M. Took dinner and had one or two car rides which we enjoyed, one to Soldiers Resort.

This is one of the noted cities of the West. The most notable features of the city are the beautiful Mormon Temple and Tabernacle. We departed after night in the rain. We were permitted to get a glimpse of the great Salt Lake. We traveled that night.

The following day, were interested in mountain scenery. This was grand beyond description. Passed through Marshall Pass, Royal Gorge, etc. The latter said to be eight miles long, canyon walls 2,600 feet in height. The following day we passed through an extensive desert.

Arriving in Los Angeles about dark on the evening of the 20th, very dark and raining hard. Meeting my son-in-law, Oliver Smith, of Duarte, 18 miles' distant from Los Angeles, we concluded not to attempt to go out to his home until morning. We lodged at a hotel. Oliver having several

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<sup>83</sup> For a motivation of the quest in Colorado, see Professor Paxson's prize book, *The American Frontier*. In the "Mineral Empire" riches were to await those who brought powerful machinery.

letters for us, one of which informed us of the sudden passing away of sister Lydia A. Wilson, brother David's wife.

In the morning still raining, went to Duarte near Oliver's residence in rain. Received a warm welcome from his daughter, Edith,<sup>84</sup> and later from his son, Herbert. At this home we were made welcome and comfortable. During the afternoon my grand-daughter, Anna Dapron,<sup>85</sup> her husband, and babe, with her brother Eddy's wife, came from Monrovia to see us, after which we visited them at their homes several times.

Oliver Smith's residence was almost surrounded with orange groves. The trees were full of luscious fruit. We visited two packing houses which were intensely interesting. The machinery that delivered the oranges to the young women to pack is beyond my ability to describe. The owners of those orange groves are mostly independent.

Irrigation is necessary. They construct reservoirs at or near the foot of the mountains, holding hundreds of barrels of water. At one of the packing houses, we visited. Herbert<sup>86</sup> was there at work. He is considered an expert in nailing up the boxes.

On the first day of the week, my wife and self, in company with Leroy, Oliver, and three children, went to Pasadena to attend Friends' meeting, which was held at the home of Susanna Yoe. A goodly number present who gave us a warm welcome and a pressing invitation to remain to dinner with others, which we accepted; afterwards, called on Victoria's cousin, Mary Allen Henshaw.

While Leroy remained with us, we visited, besides Oliver's and children: Nathan and Bertha Brooks at Glendora; Oliver Smith went with us to Long Beach to the home of Edwin Vale, where we had dinner; in the afternoon called on Jane Moore, a sister-in-law of Edward Coale. She went with us to the beach, where we spent some time viewing the

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<sup>84</sup> Now the wife of Ray Nute.

<sup>85</sup> Later Lewis and Anna Dapron built a business and a home at Corcoran, California.

<sup>86</sup> Later became an expert welder.



great Pacific Ocean. Then called on Amanda Mills, Thomas K. Mills' widow, and daughter. The evening and night were spent at Edwin Vale's: Amos Vale, wife, and daughter spending the evening with us. In the morning, we called on Charles and Susan Welsh, and James Thornton and wife, also met James Taggart and wife. A pressing invitation was given to remain to dinner; wife and I remaining at Thornton's, and Taggart's taking Oliver and Leroy. Returned in afternoon, well repaid for our effort.

At separate times, Lewis Dapron took Leroy and me a long drive through the extensive English walnut groves,—from which there is quite an income,—crossing the river and through the valley and the village of Azusa, where, afterwards, Oscar Bumgarner's son-in-law<sup>87</sup> taught school. By invitation we dined with Anna Walker Speakman and sister Frances; and some of the friends were desirous that we should remain to assist in conducting a funeral of one of their prominent Friends.

Here Leroy went back without us. We were enjoying his company and assistance very much. He took a general interest in our arrangements, and, when he left, the responsibility was keenly felt. He left Los Angeles the following evening for his homeward journey. As our tickets would take us over the same road and we visit many of the same places, he was enabled to render considerable instruction by letter. He preceded us home about two months.

We were in attendance of Friends' meeting every first day while in southern California. The last meeting we attended was the first held in their new meeting-house. It was felt to be an overflow meeting and one of unusual interest.

We also visited in Pasadena: Charles Lewis, John Greist, and Nancy Gardner, two days at Logan and Mary Henshaw's, and called on Levi Benson, remaining over night at several places. At John Greist's, we met our old-time friend, Russell J. Lounes, and wife. We found the members there worthy to be called Friends. We made a visit to the

<sup>87</sup> Verne Ross, the husband of Isabel Bumgarner Ross, now of Covina, California.



noted ostrich farm, which we enjoyed. Pasadena is a beautiful city. The mild climate and flowers blooming all winter make it a desirable place.

Oliver went with us to Los Angeles to the home of Lawrence Lippert's to dinner; called at Jennie Lindley's, Mary Atherton's niece; and Maggie Blacklidge and daughter, and Will Garrett; thence to Whittier to a family of Trueblood's. Their daughter, Grace, lived with us at one time. She was very glad to see us, and we remained over night. At another time we visited, at Gardena, Edward Flansburg and family. His wife, Elizabeth, is Edward Coale's oldest daughter. They gave us a cordial welcome and we enjoyed our visit of two days.

On our return to Los Angeles early in the morning, we had previously made arrangements to meet Maggie Blacklidge and daughter to go on a sightseeing trip, called the "Balloon Route," on trolley-car, said to be 70 miles of California's finest scenery, for \$1.00. Seven stops, with free attractions, 28 miles along the ocean. The stops: "Redouts by the Sea," Moon Stone Beach, Plays DelRoy, Venice of America, Ocean Park, Santa Monica, and the National Soldiers Home. A guide on board to explain all points of interest. We enjoyed the day beyond our expectations; returning in the evening, we went home with Maggie and daughter, Iva, for the night.

I have omitted stating the very pleasant visit with Emma Griffith, a sister of M. A. Tomlinson. Emma and daughters live in Monrovia. We also spent two days very pleasantly with Nathan and Bertha Brooks,<sup>88</sup> and their interesting family of three children. Bertha took us a ride in carriage to the foot of the mountains. We followed a trail considerable distance up the mountain, but did not have time or inclination to go to the top.

After remaining in southern California six weeks and enjoying the hospitality of relatives and kind friends, also the mild climate of southern California, we parted with Oliver

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<sup>88</sup> Daughter of Eli and Amanda Mills.

and the dear grandchildren who had in so many ways contributed to our pleasure, which we appreciated. The time came for bidding adieu after spending the night at Edward Porter's in Los Angeles; Edward's wife is a daughter of Russell Lounes.

Edward kindly took us to train early in the morning of 3rd mo. 8th, and we started on our journey northward for Dinuba, where my niece, Sabina Dickey, and her husband reside, arriving after dark. We were made welcome and had a very pleasant visit of two days. They have a pretty good country and produce much that brings good prices,—melons, grapes, etc.

From there we went to Turlock,<sup>89</sup> the home of Jonathan K. Mills and family. Here, as elsewhere, received a very cordial welcome. There were three children at home, one daughter married and living in Ohio; her husband studying for the ministry. On their way to Ohio, had visited at our home. Jonathan is a land agent. We attended meeting with them, and had nice social visits with two ministers who called to see us. This was felt to be a profitable opportunity for all, as we discussed the foundation principles of Christianity. We remained at Jonathan's several days. From this point, we went to Oakland and San Francisco.

William Taylor's daughter, Bernice Merriman, met us at Oakland and took us home with her, where we dined. In the afternoon, were taken over the grounds of Berkeley College. Enjoying our stay at the home of the Merriman's until the following morning. Bernice's mother-in-law went across the bay with us in a large steam ferry-boat to San Francisco and visited several places of interest in that great city, among the rest, went to the ocean, passing by the Golden Gate and Park. Saw a seal on a big rock. Were also interested in examining the exhibits of the Chinese, most of which, I was told, were the artistic results of their own manufacture. In parts of the city, there was much of the material which had

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<sup>89</sup> Later, there settled at Turlock, Oliver and Edith Griffith Mills and their five children.

been in the buildings that were demolished by the earthquake, yet unmoved.

We left San Francisco during the afternoon, had a pleasant trip of 75 miles to Geyserville, where we arrived in the evening, were met and conveyed across the river to the home of William and Elta Griffith. Here we met our friend, Mary V. Griffith, mother of our host. Elta is the daughter of David Wilson of Wenona, Illinois. William was born and grew to manhood in this neighborhood. I was acquainted with his father when he was a young man. Their plum and peach orchards are very productive and are the source of a satisfactory income. William was the Master of the California State Grange. Hills and valleys represent the landscape. Flowing down the mountain to the valley are constant streams of pure, cool water, sufficient to supply almost any amount of stock. This farm and its belongings are located one and one-half miles north of Geyserville. Will and Elta have three sons and a daughter, the eldest married and living then in South America. On first day we attended meeting with them in the village. Dined and spent the afternoon at Mary Baice's and Grace Herwood's, well known teachers in Henry, Illinois, and vicinity. Mary has since passed away. By her own request, her body was cremated and her ashes brought to Henry, Illinois, by her friend, Grace Herwood, and deposited in the cemetery at Henry. Our visit at Griffith's of near a week was one that remains to be a pleasant reflection. Parting with our relatives, returned to San Francisco, where, by arrangement, we met a son and daughter of William Griffith who were attending school<sup>90</sup> at Berkeley, namely, Marie and Herwood. They remained and crossed the bay with us.

We boarded our train for Portland about 9:00 P. M. Our travel was over mountain and valley, some beautiful scenery; often winding around a mountain and not unfrequently seeing the rear end of our train. Our way led us through many tunnels and over Mount Shasta. Our train stopped at Shasta Springs for the passengers to get a drink of the pure, cold

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<sup>90</sup> The University of California.



water, which was flowing in great quantities over the high rocky elevation.

Two nights and a day brought us to Portland, Oregon, arriving about 10:00 A. M. Were met by my niece, Isabel Scott, and were taken to their beautiful home on an elevated part of the city. Were received by her husband, Owen Scott, and son, Herbert, with cordiality that we soon felt much at home. During our visit of ten days, we had no impression of loneliness or anxiety.

While in Portland, we visited many places of interest. The sawmill which ran day and night, cutting, we were told, 450,000 feet of lumber in 24 hours. This was very interesting, to see the large logs handled by machinery so quickly and with apparently so much ease. The ocean vessels came and loaded at the wharf. With Isabel and Herbert, we spent one day on steamer on Columbia River. Saw many things which were interesting. The air was cool and the movement of the vessel caused quite a breeze. I contracted a cold, which I did not get rid of for two or three days; notwithstanding, we enjoyed the ride.

While there we attended meetings with the family. They were manifestly interested in religious lines, and education in all lines for the development of righteousness. It is Owen's custom to ask a blessing before meals. At breakfast, however, we all stood around the table before taking our seats, while he offered an impressive prayer, never failing to petition for *our* safety and preservation and that of their dear girl, Lois, who is away at school. The morning that we were to bid adieu to proceed on our journey, we gathered with the family as usual around the table, I gave utterance to a feeling of thankfulness for the manifestations of the Father's extended care.

Isabel was a favorite niece. On the morning of our taking leave, I wrote relating to our pleasant visit and my gratitude for the same, with my attachment to the daughter of my sister, Mary Ann Taylor. Handing the letter to Isabel at the station, where we were to take leave, requested that she read



it after reaching home. After a time, a pleasant response came.

Left Portland in the morning of 3rd mo. 29th, for Seattle, nothing very exciting in the scenery except the vast extent of trees and the apparent waste of wood. Many acres having been burned over, bodies of trees are standing. The fir trees are pretty, so tall and erect. Many sawmills through this section. Immense amount of lumber piled. In many places the river or streams would be almost filled with logs, tied together forming a raft, to be taken down stream when needed.

At Tacoma we viewed the water of Puget Sound. At 4:15 P. M. we pulled into Seattle, the great metropolis of the State of Washington. Soon we saw a tall, familiar form approaching in the person of our nephew, Geo. S. Wilson.<sup>91</sup> We were glad to meet him. We had a little over five hours before our Overland Limited train would leave. We put ourselves in George's keeping, checked our suit case, and were soon aboard a street-car. George took us several nice rides over the city, which we enjoyed. Were disappointed that we had not time to visit the grounds of the exposition which is to open in a short time. When dark drew upon us, we alighted and went up steps and found ourselves in George's boarding house; a hot supper was awaiting us. We did justice to the good things set before us. Had previously been introduced to the landlady and several teachers. After supper we were made welcome in the sitting room, with easy chairs and a glowing grate fire, until near time for our train. The landlady had a good word for George. We enjoyed our short visit with him. Before getting on our car, he handed us a sack with a dozen beautiful red apples, remarking that he had never made us a present before. The apples were later much enjoyed. We parted feeling that he had done all he could for us, which we appreciated.

We boarded a tourist sleeper, which we found very comfortable. As soon as our berth was ready, we retired. We

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<sup>91</sup> George S. Wilson is the son of Morris and Emma John Wilson; the latter lives in Seattle now, as do her daughters, Gertrude Shinn and Cordelia Wilson.

feel like a long distance still lies between us and home, taking two days and three nights to reach Fargo, N. D., our next stop. It was a lovely moonlight night. We passed through the Cascade Mountains.

At 10:40 the next morning, passed Spokane; traveled much of the day through Montana. Sometimes would see great herds of sheep grazing on buffalo grass, which looked brown and short. Were told the stock do well on it all winter. Will eat it from under the snow. Passed through Livingston, the place where they change for the noted resort, "Yellowstone Park." Great attractions are held out for the visitors at this place. This is within the Rocky Mountain range, some peaks reaching altitudes 10,000 to 13,000 feet; said to be a land of pure, health-giving air. Also passed through Glendive, the town where the Griffith boys, Hiram and Frank, located several years ago.

4-1, rose early and made our toilet and were fully ready to leave the train at 6:53, on scheduled time at Fargo. Mrs. H. J. Christiansen and Mrs. H. W. McArdle were there to welcome us, especial friends of our daughter, Goldie (we had met them). We walked with them a few blocks to their home. The men had breakfast and were about ready to go to their respective duties. A good, hot breakfast was in waiting for the rest of us. Even little Harriet Eloise McArdle seemed happy to welcome us. They took us a walk up-town in the forenoon and to the college in the afternoon, called on some of our son Albert's old friends, and were impressed that they have a very warm feeling for him. We retired early for a good night's rest. The following morning bid a friendly adieu at 7:00 A. M., after a pleasant visit; reaching St. Paul about 2:00 P. M., left at 8:30 on a Pullman sleeper for Galesburg.

Here we waited forty minutes for a train to Peoria. On arriving, Oliver, Martha, and Leroy were in waiting and there were mutual joy and thankfulness. All went to Leroy's for dinner, where we met Bertha and children. Enjoyed a good dinner and a social afternoon. The following morning, attended meeting with Leroy and family, and all went to

Oliver's to dinner, including Arthur Coale and wife. Will Taylor and wife and daughter, and Rebecca Mills joined us in afternoon and we had a very pleasant social time. The following day, made some calls and dined at Oliver's.

4th mo. 6th, at 8:30 A. M., bade farewell and resumed our journey home. On reaching Varna, in the absence of anyone to meet us, a hack was secured which conveyed us to Magnolia. This being election day, we met Wm. H. Francis, who conveyed us home. With thankful hearts, our aspirations were centered upon that Power from which all blessings flow.

7th mo. 13th, 1909, born to Charles W. and Florence N. Mills a son, whom they named for his father, Charles Wilson Mills.

6th mo. 1st, 1909, was my 80th birthday anniversary. Goldie was anxious to get up a card and letter shower, and, with the activity of others of our family, about 80 were received on the first. Others followed, increasing the number to 100 or more. Most of our children and grandchildren were here and quite a number of our neighbors were represented, extending greetings. Light refreshments were served. A general social time was enjoyed. The children had much pleasure. Good cheer prevailed. As evening drew nigh, many expressions were heard as to having a pleasant time, including a desire that I might be spared to have many more birthdays. Goldie presented me with a nice album and put the picture cards in it.

Elizabeth V. Wilson, daughter of Dr. and Victoria B. T. Wilson, was a strong and healthy girl of ten years. She died of diphtheria 2nd mo. 14th, 1910. She was more than an average student; bright and interesting, generally at or near the head of her class. Representing a flower that was plucked while blooming. Won the respect of all who knew her. Her passing away was a great bereavement to her devoted parents.

My grandson, Ellsworth Mills, was a railroad employee. He and another man were standing on the end of a coal-car at Oglesby, Illinois, 2nd mo. 22nd, 1910. The train was backing around a curve at a good speed, when a flange of a wheel



on the outside curve broke off, upsetting the car. The men were thrown underneath. Ellsworth, it was thought, was killed instantly. The other man had one or both legs broken and otherwise injured. He died in a few hours. Ellsworth was thirty-three years of age. Their remains were brought to Granville, where they both resided, and interred in the Granville cemetery. Ellsworth left a wife and one son. A very trying circumstance.

Soon after the above bereavement, brother Thomas Wilson passed away at his home in Corning, Iowa, in his 87th year.

A daughter came to bless the home of Albert T. and Goldie E. Mills 8th mo. 29th, 1910. They gave her the name of Elizabeth Madeline, the first name for her two grandmothers.

In the fall of 1910, I purchased of Edwards of Cincinnati, Ohio, metal steel shingles<sup>92</sup> with which to re-shingle our barn. The shingles were ten feet long and twenty inches wide. In placing, the edges were lapped over a strip of wood prepared for the purpose.

4th mo. 2nd, 1910, our children and grandchildren came from far and near to form a happy party at the old home.

The occasion of the effort to get together at this time was to meet our son, Charles, and family from Cambridge, Massachusetts. This made it possible for the others of our family to join to have a general reunion of the family.

Our eight children were present with their families; all our grandchildren<sup>93</sup> and great grandchildren within a reasonable distance, except Harry Mills and wife of Ladd and Nellie Mills and son, Walter, of Wheaton, Illinois. We regretted that they and our son-in-law, Oliver Smith, and family, who reside in California, could not be with us.

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<sup>92</sup> The steel shingles, displacing wood shingles of 45 years' service, made a poor record and were discarded before many years.

<sup>93</sup> Grandchildren of more recent birth, not mentioned in the text, yet known by the author, are:

Robert Johnson, born January 4, 1911; Ruth Elinor, born July 2, 1915; and Florence Lucile, born August 3, 1917—children of Charles and Florence Mills.

Everett Leroy, born July 12, 1912, son of Leroy and Bertha Mills.

Eugene Walton, born September 7, 1917, son of Albert and Goldie Mills.



The day was exceptionally fine, warm and pleasant as a summer day, as others had been for several days previously. The grass was green on the lawn and trees were budding. As all grouped in the yard for a picture and were counted, we were found to be just thirty-five, varying in ages from the Cambridge baby of eight months to my own of almost 81 years. Every one seemed to appreciate the opportunity of being together again.

Dinner was provided. The older ones, seated at a long table in the dining room, seemed no more appreciative than the children, seated at numerous little tables and served by willing hands. I must not forget to note that our niece Edna Wilson's kindly assistance was appreciated.

The afternoon was spent in good, old-fashioned visiting and joining with the younger ones in lively games; ball games, lawn tennis, and the pitching of horseshoes were all going merrily at the same time; I joining in with my children with some of their games. One of my sons remarked: "Altho they could not recollect of ever seeing father in practice, yet he could place the horseshoe with such precision that they were kept in second place very frequently." He said: "A life-long practice of definite aims and energy and precision must be given the credit. A well-trained eye and a well-working muscle must give strength to any undertaking."

Before dispersing in the evening, wife and I, standing side by side, expressed our deep appreciation of the effort to get together, and our thankfulness for good health and strength, which makes a strong factor in the enjoyment of life and the association with relatives and friends.

Fine weather, fine roads, and a general good time made the day one long to be remembered.

Within a few days all returned to their respective homes, except Charles and family, who remained a week longer, then wife and I accompanied them to Peoria, thence to Decatur.





ABEL MILLS ON 90TH BIRTHDAY

We were with them during the remainder of their visit and saw them off on the train for their eastern home.<sup>94</sup>

Soon after our return, a cold wave struck us, vegetation was retarded, leaves on shrubs and trees were frozen and fell off. Cold weather continued the remainder of the month.

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<sup>94</sup> We children went gladly home to be immersed in deep parental love. Charles continued to come frequently from Massachusetts, and Leroy returned from California in 1919 for the celebration of father's 90th birthday anniversary—his last. After 1915 mother was not at the door.

Familiar figures faded. Were their spirits venturing forth upon new frontiers? Here they had been pioneers; industrious, ingenious, hospitable, and trustful of the guidance of a God of love.





# EDITORIAL



JOURNAL OF  
THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Published Quarterly by the Society at Springfield, Illinois.

JESSIE PALMER WEBER\*, EDITOR.

Associate Editors:

George W. Smith

Andrew Russel

H. W. Clendenin

Edward C. Page

Applications for membership in the Society may be sent to the Secretary of the Society, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber,\* Springfield, Illinois.

Membership Fee, One Dollar—Paid Annually.

Life Membership, \$25.00

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VOL. XIX.

APRIL-JULY, 1926.

Nos. 1-2

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A DOUBLE NUMBER OF THE JOURNAL.

Readers of the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society will note that this is a double number of the magazine, being Numbers One and Two of Volume Nineteen, April and July, 1926.

The Journal, like many other historical periodicals, is behind in the dates of its publication. Circumstances connected with the death of the editor, Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, May 31, 1926, make it expedient that this number shall be issued in this manner. The other numbers will follow in their regular order, unless the associate editors find it necessary to carry out some other plan.

The attention of the members of the Society is called to this change in the publication of the Journal.

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\* Deceased, May 31st, 1926.



MEETING OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY HISTORICAL  
ASSOCIATION AND THE ILLINOIS STATE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Nineteenth Annual Convention of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association and the Twenty-seventh Annual Meeting of the Illinois State Historical Society were held in Springfield, Illinois, May 6, 7 and 8, 1926.

The joint session on Thursday evening, May 6, was presided over by Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, President of the Illinois State Historical Society. The address of the evening was given by Prof. James A. Woodburn, President of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, on "Western Radicalism in American Politics," a forcible, masterly address, as only one of Doctor Woodburn's fine, scholarly mind and intellectual attainments could present. It was given in a clear, full, well-rounded voice, which reached all parts of the Auditorium, and was listened to with close attention by the large audience present.

The sessions of the Illinois State Historical Society presided over by Dr. Schmidt were held on the mornings of May 6 and 7, and some of the finest papers we have ever had were presented before the Society at this time. The sessions of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, presided over by Prof. Woodburn (together with the Teachers' section), were held Thursday and Friday afternoons and Friday evening.

The addresses of all the sessions were of the highest order and were given by their respective speakers as they were to appear on the program (which we herewith print,) with the exception of the address of C. A. Duniway of Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, who was detained at home by illness in his family. This paper was read by title only, and will appear in the printed proceedings of the Association.

The social features of the program were carried out as planned. The reception at the Mansion given by Governor Small and his daughter, Mrs. A. E. Inglesh, and the final auto-

mobile trip to New Salem were two of the features that our guests most enjoyed, judging by the fine appreciative letters we have received from many of the delegates to the convention. We hope at some future date to have the pleasure of entertaining again the Mississippi Valley Historical Association.

PROGRAM  
THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION  
OF THE  
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION  
(Together with the Teachers' Section)  
AND THE  
TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING  
OF THE  
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS  
MAY 6, 7 AND 8, 1926  
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

*President:* James A. Woodburn, Bloomington, Indiana.

*Secretary-Treasurer:* Mrs. Clarence S. Paine, Lincoln, Nebraska.

*Executive Committee:* Frank H. Hodder, Lawrence, Kansas, *Chairman*; Milo M. Quaife, Detroit; Chauncey S. Boucher, Chicago; William E. Connelley, Topeka, Kansas; Solon J. Buck, Minneapolis; Eugene C. Barker, Austin, Texas; Roy Gittinger, Norman, Oklahoma; Theodore C. Pease,

Urbana, Illinois; Wilson P. Shortridge, Morgantown, West Virginia; Jonas Viles, Columbia, Missouri; Beverly W. Bond, Jr., Cincinnati; Otto A. Rothert, Louisville, Kentucky; Otto L. Schmidt, Chicago; John D. Hicks, Lincoln, Nebraska; Joseph Schafer, Madison, Wisconsin.

*Program Committee:* Christopher B. Coleman, Indianapolis, *Chairman*; Chauncey S. Boucher, Chicago; Mrs. Clarence S. Paine, Lincoln, Nebraska.

*Teachers' Section Program Committee:* Bessie Louise Pierce, Iowa City, Iowa; Rolla M. Tryon, Chicago.

Membership in the Association is open to all who are interested. Annual dues, \$3; library and sustaining membership, \$5; life membership, \$100; patron membership, \$1,000. All members receive the quarterly *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*.

#### ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

*President:* Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, Chicago.

*Vice-Presidents:* George A. Lawrence, Galesburg; L. Y. Sherman, Springfield; Ensley Moore, Jacksonville; Charles L. Capen, Bloomington; Richard Yates, Springfield; Evarts B. Greene, New York City.

*Board of Directors:* Charles H. Rammelkamp, Jacksonville; George W. Smith, Carbondale; Andrew Russel, Jacksonville; \*Jessie Palmer Weber, Springfield; Walter Colyer, Albion; James A. James, Evanston; H. W. Clendenin, Springfield; John H. Hauberg, Rock Island; Orrin N. Carter, Evanston; Rev. Ira W. Allen, LaGrange; Lawrence M. Larson, Urbana; Theodore C. Pease, Urbana; Henry J. Patten, Evanston; Logan Hay, Springfield.

*Secretary-Treasurer:* Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber,\* Springfield.

*Assistant Secretary:* Miss Georgia L. Osborne.

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\* Deceased. May 31st, 1926.

*Springfield Committee on Local Arrangements:* Judge Roger E. Chapin, *Chairman*; Mrs. Logan Hay, Mrs. George F. Stericker, Mrs. I. G. Miller, Mrs. F. R. Jamison, Mrs. W. T. Lewis, Mrs. Hugh T. Morrison, Mrs. A. J. Lester, Mrs. Burton M. Reid, Mr. Thomas Rees, Mr. I. B. Blackstock, Mr. A. L. Bowen, Mr. George W. Bunn, Jr., Mr. Paul M. Angle, Mr. Aubrey Cribb.

PROGRAM

Thursday, May 6, 10 a. m.

Auditorium, Centennial Memorial Building

ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

10 o'Clock.

Annual Business Meeting.

10:45 o'Clock

*The Shifting Cowtowns of Kansas*—Louis Pelzer, State University of Iowa, Iowa City.

*The Relations of the Primitive Cultures of the Mississippi and the Rio Grande*—John Brainerd MacHarg, Lawrence College, Appleton, Wisconsin.

*Mormon Life and Doctrines in Illinois and Utah 1840-1860*—Willis G. Swartz, Sterling College, Sterling, Kansas.

*Illinois Architecture*—Thomas E. O'Donnell, University of Illinois, Urbana.

Thursday, May 6, 1 p. m.

Parlor Floor, Hotel Abraham Lincoln.

Mississippi Valley Historical Association Executive Committee Meeting.

Thursday, May 6, 2 p. m.

Auditorium, Centennial Memorial Building.

Mississippi Valley Historical Association.

James A. Woodburn, Presiding.



Address of Welcome on behalf of the Lincoln Centennial Association—Logan Hay, President, Springfield, Illinois.

“*The Life of the Common Soldier in the Union Army 1861-1865*”—Fred A. Shannon, Iowa State Teachers' College, Cedar Falls.

Songs—Miss Katherine Quinn.

*The Literary Motive in the Writing of History*—A discussion on the basis of the article by Homer C. Hockett in the Mississippi Valley Historical Review, March, 1926; led by Winfred T. Root, State University of Iowa, Iowa City.

General Discussion—Limited to five minutes for each speaker.

*Illustrative Review Lincoln's Latest Biographer*—M. M. Quaife, Detroit, Michigan.

Summary—Homer C. Hockett, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

Thursday, May 6, 6 p. m.

Ball Room, Hotel Abraham Lincoln.

Subscription Dinner.

Mississippi Valley Historical Association.

James A. Woodburn, Presiding.

Thursday, May 6, 8 p. m.

Auditorium, Centennial Memorial Building.

Joint Session

of

The Illinois State Historical Society

and

The Mississippi Valley Historical Association.

Dr. O. L. Schmidt, Chicago, President Illinois State Historical Society, Presiding.

Music—Illinois—Mrs. Gary Westenberger.

Songs—Mr. Gilbert H. Quigley.

Address—*Western Radicalism in American Politics*—James A. Woodburn, Bloomington, Indiana; President, Mississippi Valley Historical Association.

9:30 p. m. Reception.

Illinois State Historical Library.

Friday, May 7, 10 a. m.

Auditorium, Centennial Memorial Building.

Illinois State Historical Society.

*Sarah Bush Lincoln, the Stepmother of Abraham Lincoln*—Louis A. Warren, Zionsville, Indiana.

*Charles S. Zane—A Rare Judicial Service*—John M. Zane, Chicago.

*Abraham Lincoln and the Tradition of American Civil Liberty*—Arthur C. Cole, Ohio State University, Columbus.

Friday, May 7, 12 noon.

Main Dining Room, Hotel Abraham Lincoln.

Subscription Luncheon.

Mississippi Valley Historical Association.

James A. Woodburn, Presiding.

*American Historical Association Endowment*—Solon J. Buck, Executive Secretary, American Historical Association Endowment Fund.

*The George Rogers Clark Sesquicentennial*—William Fortune, Indianapolis.

1:30 p. m.

Mississippi Valley Historical Association—Business Meeting.

Friday, May 7, 2:30 p. m.

Auditorium, Centennial Memorial Building.

Teachers' Section

of

The Mississippi Valley Historical Association.

Chairman: Louise Welch, Head of Department of Social Science, Springfield High School, Presiding.

*Possibilities of Teaching World History in the Ninth Grade*—Nellie Jackson, Head of Department of History, Detroit Teachers' College.

*The Teaching of History and the Social Studies as a Field of Research*—A. C. Krey, University of Minnesota.

Songs—Miss Emma M. Sheffler.

*The Old and New in History Teaching*—Albert H. Sanford, State Normal School, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

*The Diary of an Itinerant Preacher as Source Material*—Julie Koch, Roosevelt High School, St. Louis.

Friday, May 7, 2:30 p. m.

The Lincoln Room, Centennial Memorial Building.  
Conference of State Historical Agencies and  
Historical Societies.

Friday, May 7, 4:30 p. m.

The Governor's Mansion.

Reception

to

Members of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association  
and

The Illinois State Historical Society

by

Governor Len Small and his daughter, Mrs. A. E. Inglesh.

Friday, May 7, 8 p. m.

Auditorium, Centennial Memorial Building.

Mississippi Valley Historical Association.

James A. Woodburn, Presiding.

*William Henry Harrison in the War of 1812*—Beverly W. Bond, Jr., University of Cincinnati.

*The Federal Civil Service under President Jackson*—E. M. Erickson, Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

*Illinois to Oregon in 1852*—C. A. Duniway, Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota.

Saturday, May 8, 9 a. m.

Automobile Trip to New Salem

Arranged by

The Illinois State Historical Society.

Saturday, May 8, 12 noon.

New Salem.

Luncheon for Members of the Mississippi Valley  
Historical Association

Given by

The Illinois State Historical Society.

\*Mr. Donald Robertson will read a poem on Abraham Lincoln.  
Address—*Abraham Lincoln*—Rev. Wm. E. Barton, Foxboro,  
Mass.

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\* Ill, not able to be present.



### LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—1926.

When Doctor Michael Pupin, one of the greatest inventors of the day and professor of Electro-mechanics at Columbia University, New York City, came to Springfield as principal speaker for the Lincoln Day, he ended a long pilgrimage which began over fifty years ago on a hillside in Serbia. For he dreamed as he tended his father's goats about Abraham Lincoln and resolved he would go some day to the land where Lincoln had lived.

The Lincoln Centennial Association under whose auspices the Lincoln birthday anniversary observances have been held for several years brought Dr. Pupin to Springfield to take his place among a notable group of men who have delivered addresses before that organization. Dr. Pupin said he felt that his own life had been unmeasurably enriched during the twenty-four hours which he had spent in Springfield. "One thing which has impressed me more than any other, except my visit to Lincoln's Home, is your beautiful old State House" (now the Sangamon County Court House). Dr. Pupin said in his address, "That fine old building in which Lincoln labored as a legislator is to me the 'Great Stone Face' of Springfield." Logan Hay, President of the Centennial Association, J. H. Holbrook, Treasurer and Paul M. Angle, Secretary, gave short talks.

In the evening the annual banquet and business meeting of sustaining members of the Lincoln Centennial Association was held at the Abraham Lincoln Hotel in the gold room. Dr. Pupin made his second address of the day and Associate Justice Frederic De Young, of the Illinois Supreme Court, and Rt. Rev. John Gardner Murray, Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church and Bishop of Maryland, also made talks on the life of Springfield's greatest citizen, Abraham Lincoln.

### CHICAGO HONORS LINCOLN'S MEMORY.

The observance of Lincoln's birthday, on Feb. 12, 1926, in Chicago, was said to eclipse in scope those of any like occasion in the city's history. Schools, financial and grain exchanges, banks, libraries, offices, shops and other places of business were closed part or all of the day, and postal service was discontinued in the afternoon. Flags were flying everywhere in tribute to the martyred President.

Outstanding among the celebrations was the unveiling of an oil portrait of Lincoln, painted by Vladimir Shamberk, famous Bohemian artist. At the City Club, U. S. Senator William B. McKinley and Anton J. Cermak were the speakers.

The Chicago Historical Society held formal Lincoln day exercises on Thursday evening, Feb. 11, 1926. Louis A. Warren, of Zionville, Ind., lectured on the connections of the Lincoln family in Kentucky and on the 12th of February, tours were conducted at half-hour intervals among the Lincoln relics of the Chicago Historical Society.

The spirit of the day was expressed by the Rev. A. M. Palmer, of the First Congregational Church, of Oak Park, at the G. A. R. service in the Memorial Hall, with Captain William P. Wright presiding. Federal Judge James H. Wilkerson spoke before the Hamilton Club, and former James Hamilton Lewis was chief speaker at the Lincoln banquet at the Germania Club. Another important event was the meeting of the Chicago Commonwealth Club at the Hotel LaSalle with five university presidents as the speakers. They were President Mason, of Chicago; President Scott, of Northwestern; President Kinley, of Illinois; President Penniman, of Pennsylvania, and President Little, of Michigan.

Other smaller dinners and meetings were held by civic and social organizations and it was estimated that the number of Lincoln programs, including those of the schools in the city, totaled more than a thousand.

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY OBSERVED IN TEXAS.

Official Texas observed Lincoln's birthday Feb. 12, 1926, for the first time in the history of the state. All the capitol offices were closed and Governor Miriam Ferguson suggested that the anniversary be observed throughout the state, "as Lincoln's kindly interest in the South when it was bleeding and sore from the ravages of war" was recalled by the Governor. Lincoln's birthday is not designated as a state holiday in Texas.

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### KNOX COLLEGE INAUGURATES NEW PRESIDENT.

Representatives from 65 educational institutions in all parts of the country including 20 college or university presidents, were in the line of march for the inauguration of Albert Britt, former New York magazine editor, as President of Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois, on February 20, 1926. President Britt and Dr. Walter A. Jessup, President of the University of Iowa, delivered addresses.

President Britt was born on a farm in Warren County, Illinois, Nov. 26, 1874. He was graduated from Knox College, with post-graduate work at Columbia University. He was a recent editor of *Outing*, and has also been editor of the *Railroad men's Magazine* and the *Munsey* publications, and is the author of several books. The ceremonies were held in the Central Congregational Church in Galesburg, Illinois.

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### OLDEST GRADUATE OF KNOX COLLEGE HAS 90TH BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Julia E. Ferris, the oldest living graduate of Knox College, celebrated her ninetieth birthday on March 28, 1926, in Carthage, Illinois. She was born in McDonough County, near Macomb. Her husband was a prominent member of the

Hancock County bar. He died 33 years ago. Her son, Junius Ferris, is President of the Hancock County Bank of Carthage and her daughter, Mrs. Ella Schofield, is wife of Judge Charles Schofield.

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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY, 2ND ILLINOIS INFANTRY,  
MARCH 13, 1926, UNVEILS MONUMENT.

The old Second Infantry, with a proud record of bravery in war and of service in peace, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary on March 13, 1926, by the dedication of a monument in Garfield Park, which was unveiled by Miss Helen Rand, daughter of the present Commanding Officer, Col. Frederick E. Rand. Brig. Gen. Abel Davis, who commanded the regiment overseas during the World War, when it became the 132nd Infantry, made the dedicatory address at the unveiling ceremonies, following the invocation by the Chaplain, Capt. John L. O'Donnell.

The organization was started by south side youths in 1875, and was first headed by Col. James Quireck, Lieutenant Colonel of the 23rd Illinois Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War. The following are some of the commanders: Col. William Hale Thompson, Col. Harris A. Wheeler, Col. Florenz Ziegfeld, Col. Louis S. Judd, Col. George M. Moulton, Col. James E. Stuart, Col. John Garrity.

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GENERAL FRANK R. SCHWENGEL.

Col. Frank R. Schwengel, for the last several years Commanding Officer of the 122nd Field Artillery, I. N. G., is to be congratulated for winning his shoulder stars of a Brigadier General, and Illinois is to be congratulated on getting General Schwengel to head the 58th Field Artillery Brigade of the 33rd Division.

Gen. Schwengel enlisted in the 122nd Artillery more than 20 years ago, when it was still the old First Illinois Cavalry. He has risen from the ranks, and his years of leadership in-



clude service with his regiment during the war, as Captain, Major and Lieutenant Colonel.

Gen. Schwengel is thoroughly experienced and schooled and is a skilled commander of artillery. His brigade, composed of the 122nd and 124th Regiments of Field Artillery will be not only the largest aggregate of field artillery in any city in the country, but under his direction, one of the best trained and practiced of any brigade in the National Guard organization.

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### WORLD'S FAIR IN CHICAGO.

#### COMMITTEE TO PLAN ANOTHER WORLD'S FAIR IS NAMED.

Mayor Dever has named 200 prominent citizens of Chicago to serve on a civic centennial committee to determine if a great exposition far surpassing that of 1893 can be carried out in 1933 or 1937. The committee will call in representatives of all civic and commercial interests whose co-operation would be vital in such an undertaking.

An advantageous site for the fair would be Grant Park and a ten mile lengthwise strip along the lake front, according to two of the chief promoters of the plan, Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, President of the Chicago Historical Society, and Charles H. Wacker, of the Chicago Plan Commission. Soldiers' Field, the Municipal pier, Field Museum and the Art Institute, would be pivotal points of display. Other new exhibition buildings like the Fine Arts Building in Jackson Park, would be constructed south to the Midway, transforming the entire strip into one vast show ground.

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#### JOSIAH T. READE, LIBRARIAN.

Nearly 97 years old, Josiah T. Reade, of Lombard, Illinois, goes to his work every morning as Librarian of the American Seating Co., 14 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., a position he has held since 1899.

Mr. Reade is the oldest living graduate of Amherst Col-

lege, class of '56. He comes of a family, many members of which lived to a great age. His own mother lived to be 101 years, and of her seven children only two died under 80 years. He was born at Worcester, Mass., Aug. 4, 1829.

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### THE GREEN HOTEL, MASSAC COUNTY LANDMARK, BURNED.

Fire destroyed the oldest landmark in Massac County, the Green Hotel, of Metropolis, on April 21st, 1926. The hotel was built more than 70 years ago. Many Civil War personages were on its register.

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### UNITED STATES RENOUNCES ALL RIGHTS TO FORT DEARBORN.

Washington, D. C., May 4, (A. P.)

President Coolidge, on May 4, 1926, signed the act releasing to Chicago all reversionary rights of the United States in the streets and public grounds in the Fort Dearborn addition to Chicago.

The act was necessitated to make absolutely clear the titles to property worth fortunes. The legal question arose in connection with the planning and erecting of skyscrapers in the vicinity of the Jewelers' building, the Michigan Avenue bridge and the new Wacker Drive Boulevard, where part of the land once was owned by the government.

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### MEMORIAL DAY IN CHICAGO.

#### PARADE OF VETERANS LIKE A PAGEANT OF UNITED STATES HISTORY.

Bugles and throbbing drums, and feet that marched at Gettysburg, San Juan Hill, and along the Marne, were in the Memorial Day Parade in Chicago, that wound its length hour after hour from the Water Tower to Roosevelt Road.

"As the years pass and the ranks thin, the boys of '61 hold more of the sentiment of the Memorial Day crowds. Here is history stepping out of the school books for the boys. The quaint old blue peaked caps of the Civil War, the white hair, the unsteady steps, the Burnside whiskers, are all there. With white hair flying, feet firm to the music of the old days, eyes ahead upon the flag they had followed, they marched on and on to the glorious end. The Civil War veterans, symbol of the struggle to preserve the Union, were well to the head of the parade, which was led by the Chicago police, 1,500 strong, and by Gen. James E. Stuart, veteran of three wars, '61, '98 and the World War, Grand Marshal of the day."

Gov. Len Small, Major William E. Dever, and Gen. William S. Graves, commander of the sixteenth army corps, and a number of city and county officials were in the reviewing stand at the Logan monument.

The Spanish War veterans were in line with A. B. Horder, Marshall of this division. The American Legion had, of course, the largest turnout. This included all the Chicago Posts and the wounded and sick comrades, and a variety of flags showing the Belgian, Italian, Polish, British, Canadian and French veterans, and the gold star fathers and mothers. The cavalry of the regular army, field artillery, tank battalions and naval reserve corps rounded out the parade; in fact every variety of uniform and equipment from the antiquated accouterment of the Civil War to the modernized units of the 33rd division, was seen in the line. Memorial services were held in many of the cemeteries and patriotic services were held in the suburbs of Chicago and cities down state in Illinois.

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#### THE JOHN B. MURPHY MEMORIAL HALL OF SURGICAL SCIENCE.

The John B. Murphy Memorial Hall at 48 East Erie Street, Chicago, Illinois, built by subscription in memory of the Chicago surgeon who was recognized as one of the great

clinical teachers of his time, was formally opened Thursday, June 10, 1926, with an impressive ceremony, and presented to the American College of Surgeons as the new home of surgical science in the western hemisphere.

What this means to the advance of medicine in America was shown in the presence of distinguished surgeons and teachers and a representation of civic and educational leadership rarely found under one roof, and in the addresses of the speakers of the evening, Dr. Rudolph Matas, of New Orleans, President of the American College of Surgeons, and Dr. William J. Mayo, of Rochester, Minn.

The exercises were specially in memory of Dr. Murphy, whose white marble bust was placed on a table on the platform, draped by American and British flags. He was one of the founders of the College of Surgeons which will carry on its research and educational work from these halls.

Leroy A. Goddard, President of the Murphy Memorial Association, presided, and the invocation was delivered by the Rev. William H. Agnew, President of Loyola University. This memorial testifies in mute but unmistakable terms, that the soul of surgery has found its place in the heart of humanity.

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS CONFERRED 1,890  
DEGREES IN JUNE, 1926.

The University of Illinois conferred approximately 1,890 degrees in June, 1926, announced by the Secretary of the Board of Trustees. Included in the number were 341 degrees which were granted in Chicago to students in medicine, dentistry and pharmacy. A class of about 1,550 were graduated at the Urbana-Champaign departments.



### WILLIAMSON COUNTY LEADS COAL OUTPUT IN FORTY-FOUR YEAR PERIOD.

Duquoin, Ill., June 22, (U. P.)

Williamson County leads all others in Southern Illinois in coal output for a period of 44 years, according to figures compiled recently. Franklin County, which has been first in coal output for the last six years, is second; Sangamon, third; and Macoupin, fourth; St. Clair, fifth; and Madison County holds sixth place of total number of tons mined in 44 years.

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### DR. OTTO L. SCHMIDT, CHAIRMAN OF CHICAGO COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION ENDOWMENT FUND.

The American Historical Association which is seeking an endowment of \$1,000,000 to further research in history has appointed Dr. Otto L. Schmidt chairman of the Chicago committee to co-operate with the one in New York headed by former Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes.

The endowment fund work is under the direction of a national endowment committee, of which former Senator Albert J. Beveridge is chairman. Illinois members of this body, including Vice President Charles G. Dawes, former Governor Frank O. Lowden, Senator Charles S. Deneen, and Harry Pratt Judson, will assist the Chicago committee.

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### MRS. NOBLE B. JUDAH GIVEN LEGION OF HONOR AWARD.

For work she did among French wounded near Verdun battle front in the closing months of the World War, Mrs. Dorothy Patterson Judah, wife of Attorney Noble B. Judah, was awarded the decoration of chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France. The presentation was made in Philadelphia, Penn., by Dr. Marcel Knecht of Paris, representing

Henry Berenger, the French Ambassador. Col. Judah himself, received the Legion of Honor cross at the close of the war for his services on the general staff of General Pershing with the Rainbow Division.

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WHITE HALL, ILLINOIS, VETERAN BELIEVED TO  
BE THE LAST OF 32ND ILLINOIS  
INFANTRY.

Charles V. Boring, residing with his son, Joseph Boring, on Lincoln street, is now believed to be the sole survivor of the 32nd Illinois Infantry, Civil War. The only other survivor three years ago was Thomas Farmer of Edwardsville, who was in poor health at that time, and another was John R. Robinett of White Hall, who died recently.

Mr. Boring was drummer boy for the regiment throughout the four years and nine months he served. He is now 79 years of age. Seven years ago he became totally blind, following a number of years of failing eyesight, but otherwise he is in excellent physical condition. He served in Company D, 32nd Ill. Vol. Inf.



## NECROLOGY





### **JAMES NORMAN GRIDLEY, 1842-1924.**

James Norman Gridley, who passed away in California, November 8, 1924, had lived the greater part of his life in Illinois and was one of the most interested and enthusiastic members of the Illinois State Historical Society. He had published one volume of "The History of Cass County" under its auspices and contributed several other essays. He was especially interested in the development of the collection on Lincoln.

James N. Gridley was born in Chesterfield, N. H., in 1842. He graduated from Ypsilanti Academy and later moved to Illinois. Here he was married to Frances Hill and had a family of eight children, seven of whom are still living. He was admitted to the bar in Illinois where he practiced law until the time of his wife's death, when he moved to California in 1913.

Perhaps the best estimate of his true worth and service to his community can best be told in the words of friends who wrote of him at his death:

"The death of James Norman Gridley, for years conspicuous in Cass County legal circles and a prominent figure in Democratic politics in the county and district, marks the passing of a figure that for many years took a leading part in the development of the community. His retirement from activity among us nine years ago was a distinct loss, but now his departure in spirit also leaves a void that cannot readily be filled.

Symbolic of that sturdy, robust type that recognizes no defeat, Mr. Gridley's contribution to the community through his personality and perseverance, not to mention his marked ability in diversified avocationism, will live as a monument to his memory to be handed down for generations. He was the mentor of a large group whose members have taken foremost

roles both in front and behind the scenes on the stage of life as we have played it for a generation."

After Mr. Gridley retired he moved to Long Beach, California, where he was married to an old schoolmate of his, Mrs. Emily Brady, who now survives him. He was admitted to the California bar and during the war gave many tedious hours of advice and service, without compensation to those who needed aid in conscription papers and again later in income tax reports. At the time of his death he had founded a place for himself in his new community and had made a great number of friends there who likewise have mourned his passing.

Mr. Gridley was a valued member of the Illinois State Historical Society and a contributor to the *Journal of the Society*. Among the articles was one on Lincoln's Defense of Duff Armstrong, in *Journal* Vol. 3, No. 1, April, 1910; another, *The County Seat Battles of Cass County, Illinois*, in *Journal* Vol. 7, No. 3, October, 1914.

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**BRIGADIER GENERAL EDWARD JOHN McCLERNAND,  
1848-1926.**

Brig. Gen. Edward J. McClernand, retired veteran of the Indian Wars and the battle of Santiago under Shafter, died at the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., on February 9th, 1926, at the age of 78 years.

Brig. Gen. McClernand was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, December 29, 1848, the son of Major General John Alexander McClernand (Commander 13th Army Corps in the Civil War) and Sarah Dunlap McClernand. He was educated in Jacksonville and Springfield, Illinois, graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1870, and on November 14, 1888, married Miss Sara Pomp of Easton, Pennsylvania.

He was breveted first lieutenant February 27, 1890, for gallantry in pursuit of Indians and in actions against them at

Bear Paw Mountains, Mont., September 30, 1877; awarded congressional Medal of Honor, November 27, 1894, "for most distinguished gallantry in action against Nez Perces Indians." He served in Santiago Campaign, Spanish-American War, was made a brigadier-general in the Philippines August 27, 1912, and retired from active service December 29, 1912.

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**JACOB HAISH, INVENTOR OF BARBED WIRE, DIES  
AT THE AGE OF 99 YEARS.**

Jacob Haish, De Kalb's oldest and most prominent citizen, died at De Kalb, Illinois, February 19th, 1926, at the age of 99. He was born in Cilsul, Baden, Germany, came to America when he was 9 years of age, moving to De Kalb County in 1846, became a millionaire, was said to be the oldest bank president in the United States, and, had he lived until March 9, would have attained the century mark.

Jacob Haish, with his spectacles, his kindly wrinkles, and his white chin whiskers, was a man of peace. His life was spent in providing the farmer with the machinery of his calling. Yet Jacob Haish, peaceful, aged citizen that he was, must be ranked as the author of the most successful defensive land armament the world now knows.

For Jacob Haish invented, and made his millions manufacturing, barbed wire.

The idea came to him as he repaired pasture fences three-quarters of a century ago. He had wound smooth wire with osage, the stiff thorns of which would keep the cattle away, when the thought came to him to make the thorns of sharp wire. And so barbed wire was created.

Barbed wire was a blessing to the farmer. It was, and still is, the best combination of economy and efficiency in fencing material. Jacob Haish helped the settler tame the western wilderness. Then came the war, and the farmer's fence was turned into the tangle of horror and death that ran like a rusty snake through northern France from Switzerland to the channel.



Barbed wire became the moat of modern warfare; it took the place of the Roman ditch with its sharpened stakes. The soldier learned what a wiring party was, and he looked out the next day to see the body of his comrade of the night before hanging, limp and tangled, in the taloned coils. Artillery was supposed to smash the wire; sometimes it did, sometimes it didn't. Germany fought the wire with poison gas. England learned how to trample it under the clumsy caterpillar feet of its tanks.

Of all the implements of war, barbed wire was the most stubborn, the hardest to conquer. Trenches have been filled for years; crumbled walls have been rebuilt. But even today rolls of rusted wire in the ditch beside the fields where French peasants plow attest the wicked persistence of Jacob Haish's invention.

Summon to mind the names of great inventors of military instruments, and there flash out such names as those of Lewis, Harvey, Gatling, Browning, Weizmann, Schneider, and Hotchkiss.

Then add to the list the name of Jacob Haish, man of peace, friend of the farmer, and inventor of the world's best protective armament for land warfare.

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#### **GEORGE BARTLETT, OLDEST MAN IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, DIES AT THE AGE OF 101 YEARS.**

George Henry Bartlett, 101 years old, the oldest resident of Montgomery County, died at 4:00 o'clock Thursday afternoon, April 2, 1926, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Ida Dillingham, in Fillmore.

Mr. Bartlett had been one of the most prominent men in the county for years, and was the more conspicuous because he climbed to the 100 mark still possessing the vigor of middle age. Then the 101 mark, and March 17 of this year he observed the birthday anniversary which made him older than anyone living in this part of the State. He expected it to be his last. During the year the constitution which had served

him so well for an entire century began to weaken with its weight of years, and he gradually became weaker until a few days ago, when his physician told him that he had but a short while to live.

Even then he had triumphed over old age and death. During all of those 101 years he was seldom ill, and seldom complained of disease. A painter, he worked hard from the time he was able to work at all, until he had long since seen the beginnings of old age. There was no giving up. Even at the time for him to lie down for the last sleep he was said not to have any illness. He just became tired and the body which had served him so long gave up its work.

#### CIVIL WAR VETERAN.

Mr. Bartlett was a veteran of the Civil War and was one of the oldest members of the G. A. R., if not the oldest, in Illinois. He was in the Civil War for several years and fought in some of its most important and some of its fiercest engagements. He was for years an officer in the Fillmore Post of the G. A. R. and always took an active interest in the affairs of that organization.

He was a member of the Baptist Church in Fillmore and had held to the technic of that church for many years. He was a regular attendant at its services and one of its most enthusiastic supporters. He has supported its interests since he came to Fillmore 42 years ago. That was in the early days of the church, and of the town.

He was a native of New York, and was born in Argusville, Montgomery County, that state. He was a son of the late Henry and Jennie Clement Bartlett. February 26, 1855, he was married to Miss Martha M. Rhodes, of Hindsburg, at the home of her parents there. They lived there more than 20 years and then came to the little town of Vera, in Fayette County. There they lived for a few years, then moved over to Fillmore, which has been their home until Mrs. Bartlett's death. Then he went to live with his daughter, Mrs. Dillingham, who is his only living child. Another, Stella, died at the age of six years.

**CAPTAIN J. M. GALE, FRIEND OF LINCOLN, DIES AT  
BUSHNELL, ILLINOIS.**

Captain J. M. Gale, friend of Abraham Lincoln, died on February 19, 1926, in Bushnell, Illinois, at the age of 85. He was vice-president of the First National Bank of Bushnell, and a captain in the Civil War.

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**CHARLES E. HULL, FORMER STATE SENATOR FROM  
THE FORTY-SECOND DISTRICT, DIES  
AT SALEM, ILLINOIS.**

Charles E. Hull, age 63 years, former State Senator from the Forty-second District, member of the Senate, Forty-fourth General Assembly, 1904-1906, and the Forty-fifth General Assembly, 1906-1908, died at his home, Salem, Illinois, February 24, 1926. Senator Hull was a close friend of William J. Bryan, and was one of the pall bearers at his funeral in Washington, D. C. Senator Hull was an active member of the Illinois State Historical Society.

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**GEORGE W. HOTCHKISS, 1831-1926.**

One of the last of '49 gold hunters, George W. Hotchkiss, died March 1, 1926, in Evanston, Illinois, where he had lived for forty-eight years. He was born in New Haven, Conn., on October 16, 1831, and married Elizabeth St. John at Port Dover, Canada, on his return from California, August 14, 1856. Mrs. Hotchkiss, at the time of her husband's death, was 94 years old.

The survivors of the famous gold rush had always heretofore, had one of their number speak at the grave of their departed comrades, but no one of them spoke at Mr. Hotchkiss' funeral, as he is the last.

Mr. Hotchkiss was author of "Lumber Industry in the Northwest," and edited the "Lumberman's Gazette" (the first lumber journal in America), and a former editor of the

Evanston Press. He was one of the oldest Masons in Illinois and a member of the Second Presbyterian Church, Evanston, Illinois, the "Borrowed Time Club" of Oak Park, and Evanston Lodge No. 524, A. F. and A. M. He is survived by his widow and one son, Everett S. Hotchkiss.

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**WILLIAM M. PROVINE, CIVIL WAR VETERAN, DIES  
AT TAYLORVILLE, ILLINOIS.**

William M. Provine, 84, dean of Christian County attorneys and Civil War Lieutenant, died on March 5, 1926, in Taylorville, Illinois. He was the last survivor of Company B, 84th Illinois Infantry. He took pride in telling how he cast his first vote for Lincoln, while a prisoner of war at Charleston, S. C. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1912. He is survived by two children, Attorney Walter Provine, and Miss Bertha Provine.

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**WILLIAM C. BLAIR, FORMER MEMBER OF ILLINOIS  
LEGISLATURE, DIES AT MOUNT VERNON,  
ILLINOIS.**

William C. Blair, 64, Democratic member of the lower house of the Illinois General Assembly from the Forty-sixth District from 1906-1910, died at Mount Vernon, Illinois, on March 7th, 1926. He served four years as State's Attorney of Jefferson County, and was formerly prominent as a criminal lawyer. For the last two years he had been police magistrate of the city of Mount Vernon. He was the brother of Francis G. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

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**MRS. JANE CUNNINGHAM, PIONEER OF WINNEBAGO  
COUNTY, DIES AT THE AGE OF  
104 YEARS.**

Mrs. Jane Cunningham, Winnebago County's oldest resi-



dent, who celebrated her 104th birthday on April 1, died at Rockford, Illinois, May 5, 1926.

With her passing there is ended the story of a life that paralleled the life of Rockford, a story full of the hardships bravely faced by the pioneers; a story of courage and labor and friendliness; and a story of long, contented, beautiful old age.

Death came quietly, with little pain, at 9:55 o'clock. Only recently Mrs. Cunningham felt well enough to be up about the garden. She had been on the veranda of the big white house at the top of Corey's bluff, from where she could look over the tree tops of Rockford, just as she has looked at their springtime green since the Cunningham home was built in 1869. A slight cold bothered her, but she did not appear to her daughter, Miss Jennie Cunningham, to be seriously ill.

#### NATIVE NEW YORKER.

The daughter of Michael and Elsie Mandeville, Jane Mandeville was born on April 1, 1822, near Buffalo, N. Y. Her father had served in the War of 1812, and her grandfather, Jacob Mandeville, had fought in the Revolution. Her paternal grandmother was the daughter of Jeremiah Clark, who served in the Continental Congress for fourteen years.

With her parents, her four brothers and her sister, Jane Mandeville traveled westward when she was in her late teens. The family traveled partly by boat, and by wagon, a carefully constructed panelled vehicle that kept the family and the household goods comfortably sheltered.

It was in 1839, only three years after the first settlers had come to Rockford, that the Mandevilles arrived here, stopping with Elsie Mandeville's brother, Deacon Alonzo Corey, in his home on the heights south of the city that have been known for many years as Corey's bluff. Houses were scarce. There was one available for a year, on the farm land now occupied by Pinehurst farm, and there the Mandevilles lived until the father built a home, the old Mandeville homestead.

The Cunningham family, which also came west in the late thirties, took up land and built a house on a farm adjoining the Mandeville farm. Benjamin Franklin Cunningham and young Jane Mandeville met, fell in love, and were married in March, 1844. They lived for a while with the young groom's parents, the son helping his father on the farm.

After leaving the Cunningham farm, the young couple took a small farm in Centerville. In 1869 they built their big white house on Corey's bluff, where they bought 70 acres of fertile, picturesque rolling farm land. The estate has been kept intact, with its lovely fields, its little thickets, its wild plum trees and its wild rose bushes.

The Cunninghams had only one child, Jennie, who survives. Through the years Mrs. Cunningham worked side by side with her husband, taking charge of the farm when ill health obliged him to give up his labors on several occasions. She was a helpful, cheerful neighbor, and she mothered more than one youngster left orphaned.

Mr. Cunningham died June 15, 1900. Since that time Mrs. Cunningham and her daughter have spent most of the years in their big home, undaunted by the heavy winter snows that cut them off from their neighbors, unwilling to leave the beautiful hill top. On the occasions of Mrs. Cunningham's birthday parties, greetings have come from all parts of the United States, and there was always a huge birthday cake with its many candles.

Mrs. Cunningham was the last of the sons and daughters of Michael and Elsie Mandeville. She leaves a niece, Mrs. Carrie Corey, who lives near Los Angeles, Calif.; and two nephews, Eugene Mandeville, Monrovia, Calif., and Charles Mandeville, Holton, Kans. Mrs. Robert Gibson, 1132 North Court street, is a relative.

Mrs. Cunningham attended the Church of the Christian Union. Her pastor, the Rev. Charles Parker Connolly, officiated at the private funeral service. Burial was made in Greenwood cemetery.

**JUDGE CHARLES AESOP MARTIN.**

By ALBERT R. LYLES, M. D.

The subject of this sketch was born in Cass County, Illinois, on the fourth day of November, 1857, and died at his home in Virginia, Illinois, the fourth day of April, 1926. His father, John Martin, was born in Pennsylvania in 1829 of Scotch-Irish parentage, while his mother's maiden name was Rose Ann Turner, she being a daughter of James U. and Julia (Romig) Turner. In 1868, his father sold his farm in Cass County and moved to Edgar County, Illinois, where he purchased another farm. It was here Charles first attended the country schools in company with his older brothers. At the first call for volunteers, in 1861, his father, John Martin, enlisted in the 14th Illinois Cavalry, but for some reason was transferred to the 1st Missouri Cavalry. He was wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge and removed to a hospital in Rollo, Mo., and died there later, in 1862. After remaining in Edgar County for a time, Mrs. Martin moved back to Cass County, in order to be nearer her parents. Here Charles attended the country schools and assisted on the farm till he was old enough to leave home for school. He attended the schools in Bloomington and Normal, Illinois, till he became proficient enough to engage in teaching. He was quite anxious to pursue the profession of law, and at the age of twenty years began the study of law in connection with school teaching. This he kept up for a few years, because of his limited financial means, till he was ready to go before the State Board of Examiners. He was admitted to the bar in 1881. He then opened up an office in Virginia, Illinois, and remained there for the rest of his life. On September 8th, 1881, he was married to Miss Sallie Ruth Beadles, a daughter of James M. Beadles, of Cass County, Illinois.

Mr. Beadles came to Cass County in 1834 with his father from the State of Virginia, and settled on a farm near the present site of Virginia, the county seat of Cass County.

Two children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Martin, a boy



JUDGE A. E. MARTIN, VIRGINIA, ILLINOIS.





and a girl. Both children died in early childhood, the boy at the age of six years and the girl at the age of four.

In 1892, Judge Martin was selected as a delegate to the National Republican Convention which was held in Minneapolis. Again in 1900, when the convention met in Philadelphia, he was sent as a delegate.

In this same year, Governor John R. Tanner appointed him as one of the State Commissioners to the World's Exposition, which was held that year in the city of Paris, France.

After fulfilling the requirement of his official duties at the fair, he spent considerable time traveling over Europe. Here he gave special attention to the noted art galleries and museums, as well as to the cathedrals, churches and tombs of noted historical characters.

He was a man of keen observation and retentive memory, and because of the fact that his mind was already well stored with European historical facts, he was well qualified as a ready and forceful speaker and conversationalist. Politically, he was always a Republican, firmly believing in the principles promulgated by the Republican party, though not intolerant to the political views of others.

Cass County has for many years been largely Democratic, majorities usually running from five hundred to one thousand or more.

In 1910, Mr. Martin was nominated for the candidacy of County Judge. The result of the election in November showed his election by good majority. For sixteen consecutive years he held the position of county judge, each time winning the election by handsome majorities. His friends had again prevailed on him to become a candidate for re-election, which of course would result in another term, provided he had lived.

During his tenure of office, he was always found to be kind and compassionate, though firm and unwavering, never deviating from that which he thought was right. His brother attorneys always seemed to have the highest regard for his opinion and advice, and a few weeks after his death held a memorial service in his honor.

Besides the busy life of county judge, he was not found idle along other lines. During the World War, he was appointed on the advisory board of the law department, as well as being a four minute man. Toward the end of the war he was elected president of Virginia Chapter of the Red Cross.

He had quite a reputation as a speaker and orator, and had many invitations to address the people of his own and surrounding counties. While political campaigns were on, his services were always in demand.

He was also a consistent member of the Christian church, willing to do what he could for the upbuilding of the church and Sunday school. Fraternally, he was a member of the Odd Fellows and Modern Woodmen of America.

He was especially interested in history, and was for many years a member of the Illinois State Historical Society, and was greatly interested in the success of the Society. In 1915, a history of Cass County was published of which he was the editor and compiler. This alone would require much time and careful research. This history will be read with much interest long after most of us who are living at the present time are forgotten.

Among the undistinguished crowds around us, few men or women stand out conspicuously enough to be remembered any length of time after they have passed from the active stage of life, unless because of some particular eccentricity, then only by those who knew them, and not because of their good deeds.

Judge Martin stood for the best things in life, and loved that which was good. He loved all nature; the birds of the air and their songs of praise, the flowers of the fields and the trees of the forest, the hills and dales, the mountains and rivers, the oceans and lakes. He loved the blue sky and the clouds which chased each other, the starry heavens and the constellations, and loved to talk of them. He also was a lover of the works of man. He loved beautiful pictures and the artists. He loved music and the composers, he loved good books and loved to talk of them and their authors. Could he

have seen the angel writing in the book of gold as described by Leigh Hunt, he too might have said: "Write me as one who loves his fellow men." The man who could love all these, must love his God supremely.

---

**A. J. SCROGIN, DRY LEADER AND EX-LEGISLATOR,  
DIES.**

Arthur J. Scrogin, 73 years old, former member of the Illinois State Legislature and for many years president of the Illinois Anti-Saloon League, died on April 20, 1926, at his home in Lexington, Illinois. He was a prominent farmer of McLean County. He was in the Illinois House of Representatives from 1896-1902.

---

**MRS. SARAH NICKERSON, A FRIEND OF LINCOLN,  
DIES IN MOLINE, ILLINOIS.**

Mrs. Sarah Nickerson, at whose childhood home near Springfield, Abraham Lincoln is said to have stopped a number of times while he was a member of the Illinois Legislature, died on April 26, 1926. She was 90 years old. Mrs. Nickerson operated a mill on Spoon River in the '40's.

---

**PHILLIP BECKER, LAST OF THE MUSICIANS AT  
LINCOLN RITES IN SPRINGFIELD, DIES  
IN JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.**

Phillip Becker, believed to be the last surviving member of the band which played at the funeral of Abraham Lincoln in Springfield in 1865, died at his home in Jacksonville, Illinois, May 7, 1926. He was 92 years old, and had lived in the same house for sixty years.

He was born in Germany in 1834 and came to Jacksonville in 1855. He was a member of the silver cornet band



which assembled in Springfield for the funeral of Lincoln, and he also organized the first band in Jacksonville, made up of sixteen German musicians.

He is survived by one son, Phillip, Jr., of Jacksonville, and one daughter, Mrs. Kate Werghwein, of Henry, Illinois. Funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon, May 9th. Interment was made in Diamond Grove cemetery.

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**MRS. ELIZABETH LANCE MINNIG, 1824-1926.**

At the age of 101 years death claimed Mrs. Elizabeth Lance Minnig, of Wheatland, Ill., June 28, 1926. In four more months she would have reached her 102nd birthday. She passed away at the home of W. B. Patterson.

Mrs. Minnig was born in Lancaster County, Pa., on October 21, 1824. She is survived by three daughters, 18 grandchildren, 33 great-grandchildren and 11 great-great-grandchildren.

---

**CHARLES E. FULLER, 1849-1926.**

Charles E. Fuller of Belvidere, Illinois, long prominent in Illinois Republican politics, and a member of Congress from the Twelfth Congressional District of Illinois, was born in Flora Township, Boone County, a son of Seymour Fuller, of Shaftsbury, Vt., the latter being a son of Solomon Fuller, who moved from that state to Wyoming County, N. Y., where he died. Solomon Fuller, in turn, was a son of Elijah Fuller, whose death took place in Shaftsbury. Seymour Fuller married Eliza A. Mordoff, of Wyoming County, N. Y., and came to Illinois via the lakes in 1844. He settled on government land in Flora Township, where he passed the remainder of his life, his wife having preceded him to the grave in 1882. Charles E. Fuller received his education in the district schools, the Belvidere High School and Wheaton College, afterwards reading the law with Jesse S. Hildrup, and being admitted to

the bar in 1870. He was married to Sarah A. Mackey, of Cherry Valley, Boone County, Illinois.

Politically, Mr. Fuller was one of the most prominent Republicans of Illinois. In 1876 he was elected State's Attorney and, in 1878, State Senator, serving one term (1878-82), when he was elected Representative, there serving three consecutive terms (1882-88), when he was returned to the Senate for one term (1888-92). In 1884 he was a delegate to the Republican National Convention, and in 1897 was elected Circuit Judge for the Seventeenth Judicial Circuit. In 1902, before the expiration of his six-year term upon the bench, he was elected Representative in the Fifty-eighth Congress, and was continuously re-elected, with the exception of four years, until the time of his death. In each successive position held by Judge Fuller since his entrance into public life, he constantly maintained and enhanced his high reputation as an able, diligent and faithful servant of the people. He raised a regiment for the war with Spain and was commissioned Colonel of the same, but the war was over before the regiment was called into service.

Judge Fuller died at Rochester, Minn., June 25, 1926, at the age of seventy-seven.

## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.

No. 1. \*A Bibliography of Newspapers published in Illinois prior to 1860. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D., and Milo J. Loveless. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 2. \*Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.

No. 3. \*The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.

No. 4. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D. 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 5. \*Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.

No. 6 to 31. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1924. (Nos. 6 to 26 out of print.)

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1903.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. The Cahokia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. CLVI and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. III. Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. Lincoln Series, Vol. I. Edited by Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph. D. 627 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1908.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IV. Executives Series, Vol. I. The Governors' Letter Books, 1818-1834. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. XXXII and 317 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V. Virginia Series, Vol. II. Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. L. and 621 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VI. Bibliographical Series, Vol. I. Newspapers and Periodicals of Illinois, 1814-1879. Revised and enlarged edition. Edited by Franklin William Scott. CIV and 610 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1910.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VII. Executive Series, Vol. II. Governors' Letter Books, 1840-1853. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Charles Manfred Thompson. CXVIII and 469 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1911.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VIII. Virginia Series, Vol. III. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781. Edited with introductions and notes by James Alton James. CLXVII and 715 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1912.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IX. Bibliographical Series, Vol. II. Travel and Description, 1765-1865. By Solon Justus Buck. 514 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. X. British Series, Vol. I. The Critical Period, 1763-1765. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. LVII and 597 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XI. British Series, Vol. II. The New Regime, 1765-1767. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. XXVIII and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1916.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XII. Bibliographical Series, Vol. III. The County Archives of the State of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. CXLI and 730 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIII. Constitutional Series, Vol. I. Illinois Constitutions. Edited by Emil Joseph Verlie. 231 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. The Constitutional Debates of 1847. Edited with introduction and notes by Arthur Charles Cole. XV and 1018 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XV. Biographical Series, No. 1. Governor Edward Coles by Elihu B. Washburne. Reprint with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 435 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1920.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVI. British Series, Vol. III. Trade and Politics, 1761-1769. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. XVII and 760 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1921.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVII. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. of the Northwest Territory, 1788-1800. Edited with introduction and notes by Theodore Calvin Pease. XXXVI and 591 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1925.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVIII. Biographical Series, No. 1. Illinois Election Returns, 1818-1848. Edited with introduction and notes by Theodore Calvin Pease. LXVIII and 598 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1923.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIX. Virginia Series, Vol. IV. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1781-1784. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James, Ph. D., LL. D., LXV and 572 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1926.

\*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, September, 1905. Illinois in the Eighteenth Century. By Clarence Walworth Alvord. 38 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

\*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 2, June 1, 1906. Laws of the Territory of Illinois, 1809-1811. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 34 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1906.

\*Circular Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, November, 1905. An Outline for the Study of Illinois State History. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber and Georgia L. Osborne. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

\*Publication No. 18. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

\*Publication No. 25. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Supplement to Publication No. 18. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1918.

Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, Vol. I, No. 1, April, 1908, to Vol. 19, Nos. 1-2, April-July, 1926.

Journals out of print: Volumes I to X, inclusive.

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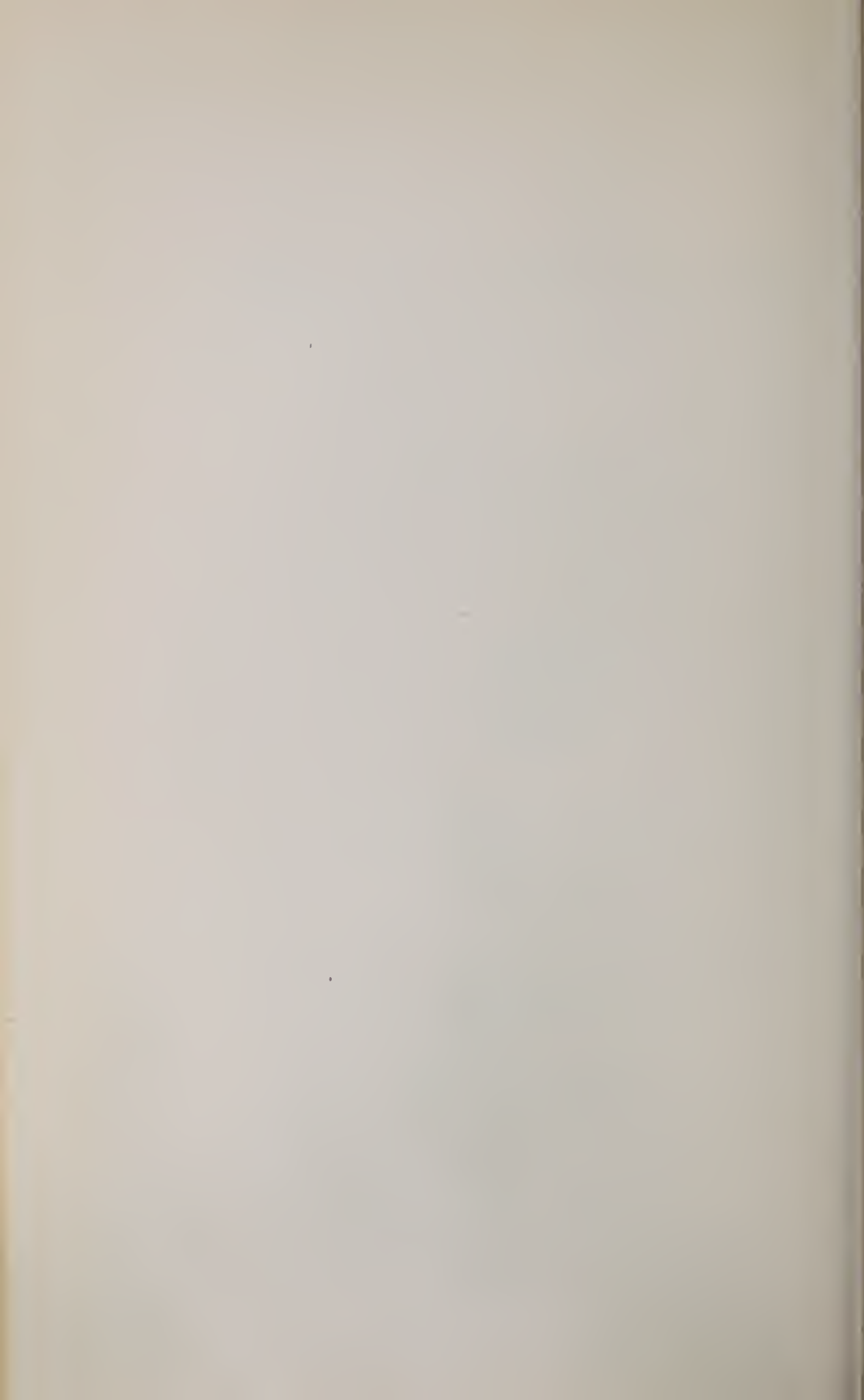
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## AN APPEAL TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

Objects of Collection Desired by the Illinois State Historical  
Library and Society.

(MEMBERS PLEASE READ THIS CIRCULAR LETTER.)

Books and pamphlets on American History, Biography, and Genealogy, particularly those relating to the West; works on Indian Tribes, and American Archaeology and Ethnology; Reports of Societies and Institutions of every kind, Educational, Economic, Social, Political, Co-operative, Fraternal, Statistical, Industrial, Charitable; Scientific Publications of States or Societies; Books or Pamphlets relating to the Great Rebellion, and the wars with the Indians; privately printed Works; Newspapers; Maps and Charts; Engravings; Photographs; Autographs; Coins Antiquities; Encyclopedias, Dictionaries, and Bibliographical Works. Especially do we desire

### EVERYTHING RELATING TO ILLINOIS.

1. Every book or pamphlet on any subject relating to Illinois, or any part of it; also every book or pamphlet written by an Illinois citizen, whether published in Illinois or elsewhere; Materials for Illinois History; Old Letters, Journals.

2. Manuscripts; Narratives of the Pioneers of Illinois; Original Papers on the Early History and Settlement of the Territory; Adventures and Conflicts during the early settlement, the Indian troubles, or the great Rebellion, or other wars; Biographies of the Pioneers, prominent citizens and public men of every County either living or deceased, together with their portraits and autographs; a sketch of the settlement of every Township Village, and the Neighborhood in the State, with the names of the first settlers. We solicit articles on every subject connected with Illinois History.

3. City Ordinances, proceeding of Mayor and Council; Reports of Committees of Council; Pamphlets or Papers of any kind printed by authority of the City; Reports of Boards of Trade; Maps of cities and Plats of town sites or of additions thereto.

4. Pamphlets of all kinds; Annual Reports of Societies; Sermons and Addresses delivered in the State; Minutes of Church Conventions, Synods, or other Ecclesiastical Bodies of Illinois; Political Addresses; Railroad Reports; all such, whether published in pamphlet or newspaper.

5. Catalogues and reports of Colleges and other Institutions of Learning; Annual or other Reports of School Boards, School Superintendents, and School Committees; Educational Pamphlets, Programs and Papers of every kind, no matter how small or apparently unimportant.

6. Copies of the earlier Laws, Journals and Reports of our Territorial and State Legislatures; earlier Governors' Messages and Reports of State Officers; Reports of State Charitable and other State Institutions.

7. Files of Illinois Newspapers and Magazines, especially complete volumes of past years, or single numbers even. Publishers are earnestly requested to contribute their publications regularly, all of which will be carefully preserved and bound.

8. Maps of the State, or of Counties or Townships, of any date; Views and Engravings of buildings or historic places; Drawings or Photographs of scenery; Paintings; Portraits, etc., connected with Illinois History.

9. Curiosities of all kinds; Coins; Medals; Paintings; Portraits; Engravings; Statuary; War Relics; Autograph Letters of distinguished persons, etc.

10. Facts illustrative of our Indian Tribes—their History, Characteristics, Religion, etc.; Sketches of prominent Chiefs, Orators and Warriors, together with contributions of Indian Weapons, Costumes, Ornaments, Curiosities, and Implements; also Stone Axes, Spears, Arrow Heads, Pottery, or other relics. It is important that the work of collecting historical material in regard to the part taken by Illinois in the great war be done immediately, before important local material be lost or destroyed.

In brief, everything that, by the most liberal construction, can illustrate the history of Illinois, its early settlement, its progress, or present condition. All will be of interest to succeeding generations. Contributions will be credited to the donors in the published reports of the Library and Society, and will be carefully preserved in the Historical Library as the property of the State, for the use and benefit of the people for all time.

Communications or gifts may be addressed to the Librarian and Assistant Secretary.

GEORGIA L. OSBORNE.







GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SESQUI CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION WEST OF THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS

*By James Alton James\**

DEAN OF THE GRADUATE SCHOOL AND WILLIAM SMITH MASON  
PROFESSOR OF AMERICAN HISTORY, NORTHWESTERN  
UNIVERSITY.

As a result of the French and Indian War, the vast territory northwest of the Ohio river comprising the present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin was transferred by France to Great Britain. With the design of developing the fur-trade within this area which was enriching many London merchants, and likewise to keep the frontiersmen under political control, the British government, by the Proclamation of 1763, prohibited the purchase of lands and the formation of settlements, without special license, beyond the headwaters of the rivers flowing into the Atlantic Ocean. But the pioneers, composed mainly of Scotch-Irish and German stocks, ignored completely this expression of "royal will and pleasure." Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, characterized their disregard for measures of restraint in the following letters to the Colonial Secretary: "I have learnt from experience", he said, "that the established authority of any government in America, and the policy of government at home are both insufficient to restrain the Americans; and that they do and will remove as their avidity and restlessness incite them. They acquire no attachment to place, but wandering about seems engrafted in their nature; they do not conceive that Government has any right to forbid their taking possession of a vast tract of country either uninhabited or which serves only as a shelter to a few scattered tribes of Indians. Nor can they be easily brought to entertain

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\*Address at the Illinois Day Meeting, December 3, 1926, of the Illinois State Historical Society.

In preparing this address some use has been made by Professor James of material in his forthcoming *LIFE OF GEORGE ROGERS CLARK AND THE REVOLUTION IN THE WEST*, which will be published by December 1, 1927.

any belief of the permanent obligation of Treaties made with those People whom they consider as but little removed from the brute creation.”

If British crown officers ever regarded the Proclamation of 1763 as other than a temporary expedient to control westward expansion, they soon saw the futility of efforts to enforce its provisions, for some thirty thousand whites, it has been estimated, settled beyond the mountains between 1765 and 1768.

Daniel Boone and other hunters and explorers began pushing out through Cumberland Gap into Kentucky. Their reports on the natural beauty of the land, the indescribable fertility of the soil, and abundance of game, quickened the interest among the settlers of the upper North Carolina and Virginia valleys in migrating to this land of promise. Boone himself, during September 1773, sold his home on the upper Yadkin and formed a company for the settlement of Kentucky—made up of his own and other families of the neighborhood, pioneers from the Clinch river, and a band of hunters, numbering, in all, eighty persons. They reached Powell's Valley, early in October, where they went into camp and waited for the return of seven of their number who had been sent to secure some supplies. When but a short distance from the main body of their companions, they were surprised by a band of Shawnee warriors and five were killed. From this incident, it was apparent that a conflict was inevitable. During the winter, traders reported that the savages were sullen and were exchanging peltries at Detroit for powder, shot and tomahawks. Savage depredations became more frequent. Criticisms by the Indian chiefs were aimed chiefly at the Virginians who were building forts, and founding settlements along the upper Ohio valley. Thus Virginians sought to gain actual possession of the soil, whereas Pennsylvanians, engaged primarily in trade, desired to have the natives remain in undisturbed possession of their forests.

Early in the spring of 1774, a party of hunters was fired upon by a band of Indians, but the hunters made their escape. The borderers under their leader, Michal Cresap, a noted Indian fighter, organized for a retaliatory attack against an

Indian town at the mouth of the Scioto. Dissuaded from doing so by Cresap, they ascended the Ohio as far as Wheeling where they learned that a war for the defense of the frontier had actually begun. The panic was general along the whole Virginia frontier line and a thousand settlers, it is estimated, abandoned their farms and retreated across the Monongahela river in a single day. Those borderers daring to remain gathered for defense in numerous stockaded forts and scouts were constantly on the alert along the trails seeking for any signs of Indians. Governor Dunmore, alarmed by the reports, took the initiative, early in June, by calling out the militia of the western counties. Daniel Boone, with a single companion, Michael Stover, was sent from the Clinch river settlement with warnings to the surveyors and any outlying settlers of Kentucky. Near the site of Harrodsburg, they found James Harrod with a company of pioneers beginning a settlement.

Stirred to a frenzy of rage because of Indian barbarities, during the summer of 1774, frontiersmen readily responded to the call of Governor Dunmore and an army of three thousand militia advanced towards the Shawnee strongholds in the Scioto valley. Governor Dunmore commanded the right wing which moved down the Ohio from Fort Pitt. Colonel Andrew Lewis, companion of George Washington during the French and Indian war commanded the left which was composed of eleven hundred militia gathered from the frontier hamlets, little clearings, and hunters camps of western Virginia and from Watauga and the valley of the Great Kanawha.

Cornstalk, a Shawnee chieftain, with military sagacity unusual among the Indians, leading his confederated army of about a thousand Shawnee, Miami, Wyandot and Ottawa braves, crossed the Ohio at day-break on the tenth of October and attacked the force under Colonel Lewis at Point Pleasant. Throughout the day, the uncertain contest was waged but at sunset the Indians recrossed the Ohio in retreat.

Cornstalk was unable to prevail upon his disheartened followers to make an attack on Governor Dunmore's army which was nearing the Scioto towns and reluctantly joined the other chiefs in negotiating for peace at Camp Charlotte. By the



terms of the treaty, the Indians agreed to accept the Ohio river as the boundary between the whites and themselves. Because of this concession and the partial neutrality of the northern Indians, the settlement of Kentucky was made possible during the first two years of the Revolution.

Among those who served as scouts in this campaign, known as Dunmore's War, were Simon Kenton, Simon Girty and George Rogers Clark. Clark, who was the conqueror to be of the Northwest, was then twenty-two years of age. He was born in the back-country of Virginia two miles east of Charlottesville. As was the custom among good Virginia families, the sons were given an opportunity to secure a classical education and Clark together with his brother Jonathan was sent to the well known private school of Donald Robertson. Tradition states that George Rogers was unable to acquire the elements of Greek, Latin and French as taught by this Scotch school-master and, at the end of six or eight months, he was sent home. The events in the life of this tall, strong-framed, red-haired youth with black, penetrating, sparkling eyes during the years immediately following can only be conjectured.

At nineteen, he began the study of surveying under the direction of his grandfather and this step proved to be the opening of his career. From his own statement we learn that on June 9, 1772, together with a few other adventurers, in canoes, he set out from Pittsburgh on an exploring expedition down the Ohio. Reaching the mouth of the Kanawha, they spent a month in the exploration of lands on the Ohio and its upper tributaries. In late autumn, he returned for a short time to his home, an event of importance in the community, for he was among the first from that region who had visited the Ohio country. His glowing descriptions of the fertile soil, of the exquisite beauty and stateliness of the trees such as walnut, hickory, ash, elm, and oak; and his stories of the buffalo, deer, and turkeys so plentiful in that region induced his father, among others, to accompany him on his return for he had determined to locate permanently in the then far West. Leaving the company at the mouth of Fish Creek, one hundred and thirty miles below Pittsburgh, where he had already

selected a body of land, Clark and a single companion descended the river another one hundred and seventy miles. By the middle of November, they were again at the Fish Creek where they spent the winter, the others returning to their homes.

The two devoted their time to hunting, cutting rails, girdling trees and burning brushwood in preparation for the cultivation of the land. Settlers were then coming in numbers to this region and Clark gave considerable attention also to surveying their farms. Settlement had reached the mouth of the Scioto and the cost of improved land on the upper Ohio was almost as great as that east of the mountains.

During April of the next year, he joined a company of adventurers from Virginia with the aim of surveying the interior of Kentucky. After accompanying them a short distance, he returned for a brief visit at his old home in Caroline County. By September, he was again at the Fish Creek settlement in time to harvest his crop of corn. Early the following spring, Clark with some ninety other men, as prearranged, gathered at the mouth of the Little Kanawha in order to descend the Ohio and form a settlement in Kentucky. There were other parties of surveyors, hunters and adventurers ready to descend the Ohio and locate tracts of land south of that river. At the time, the alarm was widespread that the Shawnee were determined to kill all Virginians they could find on the Ohio. This, as we have noted, was but the prelude of events leading up to Dunmore's War.

Soldiers in the armies of Lewis and Dunmore had heard from their companions, the hunters and surveyors, wonderful stories of Kentucky and the movement for western migration began with greater vigor than at any previous time.

In the spring of 1775, Clark again set out for the Kentucky river, where he engaged in surveying lands for the Ohio Company and located land in his own name in what he declared to be one of the richest and most beautiful countries to be found in America. He found Captain James Harrod and fifty companions who, since March 15, had been engaged in reoccupying the site which they abandoned the year before but which was now, as Harrodsburg, to become the first permanent settle-

ment in Kentucky. He visited Boiling Spring, seven miles from Harrodsburg, and Logan's Fort where settlements were begun about the same time. Some twenty persons were building log-houses at Hinkson's, later called Ruddell's Station, and during the summer Clark assisted in laying out a town on the Kentucky river about a mile from the present Frankfort. So pleased was he with the advantages of the region, that he decided to make it his home.

Quickly accorded a place of leadership among Kentuckians, he devoted his energy to the establishment of orderly government; to offsetting the design of Colonel Richard Henderson who aimed to set up a proprietary colony in Kentucky (Transylvania) with Boonesborough as its capital; and to acquainting Patrick Henry, then Governor, and the Executive Council with the necessity of placing Kentucky under the protection of Virginia. Should this be done, he declared, not only would the population of Kentucky increase rapidly but trade would develop and a respectable body of fine rifle-men would furnish an effective guarantee for the safety of the interior counties against Indian attacks. Stirred by his challenge, that if "a country was not worth protecting, it was not worth claiming" and fearing lest the Kentuckians would seek protection elsewhere, as threatened by Clark, the Council finally ordered the delivery of five hundred pounds of powder at Pittsburgh subject to his direction. This response virtually implied the assertion of control by Virginia over Kentucky and the undoing of the plan of Judge Henderson. Late in December, 1776, the powder was taken to Harrodsburg by a force of thirty men. It came at the right moment, for the Kentuckians cooped up in their three stockaded forts, Boonesborough, Logan's Fort and Harrodsburg were forced to defend themselves against a succession of Indian attacks organized by British officials at Detroit, through which they hoped to gain control of the whole West.

Early in the year, British authorities began to employ more aggressive measures with the view of distressing the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania as much as possible and with the hope that the American army in the East would

be weakened through the withdrawal of forces to meet this attack.

Detroit was the key to the fur-trade and control of the Indian tribes northwest of the Ohio. Throughout the Revolution this post, in possession of the British, continued, as Washington wrote "to be a constant source of trouble to the whole western country." Not only was it the chief fur-trading center but in years of good harvests, flour and grain were carried to the other posts from Detroit. During the French regime this post had been of prime importance, contributing French and Indians to swell the numbers in the army of Montcalm on the Heights of Abraham and elsewhere in the East. The garrison at Detroit, at the beginning of the year 1776, consisted of one hundred and twenty soldiers under the command of Captain Richard B. Lernoult. The fort was surrounded by a "stockade of Picquets about nine feet out of the earth without Frize or ditch." Three hundred and fifty French and English constituted the total number of men capable of bearing arms out of a population of some eighteen hundred in the town and nearby country. The majority of them were French militiamen assembled under their own officers. Commanding the fort were two British armed schooners and three sloops manned by thirty seamen and servants. There was not a single gunner among the crews who were dissatisfied with the service and were incapable of making great resistance.

Three hundred miles away was Fort Pitt, the chief American post, guarding the frontier line from the Greenbrier river to the upper waters of the Allegheny. This fort was without a garrison. The inhabitants of the town, about one hundred in number were dependent on the militia of the neighboring counties for protection. It was reported that there was scarcely powder enough west of the mountains sufficient to prime the gun of each militia-man and there were only two hundred pounds in the fort.

At Detroit and Pittsburgh, in council after council during the years 1776 and 1777, there was exercised all the diplomatic finesse of British and American agents in their attempts to gain control over the Indians of the Northwest. Assembled



at some of these conferences were the chiefs and other representatives of the Delawares of the Muskingum and the Ohio; the Shawnee and Mingo of the Scioto; the Wyandot, Ottawa, and Pottawatomi of Lake Michigan; the Chippewa of all the Lakes and besides these, the Miami, Seneca, Foxes, Sauk, and numerous other tribes. All told, the Northwestern tribes numbered about eight thousand warriors.

During the summer of 1776, six hundred warriors and chiefs representing the Six Nations, Delawares, Munsee and Shawnee assembled at Pittsburgh. As a result of the conference, the Indians promised inviolable peace with the United States and neutrality during the war with Great Britain. Twelve chiefs were induced to visit Philadelphia where they were introduced to Congress. For a few months after the treaty, all of the other western tribes, with the exception of a few of the Mingo, known as Pluggy's Band, seemed desirous of preserving peaceful relations. With difficulty, were the Virginia authorities persuaded that an expedition against these banditti would tend to bring on general hostilities with the tribes, already jealous of the encroachments of Americans who were settling lands on the Ohio below the mouth of the Kanawha.

The conduct of affairs at Detroit was left almost entirely to the judgment of Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton who was informed that the power of the sword was alone to be trusted. From the friendly disposition manifested by the representatives of many leading tribes at Detroit, Hamilton felt assured that one thousand warriors were ready to over-run the frontiers. Although war-bands were urged to act vigorously, they were ordered to act with humanity. But resolutions voiced by chiefs to pay strict attention to the injunction that they should spare the lives of the aged and of women and children were idle. Special presents for proofs of obedience signified little. Hamilton reported, in the summer of 1777, that fifteen bands had been sent to raid the frontiers.

To Clark, who was commissioned a major, was entrusted the organization of the militia for defense. Associated with him, as captains, were Daniel Boone, James Herrod, John

Todd Jr., and Benjamin Logan, all of them noted as Indian fighters and possessing other qualities such as would win the affections of their stalwart backwoods followers. Compulsory military service was inaugurated and every man, whether a permanent resident or not, was required to join one of the companies for an allotted time.

Early in March 1777, two hundred warriors crossed the Ohio with the design of cutting off the settlers in the Kentucky forts. Such a stroke, it was hoped by Hamilton, would put an end to American control in Kentucky. The fury of the attack was met with a resistance born of desperation. The forts were attacked in turn and at times simultaneously, so that defenders might not be sent from one post to the other. The days wore on into the summer which was described by Clark as follows: "Our conduct was very uniform, the defense of our forts, the procuring of provisions or when possible supprising the Indians (which was frequently done) burying the dead and dressing the wounded seemed to be all our business." But he records in his diary; April 19, "two burgesses were elected;" July 9, "Lieutenant Linn married, great merriment" and September 2, "Court held." On the retaliatory expeditions, Clark commanded the militia. While many were advocating the abandonment of Kentucky, he quieted their fears by assurances of succor from Virginia.

Clark concluded that the surest defense against savage forays would be to capture the Illinois posts and win the friendship of the French inhabitants. As a first step, thereto, in April, 1777, he sent Benjamin Linn and Samuel Moore as spies to Kaskaskia and Vincennes. What his designs were was a secret which he shared with no one.

The Illinois country included the territory extending from the Wabash and Miami rivers west to the Mississippi and from the Ohio north to the Illinois. In the "American Bottom," averaging from three to seven miles in width and stretching north a hundred miles from the confluence of the Kaskaskia with the Mississippi, were some 300,000 acres. The population of the four French villages, within the area, numbered, in 1778, between nine hundred and a thousand whites and some over six

hundred negro slaves. Kaskaskia was the largest settlement with its eighty houses; five hundred white inhabitants and nearly the same number of negroes. The village was located on the Kaskaskia river, six miles above its mouth.

Seventeen miles to the north, at the base of the limestone crags which rise to the height of one hundred feet above the valley, was *Prairie du Rocher*, with a population of one hundred whites and eighty negroes.

Along the "Kings Highway" three miles west of this village was *Fort de Chartres*, so named in honor of the son of the Regent of France, the Duc de Chartres, which had been the center of civil government in the Illinois during the French regime. In 1720, a wooden fort had been completed on this site, one of the links in the chain of posts which was to reach from Quebec to the Gulf of Mexico—the dream of La Salle. It was intended to be the chief seat in America of the Royal Company of the Indies; center for trade and for the operation of the lead-mines; and protection against the encroachments of both the Spanish and the English. This strong-hold, rebuilt in 1756, at a cost of nearly 250,000 livres, an example of the engineering skill of the school of Vauban, was regarded as the most commodious and best built fortification in America. The enveloping walls, four hundred and ninety feet in length, two feet and two inches in thickness and fifteen feet high were built of stone and plastered with mortar. They were pierced with loop-holes at regular intervals and the four bastions had two port-holes for cannon on each of their faces and flanks.

Here was stationed nearly a regiment of French grenadiers from which a company had gone down the Mississippi and up the Ohio in time to assist in avenging the death of General *Jumonville de Villers* in the capture of *Fort Necessity*, July 4, 1754. *Fort DuQuesne*, cut off from Canada by the British, was provisioned by boatloads of flour and pork from *Fort de Chartres* and re-enforcements sent from this fort, under *Charles Philippe Aubry*, the last acting governor, aided in holding *Fort DuQuesne* for France until 1758 when he was forced to retire before a superior force led by General *John Forbes*. In

November of that year, Governor Aubry retreated to the Illinois, the French having burned the fort and determined to abandon the valley of the upper Ohio. The Illinois Country still held out for the King of France after Wolfe's victory on the Heights of Abraham, 1759. By the fall of 1761, the French flag ceased to float north of the Ohio save in this district. Notwithstanding the surrender of New France to the British, the Illinois district was not abandoned by the French. A force of one hundred and thirty-two soldiers was led through the wilderness from Michilimackinac by the Sieur de Beaujeu-Villemonde to strengthen the garrison at Fort de Chartres. It was to this stronghold that Pontiac, able Chief of the Ottawa, after his unsuccessful attempt to capture Detroit, retired, still hoping to secure French aid in carrying out his plans for confederating the tribes of the Northwest. His request was rejected by Louis St. Ange de Bellerive, the Commandant, who was left at the post with a detachment of forty men. The flag of the Bourbons continued to float over Fort de Chartres until October 10 of that year, when the veteran St. Ange, who for half a century had been a leader in the Northwest, surrendered the fort to Captain Sir Thomas Stirling, Commander of the Forty-Second Highlanders, of the celebrated Black Watch Regiment, and the empire of France in the new world ceased to exist.

At Nouvelle Chartres, the village near the fort, which had originally contained forty families, only a few settlers lingered. The other inhabitants following the lead of the French garrison, took refuge in St. Louis and Ste. Genevieve. Saint Philippe, five miles farther north, established by Philippe Francois Renault who came there in 1719 with two hundred and fifty miners, soldiers, and negro slaves, hoping to discover mines of gold and silver but found wealth, instead, in the lead-mines on the opposite side of the Mississippi, especially at Ste. Genevieve, was likewise deserted by all but two or three families. Forty-five miles up the river was Cahokia with its fifty houses; three hundred white inhabitants and eighty negroes.

On the west side of the Wabash river, two hundred and sixty-two miles from its mouth was Ouiatenon, an important



trading post, with a stockaded fort, where a dozen French families resided. Vincennes, with its eighty or ninety French families, on the east bank of the Wabash, one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, was another strategic point on the trade route between the western posts and Canada. No British officer had been sent to take possession of the log fort which commanded this village until 1777.

Travelers agree in writing of the superior fertility of the soil in the American Bottom and the valley of the Wabash, the former, the terrestrial paradise, as it was called. So lavish was nature in her gifts and so prevalent was slavery that the inhabitants acquired habits of indolence. Most of the French had come originally with their families from Canada and some of them had married Indian wives. English and French travelers agree with regard to the main features of society in these villages. Honesty and punctuality in their dealings, courtesy, politeness, and hospitality in their social intercourse, were general among all classes. They were cheerful and serene at all times but lacking in enterprise. Some of the French were well educated, but fully two-thirds of them could neither read nor write. As far as possible, men and women of the well-to-do class took on the fashions in dress of New Orleans and Paris, including, at times, such luxuries as richly trimmed coats with "diamond" buttons, embroidered waist-coats, silk hose and silver buckles. Moccasins and rude leather boots and shoes were worn by men and women and in place of hats they commonly tied blue handkerchiefs over their heads, although home-made straw and fur hats were used. For the ball-room and church, they dressed more neatly. While drinking and gambling were common, there was comparatively little drunkenness in these communities.

The almost nightly dance in the puncheon-floored cabins furnished amusement for all ages and all classes, for there was no distinction of wealth on such occasions. The village priest was frequently in attendance. The first of the year, too, was ushered in by a festival of dancing. During the carnival season which began on January 6, *Le Jour de Roi*, the king's day,

(Mardi Gras) and continued a number of days, balls, with their cotillions, reels, and minuets, were included as a part of the regular festivities of this occasion. *Voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* lightened their burdens by measuring the strokes of their oars with songs and around the blazing logs in the far-off wilderness danced gaily and accompanied the strains of the fiddle with the words of some old melody of love or of the chase.

The fur-trade, in one way or another, furnished means of employment to the majority of the inhabitants. In the villages were the merchants who on their own account or more frequently acting as agents or partners of Canadian merchants, furnished the supplies, used in exchange for furs, such as hatchets, knives, kettles, blankets, ribbons, and glittering trinkets. At times, accompanied by *voyageurs*, who propelled the canoes and carried the packs of goods and furs, they traded with the Indians in person. They outfitted, usually on credit, the *coureurs de bois* who through love of adventure spent most of their lives in the woods. By twos and threes these wood-rangers sped along the waterways in their canoes or crossed the country to trade with distant tribes. At times, they were to be found among the Indians on the headwaters of the Missouri and the Mississippi, and as far as Santa Fé, journeys which meant months of privation and adventure.

Most of the *habitants*, or permanent villagers, spent their days in cultivating the fields, in hunting, fishing, and gossiping with their neighbors at the little wine-shops of the village. In these villages were also men who were well-to-do. Some of them were of noble birth who had come from Canada or France as officials or to engage in trade while others had risen to prominence as fur-traders and who were referred to as the "gentry," and "men of ability, influence, and address." Besides these types, there were some residents who followed the primitive mechanical arts such as stone-masons, black-smiths, and gun-smiths.

French life, as in Canada, was centered in the village community and the isolated farm-house was rare. Adjoining the villages were the narrow ribbon-like strips of land, the "com-

mon fields" from one-half to a mile long and varying in width from ten to forty rods. The *habitants* cultivated these fields which were plowed, sowed and reaped according to rules agreed upon in the public assembly made up of all males of military age. Although the soil was capable of yielding large returns of wheat, corn, tobacco, hemp, flax, hops, fruits, and vegetables, the cultivation was so careless that wheat, for example, produced only from five to eight fold. Tilling the soil was burdensome when hunting, fishing and trading yielded a livelihood. Corn was raised only in small quantities as food for the stock. The cultivation of wheat was begun by the French, in the Illinois country, as early as 1687 and although wheat was grown, under orders from the Company of the West, as far down the Mississippi as New Orleans, the Illinois and Wabash settlements alone produced a surplus for the market. Lower Louisiana always counted on securing flour from this region and in the year 1746, eight hundred thousand pounds, which were sold at New Orleans, were produced north of the Ohio. During the last ten years of French control, the growing of wheat increased rapidly in upper Louisiana, at least three-fourths of the crop, finding ready market at New Orleans and Detroit. After the transfer of Kaskaskia to Great Britain, M. Beauvais, with an estate on which he kept eighty slaves, furnished the King's magazine with eighty-six thousand pounds of flour, representing a portion only of his harvest for a single year.

Besides flour, the Illinois posts sent peltry, tobacco, salted buffalo-meat, venison, tallow and bear's oil to New Orleans in exchange for liquors, groceries, dry-goods and articles used in the Indian trade. Goods were ordinarily sold at one hundred per cent increase over prices in the Paris markets. The Missouri trade consumed, annually, European goods valued at eight thousand pounds. Three months were ordinarily required for the largest batteaux, usually covered, and some forty feet long and nine feet wide, with eighteen to twenty men at the oars, to ascend the river from New Orleans to the Illinois posts. The trip down the river consumed from twelve to fifteen days. Twice each year, in the early spring and during

August, from seven to twelve of these boats, combining for protection against the Indians, constituting what was known as a *convoy*, made this voyage.

Opportunity for speculating in land was scarcely second to the fur-trade in attracting the attention of the men on the coast to the West. Explorers and surveyors were sent out by companies to locate the best sites for colonies. The public, as usual, was eager to invest in such schemes. Financial backing and political influence were sought in Great Britain by promoters of these enterprises.

During the summer of 1763, notwithstanding the Proclamation of 1763 forbade settlements in that region, the first company was formed for the purpose of planting a colony in the Illinois country. Thirty-eight well known Virginians, among whom were George Washington, Richard Henry Lee and William Fitzhugh, organized "The Mississippi Land Company" and petitioned the Crown for a grant of two and one-half million acres of land on the Mississippi river which would include parts of the present states of Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Some of the arguments favoring the petition were: there would ensue an increase of agricultural population; an extension of trade and enlargement of revenue and that it would serve as a buffer colony against the Spaniards. George Grenville, then prime minister, held that this territory was *imperial* and that it could not be granted for exploitation to the citizens of a particular colony.

After an absence of two months, Linn and Moore whom Clark, as we have seen, had sent to Kaskaskia and Vincennes returned to Harrodsburg. Disguised as hunters, these young men succeeded in their mission but evidently they did not get into touch with the American party, as would have been possible had they been aware of Clark's plans. They reported that there was no suspicion of an attack from Kentucky; that the fort at Kaskaskia was unguarded and that while the French feared the American backwoodsmen, whom they regarded as desperadoes, they were lukewarm in their attachment to the British flag.



Guided by this report, Clark, in a letter to Governor Henry, gave a concise statement of the situation in the Illinois country and submitted a plan of action notable for its aggressiveness. Kaskaskia, he asserted was of the utmost importance for from this center, the British were able to keep control of the Indian tribes and send them against the Kentucky settlements. It furnished provisions for the garrison at Detroit and controlled the navigation of the Mississippi and the Ohio, thus preventing the Americans from securing goods from the Spaniards with which to carry on Indian trade. He advocated sending a force to capture this post, for he declared; "(we must) either take the town of Kuskuskies or in less than twelve months send an army against the Indians on Wabash, which will cost ten times as much and not be of half the service."

The preparation for carrying out this plan which included gaining the consent of the governor and the assembly of Virginia; enlistment of men, a difficult task; the descent of the Ohio river to the Falls; the overland march for six days of the small army, through unbroken forests and trackless plains to Kaskaskia—these are familiar facts which do not at this time need retelling. What we need to recall are the hardships undergone by this intrepid band. For two days, they marched without food. But hunger and fatigue did not alter their resolution for as expressed by Captain Joseph Bowman, trusted associate of Clark, they were all determined to take the town or die in the effort. At midnight, on the fourth of July, 1778, Kaskaskia was captured. By early August, the American flag was also floating over Cahokia and Vincennes and Clark, with rare tact, had succeeded in winning the friendship of the French villagers. Detroit was his next goal.

By Aug. 6, 1778, Lieutenant Governor Hamilton at Detroit knew of Clark's success in the Illinois country, and began preparing an expedition to regain the captured posts. Agents were sent at once among the Wabash, Miami, and Shawnee Indians with liberal presents and to stir them up against the Americans. The Ottawa, Chippewa and other tribes tributary to Detroit met in council, were feasted by British officials in the usual

fashion and told of the plans which were about to be executed. The commandants at Michilimackinac and St. Joseph were urged to cooperate through sending forces by way of the Illinois river. Hamilton was more confident of success because of conditions in the Illinois country, described by him as follows: "The Spaniards are feeble and hated by the French, the French are fickle and have no man of capacity to advise or lead them, the Rebels are enterprising and brave, but want resources, and the Indians can have their resources but from the English if we act without loss (of) time in the favourable conjuncture." During the month of September, provisions, artillery stores, and presents for the Indians were collected and forwarded in fifteen batteaux, each capable of carrying from eighteen hundred to three thousand pounds.

On October 7, some one hundred and seventy-five white troops, two-thirds of them French volunteers and militia, and sixty Indians were drawn up on the Commons, the Catholics receiving a blessing at the hands of the aged Father Pothier, upon condition that they should strictly adhere to their oath of allegiance. Led by Hamilton, himself, they started on their journey of six hundred miles, which was to consume seventy-one days. Three objects, among others, it was hoped ultimately to accomplish by means of the expedition. These were: to erect a fort at the junction of the Mississippi and the Ohio which was to constitute a "bridle" on American trade; to get control of the mouth of the Missouri with the hope of underselling the Spaniards, and thus gain the favor of the Indians of that region; and by dislodging the rebels from the Illinois to regain the Mississippi trade, which otherwise, would be entirely lost. It was believed also that the expedition would contribute to the security of the Floridas.

The recapture of Vincennes by the British; the delay by Governor Hamilton at that post and failure to march against the Illinois villages because of the floods at mid-winter; the desperate situation of Clark when he resolved to forestall the enemy and risk all he had gained by at once taking the offensive and attempting the reduction of Vincennes; the winter march of one hundred and eighty miles, at times across flooded

plains and through overflowing rivers, of this army of one hundred and seventy men, one-half of them being French volunteers; the capture of Vincennes and the surrender of Lieutenant Governor Hamilton with seventy-nine of his followers; these have been the themes of historians and of novelists.

In the well-known letter to George Mason, Clark wrote: "If I was sensible that You would let no Person see this relation, I would give you a detail of our suffering for four days in crossing those waters, and the manner it was done; as I am sure you would credit it, but it is too incredible for any Person to believe except those that are as well acquainted with one as You are, or had experienced something similiar to it."

This victory marks the climax of one of the most heroic and notable achievements in history. The boldness of the plan, the skill with which it was executed, and the perseverance in overcoming obstacles, seemingly insurmountable, excited the admiration even of Hamilton. Courage born of desperation was manifested by men and leaders alike for all were fully conscious that failure would mean the loss not alone of the Illinois country but also of Kentucky.

The summer following the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes, 1779, Clark was forced to forego the march against Detroit; as he expressed it, "Detroit lost for want of a few men." But his preparations for this expedition produced unexpected results on the enemy. Efforts were made to render Detroit and Michilimackinac more defensible, and reinforcements were hurried to these posts. There French and Indian allies were in a panic over the report that the English, unable to withstand the effect of the alliance of the Americans, French, Spanish, and Germans, would be driven out of America. So great was the disaffection among the Indians that according to British testimony the Sioux was the only tribe still true to them. Two expeditions sent from Michilimackinac to intercept the Americans, one a force of some 300 regulars, traders, and Indians, the other with 600 made up mainly of Indians, and a third of 200 Indians, led by officers from Detroit, retreated in haste upon hearing a report that Clark was advancing toward Detroit with a force of 4,000. A campaign against

Vincennes and another against Fort Pitt were also abandoned.

While establishing his headquarters in the newly erected fort at the falls of the Ohio Clark's plans seem to have comprehended two main objects—to raise a force in Kentucky, “with the hopes of giving the Shawnees a Drubing,” and to make a “bold push” and reduce Detroit and Michilimackinac. Full powers were granted him by Governor Jefferson to engage in either of these enterprises or establish a post near the mouth of the Ohio.

By March, 1780, he was aware that the British were again winning control over the northwestern tribes and that they contemplated some such plan of action as that attempted by Governor Hamilton. Not alone must this expedition which threatened total loss of western control be checked, but the advance of the Spaniards east of the Mississippi, who as John Todd said, “have a fondness for engrossing territory,” must also be met. The continuance of American control in the Illinois country seemed, as Clark believed, to depend on the concentration of his available force at the new fort. By this striking move, the Indians would be so mystified that they would refuse to join the British on the aforesaid expedition. At no time was there the suggestion of abandoning any territory beyond the Ohio, Governor Jefferson having adopted the views of Clark and Todd on the practicability of concentration in the fort at the mouth of the Ohio which would, as he said, facilitate trade with the Illinois and be near enough to furnish aid to that territory; protect the trade with New Orleans; and together with other posts to be established would constitute a chain of defense for the western frontier. In pursuance of this project, the troops were withdrawn from Vincennes leaving only a company of French militia to guard that post. But before the retirement of the troops from the Illinois villages had taken place a formidable advance by the British was inaugurated.

This plan for gaining control over the Mississippi-Spain was then a common enemy of the British—for the recapture of the Illinois country, the falls of the Ohio, and finally Forts Pitt and Cumberland, was one of the most striking military



conceptions of the entire Revolution. If successful, the whole region west of the Alleghanies must have become and doubtless would have remained British territory, for all communication between Clark and the East would thus have been destroyed. Besides, conditions east of the mountains must have been modified, for British rangers and their hordes of Indian allies would have been free to join the ranks of the British generals in Virginia and the South. But the execution of the plan was a failure.

At no time in his career did Clark show his capacity for leadership to a better advantage. No obstacle could deter him from the determination to deliver such a stroke as would prevent any like attempt on the part of the enemy. The rapidity with which he advanced to his goal was not unlike the drive toward Vincennes in the February days of the preceding year. Learning of the designs of Capt. Bird, he set out from Cahokia with a few men for Fort Jefferson, and after barely escaping capture by the Indians, struck off through the wilderness with only two companions for Harrodsburg. In spite of protests from the crowd of investors in land, he closed the doors of the land office until the end of the campaign, and by August 1, seven weeks from the time of his leaving Cahokia, 1,000 volunteers had responded to his order to assemble at the mouth of the Licking River. After a forced march, they reached Old Chillicothe, but the Indians had fled. At Piqua, a few miles beyond, a well-built town with a block-house, the Americans overtook and attacked several hundred Indians, and after a fierce engagement forced them to retreat. No effort was made at pursuit. After burning the towns, Clark led his troops to the mouth of the Licking, where they disbanded. In this campaign of a month they had marched 480 miles, and so successful was the effort that during the remainder of the year the Kentucky settlements were freed from serious molestation.

In council with his officers and the three Kentucky County lieutenants early in September, 1781, Clark still clung to his determination to march against the Indians by the way of the Wabash or the Miami and then to Detroit. But his advisers deemed the force available, some 700 men, inadequate for such

an expedition. While insisting on the maintenance of the garrison at the Falls, they likewise recommended that a fort should be built at the mouth of the Kentucky, and urged the assembling of a strong force for the reduction of Detroit the next spring. Clark still advocated an expedition up the Wabash against the Indian tribes among whom the British emissaries seemed to be most strongly intrenched. He saw in such a move the capture of Detroit and the possession of Lake Erie; control of the savages and preservation of the Kentucky settlements; retention of power over the Illinois, both Spanish and American, and ultimate influence on the terms of peace.

October 19, 1781, saw the surrender of Cornwallis and the final triumph of the American forces east of the Alleghanies. Washington, with his army of two thousand Americans and five thousand Frenchmen had made a brilliant march of four hundred miles from the Hudson to the York River, had joined forces with Rochambeau and completely hemmed in the British army of seven thousand on the narrow peninsula between the James River and the York. After vainly striving to break the lines of the besiegers, Cornwallis surrendered his army as prisoners of war.

During the last months of 1781 and for upwards of a year thereafter the control of the West was still in the balance and British and American leaders in this region continued to exercise their greatest military and diplomatic abilities. Clark continued to hold Fort Nelson, recently constructed, now the site of Louisville, as the base of his operations. From it he could exercise control of the Illinois posts which had been captured by his brilliant exploits of 1778 and 1779, rally militia-men for the protection of the Kentucky settlements and keep the British on the defensive at Detroit. He might even attempt the capture of that fort and town the goal of his ambition from the days when the first plans were formulated for the capture of the Illinois country. British leaders, while striving to hold the friendship of the Northwestern Indian tribes, sought to regain control over the Illinois country and the Mississippi River, to drive the Americans from Fort Nelson and recapture Fort Pitt.

For upwards of two years the war was to go on in the west with these two goals in view on the part of the contending forces. Combatant and non-combatant alike at Detroit and all of the Kentucky settlements awaited the passing of the winter of 1783 with anxious foreboding. British officials fully expected the coming of the Americans at the earliest possible date with the design of extending their frontiers in the Northwest as far as possible and thus in the event of peace to get control of the fur-trade. Clark threatened to march against the other enemy Indians as he had against the Shawnee in 1782, when Chillicothe and five of their other villages were destroyed. This kept the tribes in continual turmoil and the British were held on the defensive at Detroit.

By the middle of April, 1783, the official announcement of the signing of the peace preliminaries at Paris and the cessation of hostilities had been sent to the frontier settlements. The proclamation of a general peace soon followed.

By the terms of the definitive treaty of peace, concluded at Paris September 3, 1783, the old Northwest was ceded to the United States. No reference is made in the diplomatic papers to the conquest of Clark as a factor in reaching the final agreement. The question has been a mooted one therefore as to how far Clark was in military control of this territory. There have been two views advanced by historians and writers. One takes the position that although Clark had withdrawn to Fort Nelson he had not abandoned the area which he had formerly controlled. The other maintains that Clark, by leaving the country with his armed force, had relinquished the defense of it, as he could not be said to have "defended a country beyond him, in which he retain'd no garrison and from which he was at such a distance as to afford no immediate assistance."

If Clark's position at the close of the campaign against the Shawnee is considered, it becomes evident that he was virtually in military control of the Northwest during 1782 and 1783. This stroke marked the final aggressive movement in his offensive-defensive policy. It demonstrated the wisdom he displayed in selecting Fort Nelson as a base for such operations.

At no time were the British prepared to reduce this post although they were well aware it constituted the key between the East and the Illinois country, that it dominated the western trade, and was the center for operations against Detroit. From this base, it was possible for Clark to reach Vincennes or Kaskaskia in a much shorter time than it could have been accomplished by the British from Detroit; and Clark's information of advances by the enemy was always certain. Moreover, the warriors of the tribes on the Scioto and the Miami, especially the Shawnee, "the first in at a battle, the last at a treaty," chief dependence of the British, could not be induced to engage in any expedition which would leave their villages exposed to attack by an enemy so readily brought against them. These facts must have been patent to the negotiators of the peace terms and served, no doubt, to confirm Lord Shelburne in his decision to yield the Northwest to the United States.



## JESSIE PALMER WEBER

BY EVARTS BOUTELL GREENE\*

*Department of History Columbia University  
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As an old friend of Mrs. Weber and for many years an associate in the work of the Illinois State Historical Library and the State Historical Society, I am grateful for the opportunity to join in public commemoration of her services. I regret very much that I can not be present at the meeting in Springfield to give my testimony in person.

No appreciation of Mrs. Weber would be adequate which did not take into account the unique place which she held in the life of her own community and in the more intimate circle of her friends and neighbors. Of these things others will speak who have a better right to be heard. And yet it is fitting that on this particular occasion we should think especially of Mrs. Weber in her relation to the work of the Historical Society and the State department with which it is associated. To the cause of state history as represented by these agencies she gave her best energies for twenty-eight years; and it is as fellow-workers in this cause that we are assembled today.

When Mrs. Weber became Librarian in 1898, the Illinois State Historical Library was still a young and comparatively small institution, but it was fortunate in its Board of Trustees. The President of the Board was Hiram W. Beckwith, an indefatigable student of the history of the Old Northwest, with a keen scent for out-of-the-way material, and a wide range of information in his chosen field. His historical studies were for him an avocation, and he was handicapped by the lack of early training for such work; but under happier circumstances, he would, I believe, have made his mark as a historian. Under

\* Memorial to Mrs. Weber by Doctor Greene, at the Illinois Day Meeting Dec. 3, 1926, of the Illinois State Historical Society. Doctor Greene was ill and unable to be present; paper was read by Dr. Chas. H. Rammelkamp.

his editorial direction the first volume of the Illinois Historical Collections was issued. A second member of the Board was Edmund J. James, who succeeded Judge Beckwith as President a few years later. He was then a professor in the University of Chicago; but he is, of course, best known by his distinguished service to the State as President of the University of Illinois. With all his varied interests, he kept up his enthusiasm for the history of his native state, giving to the Board the benefit of his scholarly standards and his wide experience both at home and abroad. To him especially belongs the credit of establishing the published *Collections* of the Library on a sound footing. The third of these three colleagues was George N. Black, a much respected citizen of Springfield; the minutes of the Board show that it was on his motion that Mrs. Weber received her appointment.

The new Librarian came to her post without technical training in library management; but she had other important qualifications. Not the least of her advantages was her inheritance. Her father, John M. Palmer, stands out in sharp contrast to the dull and second-rate personalities who make up too large a proportion of the holders of public office in any state or country. As Governor and later as Senator, he had a mind of his own, could speak out without fear or favor, and knew how to fight for a cause which he had at heart. Furthermore his public career—from the days of his leadership in the new Republican party and his military service in the Union Army, to his last years as a Democratic member of the United States Senate—brought him into contact with most of the important political events and personalities of his time. The knowledge of these things, which came naturally to his daughter as a young girl, was enlarged by her service as his secretary during his senatorial term. Here was the starting point of that wide acquaintance, not only in Springfield but in the State at large, which was one of her most notable contributions to the work both of the Library and the Society. An important part of this inheritance was an intense spirit of loyalty to the State

and an ardent desire that its traditions should be adequately recorded.

About a year after Mrs. Weber's appointment as Librarian, the first steps were taken toward the formation of the State Historical Society. This organization, which had its starting point in a meeting at the University of Illinois in 1899, was incorporated in the following year and in 1903 was legally affiliated with the State Historical Library, whose Trustees and Librarian had been associated with the movement from the beginning. President Beckwith of the Library Board was also the first President of the Society and in 1903, Mrs. Weber became its Secretary. It was in this capacity that she was probably best known to the people of the State at large. Upon her fell the chief responsibility for planning the programs of successive annual meetings; of keeping in touch, through correspondence and conferences, with individuals and local historical societies; and of issuing the Society's publications. In 1908, she founded, in addition to the annual volume of the Society's *Transactions*, the quarterly *Journal of the Society* which she continued to edit until the time of her death. It was to a large extent through the work of the Society and Mrs. Weber's part in it that public interest was aroused, and public support secured, for the expansion of the Library and the improvement of its publications.

My own acquaintance with Mrs. Weber began in connection with our efforts to get the Historical Society on its feet and I well remember one early meeting in Springfield, in which Senator Palmer, then nearing the end of his distinguished career, made the principal address. Other striking personalities associated with the Society in its early years, and especially with its secretary, were: Dr. J. F. Snyder of Virginia, a tall impressive figure, deeply interested in the prehistoric remains as well as the history of the State, and a vigorous defender of unpopular opinions; Paul Selby, the veteran journalist, with his reminiscences of pre-war politics and the slavery conflict; Judge David McCullough, the local historian of Peoria County; Clark E. Carr of Galesburg, who never tired of telling his story

of the Gettysburg address. There were many others of that older generation—most of them now gone—whom Mrs. Weber brought together at the annual meetings.

It was natural that an institution which has its headquarters at Springfield should give special attention to the commemoration of Abraham Lincoln. To Mrs. Weber, more than to any one else, was due the formation and steady enlargement of the Lincoln Collection, with its manuscripts and illustrative material of various kinds—an admirable piece of work, now happily housed in the New Centennial Building.

During the last twenty years of Mrs. Weber's life, the activities of the State Historical Library and her own responsibilities were steadily growing. In 1905, the Library Board inaugurated a new policy in the matter of publications. So far only one volume of the *Collections* had been issued and no definite plan had been mapped out for future issues. Now, however, it was decided to enlist the cooperation of historical departments in the universities and colleges of the State through the appointment of an Advisory Commission, which presently worked out a comprehensive plan for the *Collections* in accordance with which subsequent volumes have been issued. Though the immediate responsibility for these issues rested with the Commission and more particularly the Editor of the series, Professor Clarence W. Alvord of the University of Illinois, Mrs. Weber as the general executive officer of the Library found her work considerably increased. The finances of the editorial office at the University, the distribution of the published volumes, and other administrative business had to be handled, to a greater or less extent in her office. The efficient disposition of this business, involving two offices at some distance from each other, naturally had its difficulties; but as the years went on these were gradually adjusted and I wish to record my appreciation of what Mrs. Weber did to make those adjustments possible.

Before long students of state history began to look forward to the centennial anniversary of the admission of Illinois to the Union; and in the winter of 1913, the General Assembly



took the first step toward an adequate state-wide celebration. A Centennial Commission was appointed, consisting of members of the Senate and House of Representatives, three representatives of the University of Illinois, and the president and secretary of the State Historical Society. Mrs. Weber, as the secretary of the Society, was the logical choice for the secretaryship of the Commission. It was in her office that the sessions of the Commission were most frequently held, and through it most of the correspondence passed. In short, she became the general executive officer of the Commission, as well as of the Library and the Society. In addition, she served on several of the committees and was especially responsible for the success of the series of exercises held in Springfield.

Out of the work of the Centennial Commission came the six volumes of the Illinois Centennial History and the final success of the movement for the new building, which now houses the Library, the Society, and other more or less related interests. The entry of the United States into the World War made it necessary to modify the Centennial program in some respects; but in the main, it was carried through as a patriotic enterprise, and the anniversary exercises held during the spring and autumn of 1918 were particularly impressive. All in all, the celebration was in itself a really historic event and was generally recognized as in many respects setting a new standard for other States to follow. In this success, many men and women, most of them still living, had their part. To attempt any accurate apportionment of the credit would be quite futile; but certainly no fair history of the Illinois Centennial can be written in which the record of Mrs. Weber's services is not given an important place.

A natural outgrowth of Mrs. Weber's official and personal interest in the history of her native state was her active participation, in cooperation with the Daughters of the American Revolution and other patriotic organizations, in the preservation and marking of historic sites. A notable example of this is her part in the development of the State Park at Fort Massac; another is the setting up of markers at various points associated

with Lincoln's career as lawyer and political speaker.

The Centennial Building and its equipment reminds us in many ways of Mrs. Weber's constructive service; but I confess that I like best to think of her at her old workshop in the State House—crowded and inconvenient but full of cherished memories of past and present colleagues, of plans and failures and achievements in the days gone by. During the quarter century that passed between her appointment as Librarian and the removal of the Library to the new building, there were many changes. Governors, legislators, and heads of departments came and went with the exigencies of party politics; but when the interests of the historical work were concerned these distinctions were usually forgotten. This was strikingly the case in the organization of the Library Board. During the twenty-eight years of Mrs. Weber's service, there have been changes in the control of the state government from Republican to Democratic and from Democratic back again to Republican, not to mention those contests within parties which are often no less bitter; but there has been only one change in the personnel of the Library for any reason other than death or removal from the State; that was when President James found it necessary to retire because of his heavy responsibilities at the State University. So, more and more as the years passed, Mrs. Weber came to occupy a unique position. In a sense she became the dean of the official body at the State House. Everybody knew her and her word went a long way, not only with her fellow-workers, but with those to whom she went on her official errands. She sat through long meetings of appropriation committees; on the busy closing nights of legislative sessions, she was a watchful sentinel, jealously guarding these items in the appropriation bills which affected one or another of the historical interests she had so much at heart. It was a service which none of her colleagues could have performed so well.

I have sometimes thought, in these days when women have begun to take a more formal part in politics, that Mrs. Weber had many of the qualities which make for success in a political career. I am sure there have been many members of our na-

tional legislature, past and present, who have shown far less insight in difficult political situations. But, in the long perspective time, I am sure that in her chosen work she gave a service to her beloved state more important than that achieved by most men who have chosen the precarious honors of a political career.

Perhaps in this brief record of Mrs. Weber's service, I may seem to have said too much about the causes for which she worked and the friends, now gone from us, with whom her work was done. I have done so deliberately, however, for I believe that it is in such familiar and friendly associations that she would like best to be remembered.







MRS. ELIZABETH TODD GRIMSLEY

*Bridesmaid at the Wedding of  
Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd*

## SIX MONTHS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY ELIZABETH TODD GRIMSLEY

### FOREWORD

BY HARRY E. BARKER

When the Lincoln family removed from Springfield, Illinois to Washington, D. C., in February, 1861, they were accompanied by Mrs. Elizabeth Todd Grimsley, a favorite cousin of Mrs. Lincoln. Mrs. Grimsley had accepted her cousin's urgent invitation to make a long visit with them, and to assist in the social functions of the White House. This visit extended over a period of six months, during which time Mrs. Grimsley, in her close relations with the family, saw and heard many things concerning those most trying days of the Lincoln administration.

In the narrative that follows she has told in an interesting way many facts that throw new light on subjects hitherto obscure. Some of the facts given will settle for all time questions that have been debated since the beginning of the civil war. Best of all she increases our love for the name of Lincoln, as she pictures his devotion to his family, his patience in dealing with his associates in office, his firmness in standing for the right, and his faith, yes—his faith in God.

## SIX MONTHS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY ELIZABETH TODD GRIMSLEY\*

The last week in February 1861, found a party of Illinoisans, eighteen or twenty in number, domiciled in the comfortable old Metropolitan Hotel, New York, enroute to Washington, the ladies of this party being Mrs. Edwards, sister of

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\*Elizabeth Todd Grimsley, daughter of Doctor John Todd, a prominent physician of Springfield, Illinois. Born January 29, 1825, at Edwardsville, Illinois; married in Springfield July 21, 1846, to Harrison Grimsley, a native of Kentucky. Harrison Grimsley died January 5, 1865, and in January, 1867, Mrs. Grimsley married Rev. John H. Brown, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Springfield and later of the 3rd Presbyterian Church in Chicago. Doctor Brown died February 23, 1872, in Chicago and is buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield.

Elizabeth Todd Grimsley was a bridesmaid to Mrs. Lincoln at the wedding of Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd in the Ninian Wirt Edwards home, Springfield, Illinois, November, 4, 1842. Her death occurred in Duluth, Minn., September 23, 1895. She is buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois. —EDITOR

Mrs. Lincoln, her two daughters, Mrs. Baker, and Miss Edwards, and myself, (Mrs. Grimsley, a cousin,) being invited guests to the White House.

The Presidential party had preceded us on the 23rd. The well-known story of Mr. Lincoln's secret journey to the Capitol, the rumors of assassination, the peril of the President elect, and his safe arrival, were on every lip, and eagerly discussed from the various standpoints of interest, for or against. At a table near ours, in the dining room, quite a party of New Yorkers were discussing the qualifications and fitness of the man for his position, "Could he, with any honor, fill the Presidential Chair?" "Would his western gaucherie disgrace the Nation?" and many other such questions. At length one gentleman, striking the table, with much emphasis exclaimed, "Well! if nothing more is effected it will help civilize the Illinoisans." There were four army officers and eight or ten besides who were "Natives," and that rather roused our resentment. Did we not know of our charming Springfield society, composed of choice spirits gathered from many cultured, refined centres and could we not boast of many names even then prominent in political, intellectual life—our Douglas, Trumbull, Stuart, Logan, Baker, Hardin, Browning, Davis, Hay, Shields, and Lincoln?

Consoling our State pride with these reflections, we bade adieu to New York, March 2nd, and joined the Presidential party that evening at Willard's Hotel. All was in commotion, the parlors and corridors being thronged, and this continued all through the Sabbath.

The usual calls of etiquette had been exchanged between President Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln, so when the former appeared on Monday, March 4th, to take his seat in the carriage with Mr. Lincoln, and escort him to the Capitol, as is the usual custom for the outgoing President, it was not as strangers they met. But it was not with the usual ceremonies of escort, with bands gaily playing, and flags flying they made the length of Pennsylvania Avenue, but through files of cavalry, troops of infantry, riflemen, and a battery of artillery, all under the

watchful eye of Gen. Winfield Scott, and all betokening the feeling of unrest and possible danger.

Upon arriving at the Capitol, we found a dense throng in the Senate Chamber, where the Vice President was to take the oath of office. Judges in their silk gowns, Senators, Members of the House, and the members of the diplomatic corps, in their brilliant uniforms, were assigned prominent places, while the galleries were filled with beautifully costumed ladies lending brightness to the scene. Mrs. Lincoln and her party occupied the diplomatic gallery.

The Presidential ceremonies are probably too familiar to be dwelt upon, yet, never a President elect took his stand upon that eastern portico of the Capitol, and looked down upon such a sea of upturned faces, representing every shade of feeling; hatred, discontent, anxiety and admiration, so begirt about with crucial difficulties. We must recall, what history has so fully recorded, eleven states had already seceded, withdrawn from the Union, disclaiming all allegiance, and "the Confederate States of America", had elected their President, established their executive department, organized their Army and Navy without firing a gun, or shedding one drop of blood, and no attempt had been made by the government to arrest this wonderfully rapid movement, which was strengthened by the idea that the North were cowards, and would not fight, and the equally strong conviction that "King Cotton" must control the markets of the world, and thus secure foreign recognition. Washington was divided into strong factions. Many of the army officers who had served under the brave and gallant General Scott in Mexico and felt a certain sense of loyalty due to a government which had educated and trained them, could not resist the call state pride made upon them, yet had not openly acknowledged their position, so were suspected. Avowed and bitter secessionists were not slow in proclaiming their stand, and so they stood, friend and foe alike waiting for the first official words of President Lincoln.

Upon the front of the platform were the Senate Committee, President Buchanan, Chief Justice Taney and Mr. Lincoln, while behind them were seated Mrs. Lincoln, her sons, myself



and other relatives, the rest of the platform being filled by judges, senators, and other distinguished guests. After Chief Justice Taney had administered the oath on the Bible, which Mr. Lincoln reverently kissed, and which was afterwards presented to him, Judge Douglas stepped forward and claimed the honor of holding the President's hat, as he had playfully remarked "If I cannot be President, I can at least be his hat-bearer."

Senator E. D. Baker of Oregon, a former fellow townsman and tried friend of years, introduced Mr. Lincoln, who made his inaugural address with all the dignity, calmness and composure of one accustomed to delivering presidential inaugurals.

And who shall say that address will not go down the ages as a model of clear diction, dispassionate dealing with live issues, and tender poetic appeal?

At the close of these ceremonies the procession was reformed, Ex-President Buchanan escorting President Lincoln to the vestibule of the Executive Mansion, where, after courteous words of welcome, he left him.

The Mansion was in a perfect state of readiness for the incomers—A competent chef, with efficient butler and waiters, under the direction of the accomplished Miss Harriet Lane, had an elegant dinner prepared, and it is needless to say, after the excitement and fatigue of the day, it was most thoroughly appreciated. But physical fatigue was of minor account—we went out not knowing what the day might bring forth. Bristling guns, mounted artillery, and belching cannon were too fearfully suggestive of what might be apprehended, and it was a moment of intense relief when "Old Edward", who had served through many administrations, opened the doors of the Executive Mansion, admitted us, and our President was safely housed.

After dinner, to which about seventeen sat down, we scattered to our various rooms, for a short rest before preparing for the Inaugural Ball, which was to be on a grand scale in a building especially arranged for the occasion. The cards of invitation which bore the names of distinguished Senators, Representatives, and those high in army and navy circles had been

eagerly sought after, and a brilliant assemblage was gathered there.

Like all similar functions it was more of a reception, and "dress parade" where the President is on exhibition, and he and his family march through the ranks of observers and critics, and are then at liberty to leave the scene, after witnessing the attack of the hungry skirmishers on the supper table, and of this permission we most gladly availed ourselves at an early hour.

And I think this was the beginning of that system of gossip journalism, known as "Jenkinsism", and which has been in vogue ever since; that minute and extravagant detail of ladies dress. There was "a chiel amang us, takin nates", one of our own party, a guest in the house, an editor himself, of no mean ability, who having free access to dressing rooms, and garrulous maids, could impart all desired information of dress and gossip to New York reporters, with whom he became a great favorite.

March 5th opened on a busy household, as would naturally be the case with an incoming administration. The family regime had to be adjusted, rooms selected for our, then, large family, and the house inspected, and this was most faithfully done by the irrepressible "Tad" and observant Willie, from dome to basement, and every servant interviewed by these same young gentlemen, from Edward, the door keeper, Stackpole, the messenger, to the maids and scullions.

And the tour of observation was a disappointing one, as the only elegance of the house was concentrated on the East, Blue and Red rooms, while the family apartments were in a deplorably shabby condition as to furniture, (which looked as if it had been brought in by the first President), although succeeding house-keepers had taxed their ingenuity and patience to make it presentable.

At the East end of the Mansion, Cabinet making, and announcing the results was in order, and to many, the selection of men who had been rival aspirants for Presidential honors, was a genuine surprise, but, to far seers, an evidence of the recognition of brain and diplomacy needed in this critical sit-

uation of National affairs. Sec. Seward, accomplished, courtly statesman and diplomatist; Sec. Chase, stately, astute, polished as steel; Sec. Cameron, clear headed and cool; Sec. Welles, cautious and deep; Attorney General Bates, wise, and a combination of grand attributes—all recognized leaders.

The day was not half spent before the house was full of office seekers, halls, corridors, offices, and even private apartments were invaded; and this throng continued and increased for weeks, intercepting the President on his way to his meals; and strange to say, about every tenth man claimed the honor of having raised Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, until he was fain to exclaim "Save me from my friends."

The ladies of the family were not exempt from marked attention and flattery, but soon had their eyes opened to the fact that almost every stranger that approached us "hoped we would use our influence, with the President in his behalf". And it was a hard matter to persuade them they would stand a better chance without our interference, "we (to quote Mr. Lincoln), having no influence with this administration".

Our family, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and their three sons, consisted of Mrs. Ninian Wirt Edwards (Elizabeth Todd), Mrs. Charles Kellogg, (Margaret Todd) sisters of Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Charles Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Baker, Miss Elizabeth Edwards (Mrs. Eugene Clover) niece, myself (Mrs. Grimsley), a cousin, who was to remain six months with them. Also Capt. Lockwood Todd, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, the private secretaries, Col. E. E. Ellsworth, and Col. Ward H. Lamon. Robert, then a Harvard student, was home with us of course, a manly, dignified youth, unspoiled by petting and adulation, and giving promise of the man into which he was to develop; a credit and an honor to his father's name and to the nation; which he afterward served as Secretary of War, and later as Minister to the Court of St. James.

Willie, a noble, beautiful boy of nine years, of great mental activity, unusual intelligence, wonderful memory, methodical, frank and loving, a counterpart of his father, save that he was handsome. He was entirely devoted to Taddie who was a gay, gladsome, merry, spontaneous fellow, bubbling over with

innocent fun, whose laugh rang through the house, when not moved to tears. Quick in mind, and impulse, like his mother, with her naturally sunny temperament, he was the life, as also the worry of the household. There could be no greater contrast between children.

Our first Sunday in the White House, we all went to the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Dr. Phineas D. Gurley's, which had been decided upon as the church home, and ever after, the boys attended the Sabbath School, Willie conscientiously, and because he loved it, Tad as a recreation, and to be with Willie.

That Sabbath, after lunch, Willie sat down at the piano in the Red room, where there were quite a number of persons, and began strumming some popular air; when opportunity came I said to him, "No one is without example, and as your father's son, I would remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy". "I will" was the answer, and he faithfully kept his word, never even joining the family in their afternoon drives, when he found I preferred remaining at home.

Soon the subject of our first reception came up for settlement, as Mr. Seward indicated that he proposed to lead off. To this Mrs. Lincoln objected, urging that the first official entertainment should be given by the President. There was some little discussion from which it could perhaps be seen that Mr. Seward had even in so small a matter the same idea of taking precedence which he expressed as to larger ones in his famous letter of the same month, (April the first), to which the President made so prompt a reply. The question was, however, soon settled and the reception announced for the 8th of the month, at the Executive Mansion. And what a crush and jam it was!

But the young private Secretaries Nicolay and Hay managed the introductions to the President and the receiving party wonderfully well. The hand shaking was a thing long to be remembered by the President, and while it was gratifying, we must confess to a sigh of relief when we heard the Marine Band strike up "Yankee Doodle", the signal for retiring. The President took me on his arm and we made the circuit of the East



room, a custom as old as the house itself, I believe, and a silly one, in that the wife of the President is relegated to the escort of another gentleman.

We were amused at the many remarks we overheard—such as, “The President bears himself well, and does not seem the least embarrassed”. “How much alike the President and Mrs. Grimsley are!” “Yes! brother and sister. They must belong to a very tall family.”

And so ended that memorable reception, the last in which north and south would mingle for many years.

The next day there was a diplomatic reception, but the legations were not out in full force, nor did they come together, in a body, as was their custom. The French Minister, Mercier, was absent. Lord Lyons was coldly dignified—already the nations were looking at us askance.

The first state dinner, March 28th as I remember it, was not a very gay affair, as there were very few ladies of the Cabinet there in Washington. Sec. Seward’s house was presided over by Mrs. Fred Seward, his daughter-in-law, a lovely, charming woman. Sec. Chase had not then brought his fascinating daughter, Miss Kate, afterward wife of Governor Sprague of Rhode Island. Mrs. Bates, the wife of the Attorney General, a dear domestic, motherly woman, left her daughters to represent her. Besides the lady guests in the Mansion, who were soon to leave us, there were few others.

Society was already beginning to feel the upheaval—avowed secessionists, false friends (which was worse) were in every department. A new party jubilant over success, part of an old party who had been debarred for nearly thirty years and naturally felt the unwonted exhilaration of power and place, had stepped in and it is well known there was an element who rushed in clamoring for position, even at that early period of the Lincoln administration, who could not by any possibility lay claim to social recognition on any other ground than rapidly accumulated wealth.

The process of disintegration went on rapidly, and in a few weeks there was a thorough change socially. By degrees we ceased to meet at our informal receptions the Maryland and

Virginia families who had always held sway, and dominated Washington society. Easy, suave, charming in manner, descended from a long line of aristocratic families, accustomed to wealth and all the amenities of social life, and etiquette, they resented the introduction of these new elements, and withdrew, to go into the Confederacy, where all their sympathies centered.

These were, in time, replaced by members of cultivated, refined, intellectual and wealthy people from the Northern cities, and officers of the army and navy with their wives, these, with several ladies of the legation, notably Russian and Chilian, with our many western friends, gave a new life to home parties.

But the feeling of danger was lurking in the air, threats of assassination were made, warning letters written to the family, and by order of General Scott guards were placed around and in the White House, much to the President's dissatisfaction, who "had great faith in the people". One night every member of the family except the servants, was taken ill, physicians were hastily summoned, and for a time whisperings of "Poison" were heard, but it proved to be only an over-indulgence in Potomac Shad, a new and tempting dish to western palates. Of course, there was no gaiety going on save as formality demanded a few receptions and cabinet dinners. However, Commodore Franklin Buchanan, then in command of the navy guard, insisted upon the honor of the President's presence at the marriage of his daughter. Though without precedent, Sec. Seward advised the acceptance of the invitation—White House etiquette demanded that the President's wife should not appear at social functions of the Mansion, so the President and I attended by Sec. of State, and the private secretaries went to the marriage feast, in due formality.

It was a gay, brilliant affair, where we met the "creme de la creme" of society, and were feasted and toasted as only distinguished guests could be. But it was only a seeming of cordiality and respect, for in less than three weeks Commodore Buchanan, most unceremoniously, left the Navy Yard in command of Com. J. A. Dahlgren, and went into the Confederacy. Com. Dahlgren was one of our most noble, trusted, staunchest

friends, a frequent visitor in our parlors, and always a welcome guest.

Mrs. Lincoln in addressing him one evening, gave him a title to which he could lay no claim, and he promptly responded as did Napoleon's officer, "In what regiment Madame?" This was reported to Mr. Lincoln, but already his papers for promotion were made out, yet he always felt it was through Mrs. Lincoln's good offices he was advanced.

And now we turn to history again, for the fall of Fort Sumter, the first overt act of the Confederate government, compelling the evacuation by brave, gallant, true, Major Robert Anderson. The call of the President for 75,000 troops, the speedy response of Massachusetts and New York troops, the riot and blood-shed in Baltimore, the burning of bridges, and the cutting off of all railway communication with the north, followed in rapid succession; but history can not tell of the great gloom over the city as we recognized the danger we were in.

All the public buildings were barricaded and guarded by sentinels, no business transacted, and no places of amusement were open, all strangers and visitors who could get away, hurried to a place of safety. So imminent seemed the danger that Gen. Jim Lane of Kansas organized the "Frontier Guards" and camped with them in the East room and corridors, while General Cassius M. Clay, with his Home Battalion was stationed in Willard's Hall. Most anxiously did General Scott and Mr. Lincoln look for the promised relief, in the coming of the regiments detained in Baltimore, and more than once were heard to exclaim, "Why don't they come?"

And when their hard march of twenty miles from Annapolis was accomplished, and they with bands playing and flags flying came up to the Mansion, and were received by the President in a heartfelt speech of commendation, their enthusiasm knew no bounds, nor could we resist our tears, when Mrs. Lincoln, the boys and I were greeted with rousing cheers, from these our deliverers.

And the same scene was enacted when the 7th Regiment, New York, with their splendid regimental band, led by Dod-

worth, marched the whole length of Pennsylvania Avenue to the Mansion, cheered at every step by the crowds who followed them, and waited with them for the President's warm welcome.

The noble Clara Barton, now so well known not only in our own but other countries, met the soldiers wounded in the Baltimore riot with such supplies as she and a few other women had hastily collected, followed the regiment to the Senate Chamber where they were quartered, cared for the brave wounded men and distributed supplies. After the battle of Bull Run, she obtained permission to go to the battle field, and transportation was furnished her for stores and supplies sent her from various quarters, where her noble, patriotic work was already known through the grateful soldiers.

The regiments were scattered in different parts of Washington, and between the White House and the War Department was quite a large encampment which had a peculiar charm for our little boys, and Taddie's rollicking ways afforded them quite a diversion. There was nothing in the way of fruit, flowers, books, or papers Tad would withhold from "his good soldiers", and our visits to the conservatory to which I had free access, were a frequent source of grief to the care-takers, who did not relish having their treasures despoiled for men.

One morning, Mr. Lincoln coming in to a late breakfast, (by the way a most frequent occurrence in these troublous times) found his "little man" dissolved in tears, a sight he could never serenely bear, and at once set about to discover the trouble. "Why! Faver, such ungrateful soldiers! When I gave them tracts, and asked them to read them, they laughed loud at me, and said they had plenty of paper to start fires with, and would rather have a 'posey'." His father took him in his arms, pressed him tightly to him, kissed him, and tried to console him, but it was days before the men saw their little friend's laughing face again, as he could not readily forgive ridicule.

Willie, who was seated at the table next to Mr. Galloway of Ohio, looked most sorrowfully at Tad, during this scene, and then lapsed into a profound, absorbed silence, which Mr. Lincoln would not allow to be disturbed. This lasted ten or



fifteen minutes, then he clasped both hands together, shut his teeth firmly over the under lip, and looked up smilingly into his father's face, who exclaimed, "There! you have it now, my boy, have you not?" Turning to Mr. Galloway he said, "I know every step of the process by which that boy arrived at his satisfactory solution of the question before him, as it is by just such slow methods I attain results."

What the question was, we never knew, save that it was some scheme by which he could apply a balm to Taddie's wounded feelings.

In some of these camp excursions the boys contracted the measles and for two or three weeks were quite sick. The mother, always over-anxious and worried about the boys and withal not a skillful nurse, was totally unfitted for caring for them. They disliked their attendant maid, and, by degrees, I was inveigled into the nursery, and by way of a pet name, was dubbed "Grandmother" though a younger woman than the mother.

But I never regretted the days thus spent, for then I learned to know the depth, tenderness, and purity of Mr. Lincoln's nature, his gentleness and patience. "Kind little words, which are of the same blood as great and holy deeds", flowed from his lips constantly to these sick children, the anxious mother, and all others. These were days to be remembered, as this weary over-burdened man found his way through the crowds which still gathered in every hall, to the room where he knew he would bring comfort, and find us with a fragrant cup of tea, and a tempting lunch ready for him. After eating he would stretch himself upon the couch, with a book in his hand, as often the Bible, as any other, for he felt there was nothing in literature that would compare with poetic Job, Moses the Law Giver, the beautiful and varied experiences of the Psalms of David, or the grand majestic utterances of Isaiah. He would read aloud to us, recite some poem, until recalled to the cares of state by the messenger. And this was, at that time, the only relaxation he took.

Most opportunely there arrived for Mrs. Lincoln, a present from China, of an elegant tea caddy containing such delicious

tea, as only emperors use, also four or five valuable books of paintings on rice paper, which had been rescued from a burning palace. Books of flowers, birds, and high officials in their gorgeous costumes, which were a source of endless amusement to these convalescing boys, particularly when I could be drawn in as delineator, for I, even, had caught the spirit of "story-telling".

Mr. Lincoln was often summoned as early as five o'clock in the morning to the Cabinet Room and Mrs. Lincoln had repeatedly to send his coffee there, nor would he get his breakfast until nine or ten o'clock. But this soon began to tell upon even his iron constitution, and only repeated protests brought about any degree of regularity. Our Western guests had all departed, and often Mrs. Lincoln invited well-known friends to breakfast, and then sent word to the President we had company, and breakfast was waiting for him. Mr. Galloway of Ohio, "Sam" as he was familiarly known, being very genial and merry, was a frequent visitor.

Mr. Lincoln would come in looking so sad and harrassed, seat himself, with a bare nod of recognition, saying "Mother, I do not think I ought to have come." Mr. Galloway would go on with some pleasant anecdote (often purposely begun, with Mr. Lincoln's entrance), for he also was an inveterate joker.

Presently Mr. Lincoln's mouth would relax, his eye brighten, and his whole face lighten, as only those who had seen the transformation would believe, and we would be launched into a sea of laughter—he himself falling in with his oft quoted expression "And this reminds me".

A merciful solace came to him through his keen sense of humor, which afforded a kind of "safety valve" from a pressure of care, anxiety and responsibility, rarely, if ever, laid upon any man. And he was an enigma hardly approved of, by many who felt that his jokes and stories did not harmonize with the gravity of the situation, or the dignity of the Commander in Chief.

About this time, Mrs. Lincoln instituted the daily drive, and insisted upon it, as her right, that he should accompany her, as this was the only way in which she could induce him to take the fresh air, which he so much needed.

A real sorrow was brought into the White House, with the body of Col. E. E. Ellsworth, who fell a martyr to his rash zeal in hauling down a confederate flag, at Alexandria.

He had been a member of the family ever since we went to Washington, having gone on with Mr. Lincoln from Springfield, and was much beloved. He was a magnetic, brilliant young fellow, over-flowing with dash and spirit. He was in command of the New York Zouaves, fireman, picked men, and grandly trained and disciplined by him, and it was his great pride to parade his men in front of the Mansion every day, not only for the President's inspection, but every member of the family was expected to approve, applaud, and admire, and this we did, as the Zouaves were new to us, and did great credit to their dashing Colonel. His body was brought to the East room, and funeral services held there, May 26th, 1861.

We spent much time in visiting the encampments, and assisted, on several occasions, in christening them. We were always recognized and welcomed with music and cheers, particularly if the President was with us. "Camp Mary Lincoln" was the favorite with our little men. On one occasion a hamper of choice wines having been sent to Mrs. Lincoln, she took it to the hospital, and this the boys resented, claiming it should have been reserved for their camp.

The vivandiers attached to several regiments, were also objects of interest but the "Daughter of the Regiment" called forth their especial delight.

In some way, the story became current that Mrs. Lincoln "was not loyal", "was a rebel," "not in sympathy with her husband", and for a time it was believed by some that she was in communication with the Confederate Army, as State Secrets had leaked out, and it was well known that her brothers and sisters in the South, were active Confederates. This exasperated her beyond measure, as she was, heart and soul, with her husband, and the Union.

With her quick womanly wit, she set herself to work, to discover, if possible, who the guilty party was, in making these charges. And she did prove, to the satisfaction of those most interested, that a guest in the house was in the habit of listen-

ing about the Cabinet room doors, when they were in session, and retailing all the information he could thus gather to those only too willing to make use of it. He also reported the visits of a brother, and sister of Mrs. Lincoln, who had been most kindly entertained, and passed by the President through the lines.

The sister, a wonderfully bright and prepossessing woman from Alabama, won hearts and confidence, and went through the lines, carrying her weight, almost, in quinine, a veritable bonanza to the Southern Army. Moreover, "adding insult to injury" by telling with great vim the story of her outwitting her too credulous "brother Lincoln".

This, Mrs. Lincoln could not forgive, and orders were given that her Southern relatives should not be permitted to enter the house, and that any correspondence from them should be placed, by the Secretary, in the waste basket; while the prying guest was quietly notified that home was the best place for him, lest a worse thing should happen to him.

My relative on the other side of the house, General John C. Breckinridge, was open and above board. He called a number of times, before leaving Washington, and most complacently said to me, "Cousin Lizzie, I would not like you to be disappointed in your expected stay at the White House, so I will now invite you to remain here as a guest, when the Confederation takes possession". Mrs. Lincoln replied "We will be only too happy to entertain her until that time, General", where upon arose a seemingly merry war of words, but there was a perceptible undercurrent of storm and sting, as would naturally be the case, when two bright, quick, embittered brains and tongues wage a contest. And this was not an unequal one, for Mrs. Lincoln was a woman of fine native mental qualities, vivacious, intellectual, and a charming conversationalist.

The Saturday afternoon receptions were kept up until the weather became warm, when the "Mall" became a bright place for promenaders, made doubly so by the fine music furnished by the Marine Band. The family were usually on the south balcony ready to receive all who chose to join them there. The Washington monument looked then, as if it never



would be completed, and the rubbish surrounding it detracted greatly from our southern view. An enterprising photographer set up an establishment there, and I think his were the first *carte de visites* taken, at least in Washington, and the photograph album came into vogue.

We had a great treat in a matinee given at the navy yard barracks, May 9th by the 71st New York Regiment, Dodworth's Band, which was attended by the President and family, Cabinet Officers, and many other invited guests. And this was followed by an elegant dinner party given by Secretary Seward, for the Cabinet Officers and families. Secretary Hay and I were the representatives from the Mansion, and we had a laughable experience in trying to get into it again, as the Secretary had failed to get the password, and we had to pass through much red tape, before the sentinels would admit us. It was hard for us to remember we were living under military rule.

While communication with the North by railroads was cut off, Mr. Lincoln proposed we should go to New York by steamer, the district commissioner, W. S. Wood, arranging the trip, upon which several gentlemen friends accompanied us as far as Perth Amboy, where we took the train. Our objective point was "Brewster's", for an open carriage, as the weather was growing warm for the coach. We selected the carriage, took a drive in it, spent the whole of the next day at the cemetery, Greenwood, returning only in time for dinner. Some friends joined us in the evening, and the next day we left for Washington. The reporters did not hear of us until after we had left the city, but what was our amazement upon taking up the New York papers, after our return home, to find we had been on an extensive shopping trip; that Lord & Taylor, Arnold and Constable, and A. T. Stewart had been largely patronized, that Mrs. Lincoln had bought, among other things, a three thousand dollar point lace shawl, and Mrs. Grimsley had also indulged, to the extent of one thousand, in a like purchase, (and *par parenthesis*, this was the nearest I ever came to having one,) whereas we had not even driven by the stores.

Our next trip to New York was after the called session, and an appropriation had been made for re-furnishing a few of the bed rooms, and this time we did not escape the reporters so well, for we could not step in or out of a carriage without one of that fraternity being at our elbow, and various were the devices made to escape recognition.

As is well known, Mrs. Lincoln was fond of dress, had fine taste, and her husband enjoyed seeing her in full dress, but she did not indulge in the one hundredth part of the extravagance with which she and I were credited, on that occasion.

When she bought the dinner set for the Executive Mansion, she ordered a set made for herself, with her initial, and this latter, I know, was not paid for by the district commissioner, as was most unkindly charged when it was stored away. Unfortunately, too many presents, were sent marked "personal gifts", and were accepted, but Mr. Lincoln was not in this respect "worldly wise" and Mrs. Lincoln could not anticipate the storm of censure which fell upon her.

It was a great delight to purchase new carpets and furniture, as the large north room, the best in the family suite was most shabby. A mahogany French bedstead, split from top to bottom, was the best piece of furniture in it, and all looked as if it had survived many Presidents and worn out the patience of many servants trying to keep it in reputable order.

We were entertained most pleasantly by personal friends, had a beautiful dinner given us at A. T. Stewart's and afterwards went up to Boston to spend a couple of days with Robert. Through Senator Sumner, who was a warm friend and admirer of both President and Mrs. Lincoln, our coming was anticipated, and everything arranged for a charming reception at the Revere House, dinings and drives, and we met many of the most distinguished men of Boston and Harvard; saw all that could be seen in so short a time, and returned to Washington, delighted with our jaunt, yet rather reproaching ourselves for having left Mr. Lincoln alone.

The interrupted passenger communication was resumed the middle of May, and many visitors returned to the city, particularly those who came armed and equipped with what they

considered the requisite wisdom for the conduct of the campaign. And there was no one affliction, (and no other word is suitable) from which Mr. Lincoln suffered more in these anxious months of the war than the importunities, meddlesomeness, impatient censure, and arrogance of preachers, politicians, newspaper writers, and cranks, who virtually dogged his footsteps, demanding that he should "free the slaves", "arm the slaves", "emancipate the slaves and give them the ballot", with the popular cry "On to Richmond!"

There were two notable exceptions among the divines who visited Mr. Lincoln, and these were the beloved, sainted Bishop Matthew Simpson of the Methodist Church, and Archbishop John Hughes, of New York, men well known and highly distinguished not only in their respective churches but also in political centres. While both had purposes to serve, their application was made in suitable form and spirit, and with due deference to the President. Bishop Simpson represented the wishes of the Methodist Church, (a large influential constituency) in regard to their position on the slavery question.

Archbishop John Hughes, (supported by Secretary Seward) asked for the appointment of twelve Catholics, foreigners, as Captains, in the regular service; and this was granted. Among these were Captain Crofton, who had seen service abroad in the Papal Zouaves, now commanding at Fort Sheridan, Coppinger, recently appointed Brigadier General, Miles Kehough, killed in the war, O'Keefe, and others whose names I cannot now recall.

The Archbishop, richly and elegantly attired, and attended by one of his priests, made his appearance in the drawing room, where were quite a number to meet him. He was a courtly man and had the inimitable manner of one accustomed to deference and adulation. Bishop Simpson was quietly dignified, carrying in his very face and presence, a benediction.

He held the next Sabbath, a service in the Senate Chamber, which was thronged with eager, interested listeners, none more reverential and charmed than Mr. Lincoln.

On June 3rd, the White House was again draped in mourning, and the President sincerely mourned the death of Senator Stephen A. Douglas. He had proved himself a noble, mag-

nanimous man, pledging his influence and fidelity to a rival who had, in love and politics, supplanted him. "The Little Giant" as he was sometimes called, and acknowledged to be, in Illinois, had pitted his whole strength against the antagonist; and when defeated, yielded gracefully, and even thus early, was showing himself to be a tower of strength to Mr. Lincoln; and one who could be trusted in this dire national emergency; rising above all party or personal considerations, to lend his efforts to the maintenance of the Union.

He had planned a series of addresses to be delivered at various points, for the cause, when suddenly laid low in death.

So disturbed had been the state of affairs, that the usual diplomatic dinner, always considered the most distinguished function of the White House, had been omitted by the President, but a comparative lull set in, and invitations were issued and a general acceptance was returned by the entire diplomatic corps, ministers, charge d'affair, and Secretary of legations, with their ladies, nine in number, our own home party with Secretary Seward, Assistant Sec. Fred Seward, Mrs. Seward, and Secretaries Nicolay and Hay comprised the party. England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Sardinia, Brazil, Costa Rica, Netherlands, Denmark and New Grenada were all represented.

The glitter of the gorgeous decorations and the exquisite court dresses of the ladies, and the gay clatter of conversation, (for diplomats do not dine with the solemnity common to Americans) all combined to render the occasion a very delightful one.

Thanks to Mr. John G. Nicolay, I can give you a clipping from the "Washington Star" of June 7th, 1861.

"The President, on Tuesday evening gave a dinner to the Diplomatic Corps, (here follows a list of the guests) which was, in many respects, the most brilliant affair of the sort that has ever taken place in the Executive Mansion. Through the good taste of Mrs. Lincoln, the stiff, artificial flowers heretofore ornamenting the Presidential tables were wholly discarded and their places delightfully supplied by fragrant, natural flowers. The blue room was decorated with cut flowers; and the chande-



liers gracefully festooned with wreaths and flowers, indeed the senses of sight and smell were delighted at every turn by beautiful and fragrant pyramids and wreaths from the floral riches of the White House conservatories and grounds. The dinner was served in a style to indicate that Mrs. Lincoln's good taste and good judgment had exercised supervision in this department also."

I will spare you the detail of dress on that occasion except to say it was all fashionably correct and elegant. That age seemed verging on to the style of full dresses, amplitude of skirt which required hoop skirts to display them, and large bonnets laden with flowers. However, décolleté was not then so pronounced as at present.

The private secretaries Nicolay and Hay, covered themselves with glory in the management of the arrangements, which involved so much when precedent is to be observed, as in the case of foreign dignitaries. And although there is a book of etiquette always at hand, it requires a cool head, quickness to grasp situations, and ease of manner to carry out detail successfully on first experience, which these gentlemen developed in an eminent degree. Perhaps because we were all reared in the free air of the prairies, with a certain sense of independence modulated by certain refinements, inherited or otherwise acquired, we entirely forgot we were expected to be embarrassed and addressed ourselves to the pleasure of entertaining, and being entertained.

Mrs. Lincoln, soon after our arrival in Washington, was forced, one evening, in the absence of an interpreter, to hold a conversation in French, with the Chilian Ambassador and wife, neither of whom could speak a word of English. With some little hesitation, and to the evident amusement of Senator Sumner and Schuyler Colfax, either of whom could have relieved her of this embarrassment, she began, but in a few minutes found her early training in a French school and family, stood her in good stead, and thereafter, she had no difficulty in speaking with ease. As for myself, who spoke none other than my mother tongue, I was usually most fortunate in situations. On this occasion, I had the honor of being handed in to dinner

by Lord Lyons, the stately dignified Minister from England placed on his right, and on my right was Col. De Raasloff, charge d' affairs from Denmark, a most charming, delightful man, easy, genial, and conversant with American ways and affairs.

But for this I might have found four hours at the table with a stiff unbending Briton, rather tiresome. Among other things Col. Raasloff asked about Illinois, saying he had never been West, whereupon I grew enthusiastic. He smilingly remarked, "If there is as much state pride throughout the Union, what is there to bind you together? My observation leads me to think there is too much snobbishness, (if I may use that word), in the East, towards the West, which is returned with greatly exaggerated prejudice."

The dinner passed off with the usual complimentary toasts being given, decanters passed, and with this, a new feature to me, the exchange of civilities in the tendering of elaborate snuff boxes, not only among the diplomats, but all the ladies.

The guests tarried but a short time after our return to the drawing room at a late hour, and so ended the first diplomatic dinner with the new administration.

In speaking of Colonel Raasloff's observation upon eastern and western feeling, and people, a few evenings after Commodore Blake said, "He is right, and of all the intensely snobbish, self-satisfied people, deliver me from the Bostonians". Mrs. Senator Foster of Mass., drew herself up with an air of offended dignity saying, "I thank you Commodore, I am a Bostonian, thoroughbred". "So am I, Madame, therefore I know whereof I speak; and a life of knocking about the world convinces me that the best society is the intermingling of people of distinction wherever found." Mrs. Lincoln gave a quick glance at Mr. Sumner, who was the very embodiment of elegance, culture and "farawayness", to see if he would make answer, but he ignored the whole matter, and fearing further personalities, Mr. Lincoln turned to Mr. Colfax with an admirable ease, and brought up an amusing incident, which had that day come under their observation.

Mrs. Lincoln and I took the President by storm, one morning, with the demand for an appointment, which so surprised him that he could only hold up his hands and exclaim "Et tu Brute". Our persistence became so great that surprise was changed to laughter, amid which he said, "Well! but you have not told me what you want, or the merits of the case." "Nothing less than the consulship at Dundee for our old Scotch Minister of Springfield, the Rev. Dr. James Smith, to whom we were all very much attached. An intellectual, powerful man, a perfect "Boanerges", who could thunder out "the terrors of the law as well as proclaim the love of the Gospel, but who had passed the line, and given way to a younger man." Mr. Lincoln hesitated; "He who hesitates is lost"; we pressed the matter. "The old Doctor was a warm personal friend, had been with us in joy and sorrow, was well-fitted for the post, which was one not much in demand, was an ardent Republican, and he wanted to spend his last days on his 'native heather'", and many words to like effect. He rose, laughing and said "You know Clarissa married Peter to get rid of him, send your preacher to the Cabinet Room," from whence he emerged a happy man, and Mr. Lincoln well pleased that he could confer the consulship on him. But he exacted a promise from us that it should be the last time we would "corner" him. My private opinion is he had already settled the whole thing in his own mind but wanted to see the extent of our interest in this old friend.

One pleasant morning Judge David Davis, Colonel Lamont, Major Wallace and other western friends breakfasted with us, and by degrees, and most naturally, the conversation drifted into by-gones, incidents and anecdotes. Our lawyers in early times were in the habit of going out on the circuit, the courts being held in this way; this occupying several weeks, and as they generally travelled on horse-back, and were brought intimately together, by reason of limited accommodations, there grew up a wonderful good comradeship, not only among themselves but their entertainers.

In the course of the talk, one of the party said, "Galloway, did you ever hear the story of Stuart and Lincoln?" "No, tell it." "Well here goes. The landlady in a certain town in Taze-

well Co. was particularly partial to both of these gentlemen. After serving a comfortable supper, she turned to Major Stuart, a remarkably handsome cousin of ours, saying 'Stuart, how fine and peart you do look!, but Lincoln, whatever have you been a doing? you do look powerful weak.' 'Nothing out of common, Ma'am,' was his reply, 'but did you ever see Stuart's wife? or did you ever see mine? I just tell you whoever married into the 'Todd' family gets the worst of it.' "

This raised the laugh, at Stuart's expense, and the brother lawyers, who knew us all, began running over the Todds and their consorts, and of all the large family connection, Major William F. Wallace, a brother-in-law of Mr. Lincoln, was the only portly one among them. Mr. Galloway looked as if he thought the story was in rather questionable taste, in the presence of Mrs. Lincoln and myself, but we assured him we were too well satisfied of Mr. Lincoln's affection for and appreciation of the "Todds" to care for a retort made under such exasperating circumstances.

War and its pressure was for that hour forgotten, and I am sure a better rested, lighter hearted President, went into the Cabinet Meeting from that breakfast table, so enlivened by the pleasant memories of the Illinois judicial circuit, than we had seen for weeks.

Who can ever forget that fateful Sunday of July 21st? the most memorable day ever known in Washington since it was captured by the British arms, in the last war.

The regiments so long encamped about the city, had at midnight, marched to the Potomac, amid cheering, enthusiasm, and hopefulness, for the general feeling was that this March was to be "On to Richmond", to be crowned with brilliant victory; "the backbone of the rebellion was to be broken," and the war ended.

Early in the morning the roar of the artillery at "Bull Run" could be heard, and the excitement grew intense, all conveyances were pressed into service, filled with those eager to go to the battle field, those left behind, all impatience to catch at any flying rumor. General Scott, cool and collected, opened



dispatches, read them, announced contents, and gave orders amidst the excited throng.

First came good news, "Bull Run, the key of the enemy's position had been taken, and the enemy completely routed." The delight caused by this was changed to consternation by the tidings of the recapture of Bull Run, with terrific loss of life on both sides. The impression rapidly gained ground that the enemy's forces were advancing on Washington, and the city was to be shelled and captured at once. It was also feared that Alexandria and Baltimore would join the Confederates, as the regiments which had kept them in subjection had been removed. It was a time of intense anxiety. And can you wonder at it?

Yet in the midst of all this, that beautiful moonlit Sabbath evening there was a wedding in Dr. Gurley's church. His daughter was married to a young army officer, amid flowers, music and light. They left the church together, and then separated in the course of an hour—she to wait in her father's house the results of the war, he to join his regiment on the battle-field. The streets echoed the clattering hoofs of hurrying cavalry, regiments marched to and fro, bayonets glistening in the moonlight, and the heavy sound of rolling army wagons dispatched for the wounded soldiers, and army baggage, were the sights and sounds we heard and met as we went home from that sad church wedding.

At last a telegram came saying "The day is lost! Save Washington and the remnant of the army". The crowd remained up all night—the President among them. At two o'clock a. m. a special army correspondent came in from the field bearing the news that a body of New Jersey troops had arrested the flight of the fugitive demoralized troops, and that a body of eleven thousand men who were not in the fight at Centreville, had made a stand with a battery against the advance of the enemy. This brought comparative relief. General Scott came to the White House, and insisted upon the family retiring, but it was not for rest, as at an early hour in the morning the troops came pouring into the city, the rumble of the ambulances bearing the wounded to the hospitals, and the tramp of the

troops was rendered still more dismal by the sound of rain, which lasted thirty-six hours. This, however, did not prevent Mr. Lincoln from visiting camps, forts, and hospitals to speak words of cheer to the weary, disheartened troops.

Then General Scott insisted upon it that Mrs. Lincoln, the children and I should be sent north for a time, until the Capitol should be safe. Mrs. Lincoln turned to her husband saying, "Will you go with us?", and his speedy answer came "Most assuredly I will not leave at this juncture"; and the response was just as prompt, "Then I will not leave you at this juncture"; and the General found he had met as determined, brave, and fearless wife, as he was an officer. He then asked "Will Mrs. Grimsley take the boys and go?" but of this I felt there was no need, and we all remained with the President, and I cannot believe in his heart of hearts, he was sorry at not being left alone, or of his wife's devotion to him thus proved, as she was a very timid woman, usually in time of trial. Nor was this the only occasion when it was thought best for her to leave the Capitol for a place of safety, but always with like results.

History has told us what effect this defeat at "Bull Run" and the imperiled condition of Washington had on the aroused Nation, and the great wave of enthusiasm which swept over the land, when the President, the next day, issued his call for three hundred thousand more troops and also the speedy response which was given. And now was born one of our stirring war songs "Rally round the flag". Geo. F. Root of Chicago wrote the song and before the ink was fairly dry on the score, went to the Court House steps and sang it to the assembled squadron of soldiers, who were answering heartily, "We are coming Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." The Lombard Brothers popularized battlefields, touching alike officers and men, and even our President, who did not know one tune from another, caught the spirit of it. Applicants for army appointments were very numerous, foreigners, lords and marquises among them.

Through the courtesy of Secretary Hay, already being known, and welcomed a charming addition to literary circles,

I was invited and accompanied by him to the house of Mrs. Charles Eames, whose "evenings at home" were recognized by all admitted within the charmed circle as most delightful. There were to be met all the literati, noted musicians, and artists who gathered in Washington. Wm. Dean Howells was in the city, an applicant for a Foreign Mission, and the private Secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, irresistibly drawn to him by the fellowship of literary talent, most earnestly seconded this application, and he received the appointment to Venice sometime during the summer. On the first evening spent with Mrs. Eames, Howells, and I think Stedman of the *New York World*, a favorite correspondent, Motley, Willis, and Leutzer, who was then engaged in painting the Capitol, were among the "lights" present.

It was a source of regret to us that White House etiquette debarred Mrs. Lincoln from re-unions so enjoyable, and which her fine conversational ability eminently fitted her to participate in.

Among the pleasant guests who frequently spent the morning with us in the delightful sunny library, overlooking the grounds and the Washington Monument were N. P. Willis, and Motley, the historian, who by the way, was a delightful man, when he forgot to be English; Lady Georgina Fane, and the Hon. Mrs. Clifford, both English ladies, and most companionable.

Every one knows, through his sister's writings, of Willis' inordinate vanity, and there was a constant draft upon those with whom he was thrown, for pabulum upon which this vanity could feed, nor did it matter much whether personal appearance, or his writings came uppermost. He unexpectedly turned to Mrs. Lincoln one morning, saying, "You do not approve of me, you think me a very wicked man, say, truly, do you not?" and his face fairly beamed when she replied, "how could that be with one who wrote such exquisite sacred poems, that have been made ours, even through our school readers, where we and our children have learned to love them?" This sufficed him for the time, but he was a man who stood ready to take advantage of any familiar footing afforded him. This, however, we could forgive because of his excessive fond-

ness for Willie, of whom he said, "I find myself studying him irresistibly, as one of the sweet problems of childhood that the world is blest with, in rare places."

Lady Georgina, Mrs. Clifford, Mr. Willis and I arranged for a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, going out by carriage and returning at our leisure, which we could not do by boat. I very quietly announced at the breakfast table that we expected to go to Mt. Vernon the next day and regretted that Mrs. Lincoln and the boys could not be of the party, as it might be unsafe for them to expose themselves, as the lines had not been extended. Mr. Lincoln rose from his chair, looked at me silently an instant, then said gently, as was his wont when speaking to women, "Cousin Lizzie, have you taken leave of your senses? I thought I could better rely on your judgment. Can you compute the amount of trouble you would involve General Scott and myself in, if a member of my family should be captured? And the enemy would be only too glad to get you in their clutches particularly your cousin David Todd, now in charge of the rebel prison, in Richmond." I instantly apologized for want of thought, we did not go to Mt. Vernon, nor did I ever get there. We had always enjoyed the drives in the vicinity, but it was deemed prudent that our carriage should not be seen beyond.

Secretary Seward called one morning in August to tell the President and Mrs. Lincoln of the expected visit of the French Prince Napoleon, and suite, and arrange for his reception at the Executive Mansion, and after ceremonials, a dinner must be given, some receptions, drives, etc., and if the President preferred, he, Mr. Seward, would give the dinner the evening following the Prince's arrival. Mrs. Lincoln did not fail to make a prompt objection to this suggestion, which seemed an echo of an earlier one which I have already mentioned, and she at once caused one of the Private Secretaries to be summoned and charged with arranging for a formal dinner on the day of the Prince's presentation to the President. It was at the same time settled that Mr. Seward should give an evening reception in honor of the Prince on a subsequent day.



Saturday, at noon, Prince "Plon Plon" as he was widely known, attended by his suite, was presented to the President by Count Mercier, the French Minister.

At seven o'clock they returned and were ushered into the blue room just as the Marine Band struck up "Yankee Doodle", with which the usual Saturday afternoon crowd was dismissed. The whole party was invited out to the balcony, much to the gratification of the people, who feasted their eyes on His Imperial Highness, while he, in turn, had a view of the "American Sovereigns". The grouping was effective. The Prince, in full dress, his breast a flame of decoration, over which was crossed the broad crimson sash of a marshal of the Empire, stood in the centre of his suite, in the attitude always assumed by his uncle, the first Consul, so easily recognized.

W. H. Russell, the "London Times" war correspondent, was also present.

After their return to the drawing room the home party composed of the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Robert, myself, and the private secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, entered the room, when presentations and conversation was in order, before the other dinner guests should appear. Soon came the Cabinet officers, and the last to enter was General Scott, magnificent old man, leaning on the arm of McClellan. Six foot four expressed it, "History waiting on prophecy, memory upon Hope." Then came the entrance to the dining room, the President leading, I upon his arm, Mrs. Lincoln with the Prince, the other guests following in the usual order of precedence. A beautiful dinner, beautifully served, gay conversation in which the French tongue predominated, led Prince Napoleon to remark gallantly, that after enjoying the elegant hospitality of Washington, and especially of those presiding in the Executive Mansion, he should be forced to confess that "Paris is not all the world."

While General Scott said to the President, "I have dined with every President since Jefferson and that in my mind, the last should be first."

Secretary Seward's Tuesday evening reception was a brilliant entertainment, worthily in honor of his Princely guests,

and gave "Plou Plou" some new ideas perhaps, of the elegance, beauty, and refinement to be found in American society.

In close proximity to such gaiety came harrowing scenes of wretchedness, full of pathos, and indeed, we all felt as if it were no time for "eating, drinking, and making merry," but policy demanded a show and pretence of cheer and hopefulness we were far from feeling.

The appeals for pardons and reprieves were numerous, and often pathetic, moving Mr. Lincoln's kindly heart unspeakably. He gave orders that no one, with such an appeal, should be turned away without his giving the case a personal hearing, and his remark to a friend, who had obtained pardon for a deserter, has become history. "Some of my generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination, but it makes me feel rested after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse to save a man's life."

And poor little Tad had his own burden to bear, in some of these cases he heard of, and with tears and sobs, would make known the case, and plead piteously "think faver, if it was your own little boy who was just tired after fighting, and marching all day, that he could not keep awake, much as he tried to." And so for fear of "impairing discipline," Tad, his sympathetic mother, and I were shut out from the room; for such scenes were often enacted in the family apartments, but we knew, if it were possible, "mercy, if not stern justice, would be granted."

Now arose a serious question what show would we have in case of war with England? which seemed imminent, as the relations between the two countries were greatly strained, and by the way, trouble was only averted by Mr. Lincoln's cool judgment and determination in over-ruling the decision of the Secretary of State, who, diplomatist as he was, came near making a fatal error. Our navy in face of the fact that the "Confederacy" had been established in December previous, had received no attention from the government, and was really only a byword and pretense. Our experts knew if England should attack us there was small chance of coast defences, as the relative power of the two navies was then more dispropor-

tioned than now, which stands, I believe, ninety thousand men, to our eight or nine thousand. The Confederates were active, the blockade runners busy, supplies were furnished rapidly, and England favoring the South.

To devise the speediest method of meeting this emergency a meeting of the Cabinet officers, the ordnance department, and veterans in the service, was called for at the navy yard, to make a test trial of the best at their command, and to witness this, the President's family was also invited. The view was rather a gloomy one, but earnestness was written on every face. "Armor plates," "signal lights", "striking velocity" and "striking energy", were rather an unknown tongue to the ladies of the party, yet the experiments were of great interest, and succeeding activity testified to the results of that conference.

But, to our good President, these projectiles, and death-dealing instruments brought a shade of sadness, as he realized what these preparations betokened of death and suffering. Yet never was his determination greater, that "the Union must and shall be preserved." I never saw such a blending of intense human kindness and tenderness with stern conviction of duty and right as met in Mr. Lincoln.

The time having arrived for me to return to my home in Illinois, Mrs. Lincoln and Robert decided to go with me as far as Niagara Falls, where my cousin General Charles F. Smith was to meet me and escort me home. It was a sad parting with Mr. Lincoln. A strong attachment had sprung up between him and myself, as a six months intimacy, under such trying circumstances had developed unsuspected qualities in both of us. I had, from a child, known him, he was intimate and a valued kinsman in my father's family, I had been much with my cousin Mary, in our girlhood, was one of the bridesmaids, saw the ring bearing the motto, "Love is eternal", placed upon her finger, and always a welcomed guest in their home, yet so reticent was Mr. Lincoln, so deferential to ladies, so introspective, if I may use that word, that when I was thrown closely with him in his family relations, I felt as if I had been almost a stranger to his true character. I could readily understand how his wife, the constant recipient and witness of his

manly characteristics and tenderness, should have been so devoted to him. I can not feel as if it were a betrayal of hospitality to speak thus of the inner life of a household, of which I had been so long a favored guest, and under such circumstances which threw personal traits into strong prominence. As Mr. Lincoln put his arm around me with a fervent "God bless you, my cousin," little did I anticipate the sad changes which should come over that household before my next visit, at the second inauguration, March 4th, 1865. Then Robert had gone into the army, as hundreds of other mother's sons had done, followed by tears, fears, and prayers of anxious parents. My beautiful rooms were closed, for the angel of death had been there, and borne away the idolized Willie; and with it had gone part of the doting mother's heart also, which was never more to find peace and comfort, mourning and refusing to be comforted, as only such impassioned natures yield to grief. Mr. Lincoln bowed and furrowed by personal sorrow, and the horrors of a Civil War, struggling manfully to meet all that was before him, yet hoping for a glorious consummation through all these trials. Partings are always sad, yet this was inexpressibly so, and as Mr. Lincoln wrung my hand and watched me as I descended the stairs, where I found all the servants and messengers congregated to bid me "farewell", his sad, prophetic eye seemed to betoken warning of the fate which hovered over them, and wish I could be there to share and help lift the burden. But duty called me to my own western home, and Washington was left behind with all its thousand avenues of joy, sorrow, ambitions, griefs, perplexities and pleasures, enjoyments and hopes, but alas! how little of anticipated fruition.



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND NEW SALEM

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*An address delivered before the Mississippi Valley Historical Association and the Illinois State Historical Society on  
Their Joint Pilgrimage to New Salem Saturday  
May 8th, 1926.*

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D., LITT. D.

Older than recorded history, deep-rooted in the established custom of widely varied peoples, is that habit of the human mind which associates important events with the places of their occurrence. A great deed makes and marks a memorable spot upon the surface of the earth. The habitable portion of the globe is limited in area, and men and nations move in swift procession across its green stage at the rate of three or four generations a century. Each generation has its own brief opportunity to make permanent record of its transition and to render some spot illustrious. Yet earth's notable shrines are relatively few. To them, and often from afar, men journey and have journeyed, since the times when history was as yet unborn, and the habits of the race were forming in the womb of time. The sentiment which attaches sanctity to places memorable in the traditions of mankind was ancient when the Crusades began. It may almost be said that this sentiment is the fountain-head—it is certainly one of the important tributary springs—of the literature of the world. The Pilgrimage Psalms are as notable in Holy Writ as are Chaucer's Canterbury Tales in English literature.

Old New Salem is already a recognized place of pilgrimage, and is destined to become more and more so. It is altogether appropriate that we remind ourselves of its peculiar significance among the historic spots in our national life and literature.

It is of the nature of historic shrines that each shall possess some quality of individuality. Whatever elements of similarity enable us to classify into groups the memorable places of



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# **NEW SALEM**

HOME OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN 1831 to 1837

PLATES CONTAINED AND PUBLISHED BY R. L. DENTON  
DRAWN BY ARTHUR L. KROEN

Entered as Second-Class by U.S. Post Office at New Salem, Ill., 1890

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earth, no two of them can be wholly alike. Few of them, however, possess such notable marks of distinction as old New Salem. Even a body such as this, comprised as it is of men and women some of whom are widely traveled, would find some difficulty in naming another spot with which New Salem might easily be classified.

Abandoned towns are not rare on earth. Many a proud and populous city has given place to a desert, and some of the world's most powerful capitals have disappeared in oblivion. Babylon, with the hanging gardens of Nebuchadnezzar lifting the city's crown above the plain, Ephesus with her temple of Diana, another of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Carthage and Palmyra and hundred-gated Thebes—

“Lo, all their pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.”

New Salem has no monopoly of departed glory. Nor is New Salem the only city that, having vanished, has been restored. Pompeii and Herculaneum, for purposes of archeology and of historical investigation, are unearthed, the one from its smothering shower of cinders and the other from its lake of rigid lava; and other towns, more noted in their day, in ancient Egypt and far-off Mesopotamia, are exhumed and bared again to the sunshine. But they are but tombs. Famous as were some of the men who trod their streets, no one among them all has had power to do what Lincoln's memory has done for New Salem.

The little old town of New Salem had lived its brief moment of history and was deserted. Its last log cabin had crumbled or been removed. No stone stood upon other stone above ground to mark the site of one of its dwelling-places. From having been a habitation of men it was given over to the wild life of the prairie. For three quarters of a century it remained desolate and without inhabitants. Now it rises from oblivion, and, with the more important of its buildings restored, and the site beautified, it presents to our vision a semblance of its living self.

Many monuments have been erected to Lincoln's memory but none like this. There are mural tablets marking most of

the more important events in his career. The log house where he was born and the lodginghouse where he died are both the property of the national government, and are made yet more significant by the reverent skill of the architect. A Greek temple in granite enshrines the humble logs of the cabin where he first saw light, and the noblest marble memorial upon this continent stands in the national capital, looking across a reflecting pool at a towering shaft erected to the memory of George Washington. Busts and statues of Lincoln in bronze or durable stone stand in many cities in this land of ours, and not a few have been erected abroad. Few men in modern history have so many monuments. But among them all there is none like this.

Not only is this restored village unique among memorials of Abraham Lincoln, but so far as I have knowledge it occupies a place of its own among the monuments of the world. Shafts and columns and portrait statues in rather monotonous profusion litter the parks and boulevards of our cities, and few of them have any distinctive character or recall names which the world will long remember, but so far as I am aware there is no other instance in which a town that had once been inhabited and had been deserted has come into being again, not for purposes of residence or of commerce, but because of the sojourn within its gates of one particular man.

What was New Salem in the time of its building? It was not originally a shrine or monument; it was a typical prairie town, and it perished.

One remembers the pathos of Oliver Goldsmith in that best loved of his poems, the "Deserted Village". With very little change we might adapt his lines to New Salem.

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,  
Where smiling Spring its earliest visits paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed!

How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill."

To be sure New Salem had no distinct place of worship. Church services here as in most pioneer communities were held in the school house or sometimes in the tavern. But otherwise the poet's picture might almost be exhibited as that of the village on whose soil our feet are now standing, and if we were to go further into the details of Goldsmith's poem we should find more to remind us of rural life as it was lived here—the healthful labor, the simple joys, the family life and the activities of the community, the merrymakings with feats of strength and country dances,

“The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love—

The matron's glance that would those looks reprove,”  
all these and all related to them belong to New Salem.

Brief was its history, and briefly may we outline it. The land was entered on July 29, 1828 by Rev. John M. Cameron and his uncle, by marriage, James Rutledge. These two men previously had entered land at Sand Ridge, on the waters of Concord Creek, their patent dating February 8, 1828, but a single season there showed that the waters of Concord Creek were inadequate for the mill they desired to erect. This disappointment caused a change in their plans, and brought about the ambitious project of damming the Sangamon River and erecting here the grist and saw-mill which was the basic business industry of New Salem. On October 23, 1829, the town was surveyed by Reuben S. Harrison. John M. Cameron held the legal title, and the town was recorded with the name of New Salem.

It stood high upon this bluff over the Sangamon River, a full hundred feet above the level of the water. It was located on a promontory caused partly by a bend in the river and partly by the inflow of a creek. It was beautiful for situation, and its name and the religious character of its founders indicate the hope that here was to be not only a town of commercial importance but one also characterized by a fine moral sentiment and a distinctly religious spirit. A post-office was established on Christmas day of 1829. Samuel Hill was the first postmaster. He served for nearly two years till November 26, 1831, when he was succeeded by Isaac N. Chrisman. Mr.



Chrisman served as postmaster till May 7, 1833, when he was succeeded by Abraham Lincoln, who continued to act in this capacity till the office was discontinued May 30, 1836. There is now a postoffice in Illinois bearing the name of New Salem but it is located in Pike County, and is entirely distinct from this. Lincoln's New Salem was then in Sangamon County, and in this part which is now Menard.

The discontinuance of the postoffice marks the disappearance of the town. The chronological limits of community life here, between the date of the survey, October 23, 1829 and the discontinuance of the postoffice, May 30, 1836, is less than seven years. For six of these seven years Abraham Lincoln was a resident of this town. He first arrived here on April 19, 1831, and remained until the Spring of 1837. It was a highly important period in his life. In the day of its greatest glory New Salem was a very small town. It probably never had more than twenty houses and it is doubtful if any one of those cost more than one hundred dollars. But to Abraham Lincoln it was not a poor, squalid prairie village; it was the largest town he had ever lived in, and he was twenty-two years old on his first arrival here.

For so small a community it contained a remarkable group of men and women. There were people who could not write their names and some who did not know the names of their fathers, but there were others whose family names stood high in American history. There were some who had, for the time and for Abraham Lincoln's purpose, quite remarkable educational attainments. Here were assembled such men as Dr. John Allen, the beloved physician, Sunday School superintendent and temperance worker, and Mentor Graham who taught Lincoln grammar and mathematics, and Jack Kelso, a kind of wandering elocutionist who taught Lincoln to love Shakespeare and Burns, and Byron. Religiously, New Salem contained the devout Cumberland Presbyterians, Rev. John M. Cameron and James Rutledge, and the turbulent Baptists of the Bale household, and it enjoyed the occasional visitations of that heroic Methodist pioneer, Peter Cartwright. On the other hand it had a group of radical freethinkers to whom

Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" and Volney's "Ruins" stood for law and gospel. Here came the Clary Grove boys, as reckless a set of hard riders and hard drinkers as could well be imagined, together with men who came up the river "half-horse-half-alligator", while on the other hand there were people eminent for piety and gentle in their saintliness. It was Abraham Lincoln's first intimate contact with organized community life, and he had in this simple village a remarkable variety of living examples of widely varying types.

Great as this town seemed to Lincoln and to those who inhabited it and who proclaimed its superiority to Springfield and Beardstown and other nearby metropolises, no one expected it was always going to be a small town. New Salem was a dream city; the vision of its future was based on the dream of a navigable Sangamon floating outward to civilization the large products of adjacent farms and bringing back the manufactured products of the industrial world.

We may smile at these ambitious visions of hopes that were doomed before they were born. New Salem at its best was a microscopic town. But we who live in America must learn to estimate cities otherwise than by their size. Athens was a small town in the days of Pericles; and Nazareth and Bethlehem were, and are, and always have been, small towns.

New Salem is associated with many and important events in the life of Abraham Lincoln. To this town he first came as an adventurer on his way the second time to New Orleans. If James Rutledge had not built his dam in a manner unfavorable to the progress of flat boats, or if the waters of the deep snow of the winter of 1830-31 had not so far subsided by the nineteenth of April as to interfere with the flat-boat's navigation of the stream, New Salem never would have heard of Abraham Lincoln, and we should never have heard of New Salem. Here he lodged, as he afterward said, like a piece of drift-wood, on the dam of the Rutledge mill, and here he spent those six highly important years.

In New Salem Abraham Lincoln first exercised his franchise as a citizen. Here he cast his first vote in an election held

in the house of John McNeil whom later he and Lincoln students were to know as John McNamar.

In New Salem Abraham Lincoln had his experience as a business man, first as the clerk of Denton Offutt, then as a clerk in the stores of Chrisman and Hill, and finally as a partner in the disastrous commercial enterprise with William F. Berry whose failure left Lincoln saddled with a heavy debt which he did not wholly remove till 1848.

Here he manifested his prowess as an athlete. He met in free combat all comers and established his reputation not only as the most powerful wrestler in New Salem but also as its fairest referee and supreme judge in tests of strength and masculine skill.

From this place Lincoln went forth to enlist as a soldier in the Black Hawk War. Not on the spot, for the election was not held here, but by the vote of men whom he had come to know here and who went with him on that military venture, he was elected a captain, and afterwards said that no office he ever held gave him so much pride.

Here he held his first office under the federal government, serving as postmaster for the period already named, from May 7, 1833 until the discontinuance of the office, May 30, 1836.

Here, less than a year after his first arrival, he proclaimed himself a candidate for office, and polled a surprisingly large vote for the legislature, carrying this precinct and the Clary Grove neighborhood by almost unanimous vote, and so nearly succeeding in that first venture as to give practical assurance of his success when he ran again, as he did, two, four, six and eight years after. It was not here but at Vandalia where the capital then was that he framed his first public declaration against slavery, signing with Dan Stone that protest against the action of the legislature which has since become famous the world around; but while the act was performed in the then state capital, many of the discussions which lay behind it had taken place in the grocery stores in New Salem.

Here Lincoln's interest in waterways developed as he worked a summer in the Rutledge mill and in the capacity of

the ability which he displayed as river pilot in the care of the steamer, *Talisman*.

In New Salem Lincoln had two love affairs. Of his love for Ann Rutledge we know almost nothing and talk much. That beautiful and sweet young woman died August 25, 1835, and we have no contemporary record of or allusion to her death. Such glimpses as we have of Lincoln in that summer and autumn reveal nothing unusual in his occupation or his state of mind. From a letter of her brother David written from Jacksonville shortly before her death and which I shall presently quote, we know that she was considering going to school at the Female Academy at Jacksonville in the autumn of 1835, and we also know that Lincoln had some thought of the possibility of entering college in that same fall. He owned a book of Greek exercises which he apparently procured at this period, and he weighed the advantages and the costs of a possible college education, but we have not a scrap of written evidence concerning Ann Rutledge in her love for Abraham Lincoln and his for her for more than thirty-one years and we have the best of reasons to believe that much of that is unreliable. Of his love affair with Mary Owens a few months later we have abundance of evidence. We have Lincoln's letters to her and his own very short account of the affair in his letters to Mrs. O. H. Browning. We also have Mary's short narrative in writing. It is a little remarkable but on the whole characteristic of much of our writing and oratory that we say almost nothing about Lincoln's love for Mary Owens, a proud, handsome, well-bred well-educated young woman and that we talk a great deal of the other matter on which our evidence is so scanty and that mostly wrong. We will make no mistake in standing reverently by the grave of Ann Rutledge, which is no longer in the Old Concord Cemetery but is near at hand in the village of Petersburg. We may remind ourselves, however, that Ann Rutledge did not die in New Salem but in the earlier farm home at Sand Ridge near Concord Creek.

New Salem was Lincoln's Alma Mater. Here, as we have reminded ourselves, he studied grammar and surveying and literature. Here also he acquired his first set of Blackstone



and read such law books as provided his meager preparation for admission to the bar. His law license was issued September 9, 1836, and his admission to practice in the courts of Illinois was dated March 1, 1837.\* Here, he obtained that knowledge of the common law which enabled him to secure admission to the bar and formed the basis for his professional career. Lincoln came to New Salem a stranger, he left with a considerable group of friends. He came with his capacity for leadership untrained, he left having established his power over men in military and civil affairs, in the free arena where men match physical strength, and in intellectual contests where he showed his mastery of mind. Here he thought through many of his life problems. He went forth lonely and in debt with many years of struggle ahead of him, but for those years and for that struggle he had been well prepared by this period of his life in New Salem.

Contemporary documentary material relating to Lincoln's life in this community is fairly abundant and of widely varied interest.

I have referred to, and will presently read, a letter which was placed for a time in my hands by the last surviving sister of Ann Rutledge, and I believe is ultimately to find a home in this Museum at New Salem. The last sister of Ann Rutledge, Sarah Rutledge Saunders, died in Lompoc, California, May 1, 1922. For some years before her death I was in correspondence with her, and, in the summer of 1921, I went to California and visited her and made a photograph of her. She was at that time in bed with a broken hip, but was able to be lifted, and I lifted her into a wheeled chair, and rolled her out into the sunshine and made a picture of her, the last that was taken, as I suppose, for from that bed she did not arise thereafter, except for a few moments at a time to rest, and this at infrequent and lengthening intervals.

With her, and with a considerable number of nieces and nephews and her one surviving son, I discussed all phases of the question concerning Lincoln and Ann Rutledge. What I am now giving relates to this matter of the desire of Ann that

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\* Information received from Clerk of the Supreme Court of Illinois.

she should go to school, and that Abraham also should secure a better education to fit him for the large work which even then he believed he had before him.

It is not surprising that Ann Rutledge believed that Lincoln was to accomplish great things. Mary Todd believed that. Indeed, Mary Todd firmly believed that he would some day be President. Ann Rutledge had no such thought as that; but her family had in it a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a Governor, and some judges, and other officials. Lincoln had been a candidate for the Legislature in 1832, and on his second attempt in 1834 had been successful, and she had heard him and his friends talk in the Rutledge Tavern about his political future. Of course she believed in him, and wanted the best for him that could be secured. And she wanted to be fitted to be the wife of such a great man as she thought he was sure to be.

This tradition is clear in the Rutledge family, and I had it from "Aunt Sally Saunders," her sister, and from others of the Rutledge connection.

Where did she plan that she should go to school, and what were Lincoln's plans if she had lived?

Their plan was that he should go to Illinois College at Jacksonville, and that she should attend the Female Academy at the same time and in the same town.

David Rutledge, Ann's brother, was a student at Illinois College at the time of the courtship of Lincoln and Ann. At least two other young men from New Salem were students there. They were friends of Lincoln. Lincoln had more or less definitely in mind the possibility of his going to college. It was more than a possibility. There were three colleges then in Illinois, and Lincoln knew of them all and had opportunity of attending any one of them. If he had attended any, it would certainly have been Illinois College, at Jacksonville.

I learned from "Aunt Sally" that she had one letter addressed to Ann, the only letter the family had that Ann received from anyone, and perhaps the only one that was addressed to her by any member of her own household. This letter she loaned to me, with the privilege of use. To my great delight, I found

it had an important bearing upon the question of Ann's plans for an education. The letter was written to her from Jacksonville, where her brother David was in college, and it dealt directly with her own purpose to go to school in that town the next autumn, and he encouraged the plan. It was really three letters in one, all on the two sides of one sheet, with room still saved for the address. The main letter was to David's father, James Rutledge. The first postscript was to Ann. The second postscript was to James Kittridge, concerning the district school at Sand Ridge, where the Rutledges had their farm. The letters are in the stiff and formal language of the time. Postage cost a good deal, and David had opportunity to save postage by sending this letter by a schoolmate. The letter to his father read thus:

College Hill, July 27, 1835.

Dear Father:

The passing of Mr. Blood from this place to that affords me an opportunity of writing you a few lines. I have thus far enjoyed good health, and the students generally are well. I have not collected any things of Brooks, except that I agreed to take his paper as I thought that would be better than nothing at all, though he says he could pay the order in about two months. L. M. Greene is up at home at this time trying to get a school, and I had concluded to quit this place and go to him untill the commencement of the next term, but I could not get off without paying for the whole term, therefore I concluded to stay here.

If Mr. Blood calls on you to stay all night, please to entertain him free of cost, as he is one of my fellow students and I believe him to be a good religious young man. I add no more, but remain yours with respect untill death.

D. H. RUTLEDGE.

To James Rutledge.

It will be noted that a year's subscription to a newspaper, though not greatly prized, was considered better than nothing, and that an editor's promise to pay in two months was not rated highly.

The Greene brothers, to one of whom this letter makes reference, were friends of David Rutledge, as they were of Abraham Lincoln, and their home-coming for vacation teaching must have been a matter of general comment in New Salem.

The second postscript had to do with school teaching. McGrady Rutledge, a nephew of James and cousin of David, had been asked to secure the teaching of the Sand Ridge school for another student named Porter. The Sand Ridge school was near the Rutledge farm, though several miles from New Salem. To Sand Ridge the Rutledge family retired after the Tavern failed, and there Ann and her father died. We may quote, out of its order, the second postscript, which is to James Kittridge:

P. S.—I wish you to send McGrada's letter to him immediately as it requests him to attend to the school on Sand Ridge for Mr. Porter and also I want intelligence to come the next mail concerning it. I add nomore.

D. H. RUTLEDGE.

James Kittridge.

David spelled "nomore" as a single word, and that was the way it was pronounced in formal discourse, a kind of "Amen". It was a word sometimes uttered with great solemnity in sermons, a word of two syllables, accented on the second.

The first postscript is the part of the letter of the greatest interest. It reads:

To Anna Rutledge.

Valued Sister. So far as I can understand Miss Graves will teach another school in the Diamond Grove. I am glad to hear that you have a notion of comeing to school, and I earnestly recommend to you that you would spare no time from improving your education and mind. Remember that Time is worth more than all gold therefore throw away none of your golden moments. I add nomore, but &c.

D. H. RUTLEDGE.

To Anna Rutledge:

This letter is in full accord with the Rutledge tradition. Ann Rutledge and Lincoln were engaged to be married, and



she desired to wait at least a year to attend The Jacksonville Female Academy. This, the only Girls' Seminary in Jacksonville in 1835, was merged with Illinois College in 1903. Ann had written or sent to her brother an inquiry concerning the school, and of her hope to be a student there in the fall of 1835. Lincoln, as he and she dreamed over the matter together, was to have entered Illinois College, at least for a year.

Ann Rutledge must have been sick when her brother wrote this letter. It was dated July 27, 1835, and she died August 25, 1835, after a sickness of about six weeks. Lincoln was not living in the house in which she died. He went over, riding from New Salem to Sand Ridge, and visited her once during her illness. What they said to each other no one knows.

No one remembers the funeral of Ann Rutledge. "Aunt Sally" had rather a clear impression that her cousin, Rev. John Cameron, conducted the service. He was a Cumberland Presbyterian, as were the family of the Rutledges. The father of that sect, Rev. James McGrady, was a personal friend of the family, and James Rutledge was converted under his ministry.

What would have happened if Ann Rutledge had lived, and she had gone to the Jacksonville Female Academy in the autumn of 1835, and Abraham Lincoln at the same time had entered Illinois College?

Could Lincoln have gone to college? Certainly he could. Other young men as little prepared in education and with as little money did go to Illinois College. Newton Bateman, whom Lincoln was to know well as State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Illinois, starved his way through Illinois College, and Richard Yates, the War Governor, went there, and Richard Oglesby got through two years at Mount Morris. These were Lincoln's contemporaries, and they were, some of them, as poor as he. Lincoln could have gone to college, and if Ann Rutledge had lived, he probably would have gone.

I do not think that Ann Rutledge planned to go to Jacksonville unless Lincoln also went. She had had one love affair that ended unhappily, and she was not likely to go away deliberately and leave her lover for a year. The Rutledge tradi-

tion appears to me to have every appearance of probability, that the plan of Ann to attend the Female Academy was thought out jointly by Abraham and Ann, and had joined to it his plan for at least a year of study at Illinois College.

There are other interesting and valuable contemporary documents. The poll sheets of New Salem's elections, at several of which Abraham Lincoln served as clerk, are in the Library of the Illinois State Historical Society. There, also, are several very interesting letters and a number of other letters are in the Museum here at New Salem. I have in my hand one unpublished letter, which gives what I think is the most vivid picture of this community to be found in any known contemporary document. I will read it presently and with comment.

Mr. Oliver R. Barrett has in his admirable collection a survey made in November 1835, by Abraham Lincoln, of a lot sold by Bowling Green to Matthew S. Marsh. This young and intelligent citizen voted at an election held in the New Salem precinct, in the house of Nelson Alley, August 3, 1835, when Peter Cartwright was running for the State Senatorship in place of George Forquer resigned. Mr. Marsh had come from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the place of his nativity, a few years previously and he later became a prominent resident of Cass County. Mr. Barrett owns and permits me to read this most interesting letter written by this same man, September 17, 1835, to his brother George M. Marsh of Portsmouth.

This letter speaks in some detail of the Postmaster, Mr. Lincoln, as a very careless man, who left the office open and the mail where anyone could enter and handle it. He speaks of Lincoln as a friend of his, and of his confidence that Lincoln will frank his letter, which Lincoln did, for the outside sheet bears his signature and frank. The letter is so accurate a picture of the place and time, I am gladly availing myself of Mr. Barrett's permission to read it here:

(Outside)

Free, A. Lincoln, P. M.  
New Salem, Ill., Sept. 22.

Mr. George M. Marsh, Portsmouth, N. H.

(Inside)

New Salem, September 17th, 1835.

Dear Folks:

I have received your letters of July 21st and Aug. 26th, the latter came to hand yesterday enclosing the \$100. The time had expired that I borrowed the money for: having depended on Clarke's return before this. I had limited the time to 6 weeks from 3rd Aug.—but his non. arrival made the rec't of yrs. quite opportune. The Post Master (Mr. Lincoln) is very careless about leaving his office open and unlocked during the day—half the time I go in and get my papers etc., without any one being there as was the case yesterday. The letter was only marked 25 and even if he had been there and known it was double, he would not have charged me any more—luckily he is a very clever fellow and a particular friend of mine. If he is there when I carry this to the office—I will get him to “Frank” it—I do not know who could have cut off the figures from my former papers—the side margin is the best place to put them—the corner is often very much worn so as to render the writing or figures that may be on it unintelligible.

I will take the July letter first in hand, although there is but little that requires an answer in it. I should think that farming as it is carried on in this country would be an employment that would suit George and by engaging his attention would dispel ennui, which feeling is almost inseparable from an inactive life. The mind must be engaged on something, or if it has not external objects to act upon it, will turn inwardly and create dulness and abstraction.

This climate is rather damp than dry and subject to sudden changes, but we seldom have an East wind and it never rains from that quarter. It almost invariably storms from the S. W. which wind blows 3-4 of the year. The winter sets in about 1st of Jany. and lasts 6 or 8 weeks.

Billious Fever and Ague and Fever prevails more or less throughout the state particularly in the south where the land is flat or wet. I do not know that it is healthier in the northern

than in the middle counties. Morgan and Sangamon are two as good counties as is in the state.

The River towns and in fact any situation near the water or swampy grounds is quite unhealthy, the country being so level that the water courses move quite slow. The milk sickness which I presume is little known in the East as those who live in such places keep the knowledge of it to themselves in order that they may have a chance of selling out. It exists in many of the Southern Counties and those that border on the Wabash—such places are by all means to be avoided, for neither the milk or the flesh of the cattle that are affected by it can be used. The true cause has not yet been ascertained but is supposed to spring from the stock eating some weed when the dew is on it. Most of the Emigrants to this state from the South came and still come in their waggon and always camp out and expose themselves very much after their arrival which is enough to make any one sick; and then the first settlers had no conveniences and when taken sick had no Doctor or physic and were obliged to wear out the diseases. Either of these diseases readily give way to medicine and are the only ones we have here, so the Doctors have acquired a perfect knowledge of them. The Ague and Fever can be cured in 2 days at the expense of \$1 or \$2. Two or three remedies have been made known in a year, that stop it on every one who has taken it. I used considerable Quinin last fall but it only stops it a short time for the least cold a person gets afterwards renders its return certain. It does not let me have an intermission of more than a week—what is singular it comes only in warm weather and the subject has a great appetite when the fever is not on. This summer my health has been extremely good. I have made use of Bitters made of Indian turnip, Blood root and sarsaparilla, the first is very warming, the latter too are excellent for the blood. I have no fear of the ague now—there has been more sickness this summer than was ever known before—deaths however are rare and I am of opinion that as a general thing people enjoy better health here than in the East for there is hardly a family there but what has some member of it afflicted with some local Complaint or other which I think may be



attributed to their manner of living; while here all the food is simple, people are never sick except in Aug. and Sept. and we have not any lingering Complaints like the Consumption.

I must acknowledge that florid complexions are more rare than in the East. For my own part I am well satisfied with the Country and much prefer living here than in N. England.

Caroline is a good natured girl and this is all that be said in her favour, there was never any congeniality between us--her mind wants discipline.

Emily possessed a more vigorous imagination which gave impulse to her feelings tinged her conversation with good ideas and rendered her on the whole very pleasing. It was altogether the mind expressed in her countenance and not her features that were attractive. I was made a fool of once and may be again but I now have some experience in affairs of the heart. It seems H. P. is lost to me. I sent 3 weeks since a paper containing a description of this country to L. W. P. The alterations Geo found in his visit to Nd. were probably as great as is to be met with. I was aware of the change when I made my delightful excursions there. The Miss H's are worth looking after. What C. C. wrote about my being attractive to a "sucker girl" has some truth in it--Yes! her name is Martha Jane Short and lives in Morgan County on Indian Creek, the timber of which can be seen from here distant 13 miles across a Prairie in the S. West direction. She possesses more qualities which assimilate with my peculiar disposition and comes nearer to the standard of what I consider essential in a wife than any other girl I have ever seen. In stature middling height and slim, Light brown hair, black eyes, which suppress half their fire until she speaks, then through their soft disguise will flash an expression more of pride than ire and of love than either. Her age 20. Such is all the description I can give of the girl who at present stands highest in my estimation. How long she will continue to do so, I cannot assure even myself, as I have naturally a fickle disposition. But as I have told you all in a previous letter if you would come here to live I will never marry but devote all my attention to seeing you made happy. I have one objection to marrying in this state and that is, the

women have such an everlasting number of children, twelve is the least number that can be counted on. The natural increase of this state is greater than any other, which, with Emigration will run the population this census (1835) to at least 250 or 300,000.

I am glad there is some enterprise left among the Portsmouth capitalists and that you have the Railroad in prospect. If Real Estate rises in value in consequence of the contemplated work—sell out and come here where the money can be so much more advantageously invested.

I am sensible of the difficulties to be encountered in winding up. Mr. B. appears very friendly to me and I believe is a little afraid of getting me displeased. I heard from M. and S. A. in a letter dated about 20th July in which S. A. told me of her beaux—Your letters (that from N. Y. and Portsm.) arrived together as usually happens. I have not heard from W. Melcher. Sorry Geo. did not see the Lillys. I have still have my eye or rather mind on 3 girls there and they are Martha, L. J. Hill and Miss Giles,—Do let me know how the latter comes on—don't fail. You ask is there a prospect of my place growing rapidly. I suppose you must mean New Salem—No; that stopped 2 years since. A Town (in a bad place) 2 miles lower down on the River is likely to become the County Seat of a New County which will be made by dividing this and taking some off of others. This County is now — miles square. The town (Petersburg) is only one by name, having but 2 stores and a Cobbler's shop.

S. Haven acted indiscreetly in regard to the Turnbull affair—I hardly expected Clarke to go to P.—as I look for him every day and the mail does not go out till the 22nd. I will omit till then a conclusive answer in regard to the money: and the Article sent by him.

I have no hesitation in saying that money could not be better invested than in land and there is not any question of its safety. Land will always be valuable here as every foot of it is susceptible of cultivation—No stones or broken land to obstruct the free course of the plough. Not less than 75,000 acres is entered monthly at the Springfield Land Office. Specu-

lators are taking it up wherever they can find. Some individuals have entered 20,000 acres in one day. Prairie and timber adjoining cannot be entered any where in the state. It is difficult finding where the unentered lands lay, nothing can be found out from the settlers as they wish the range open. The land is not surveyed to the buyer, who must look the land out and procure the numbers. If the land is adjacent to any he owns, he can guess pretty near—one person is not allowed to enter but 2-40-acre lots and then has to take an oath that he wants them for farming purposes and not for speculation or in trust for another.

I have already entered my 2-40s. Any one can enter as many 80s as they choose. There is some first rate prairie about 2 miles S. W. of this that I could enter 160 acres of, as a Company intend taking the whole tract and I could almost oblige them to take this. What retards them is the difficulty of getting timber of which there is none to enter any where near this. Distance appears the same on these prairies as on water and in fact as there are no hills 2 miles is as easy to haul over as one is with you. I do not know, but what there has been more land entered the past year than there had the five preceding—I hope they will find the coal on Gerrish's Island. I wish my Coal Beds were located somewhere there as the Blacksmith says it is superior to any he can get.

M. S. M.

On the night of the 17th August a tornado passed over this place, laid the fences flat, rooted up trees, blew down corn and done other damage. The next morn by daylight as I was putting up my fence 2 great wolves walked along unconcerned within 50 yards of me—I tried to scare them by taking off my hat and running towards them but they would not quicken their gait—these are the only ones I have seen.

High winds seem to be common everywhere this year, so the papers say. There has been a flock of wild turkies round my house since I cut my oats and as I had not shot at them but twice they were pretty tame. Seeing them last week I took out my gun which had a great charge in it (that I intended to shoot a Bull with, who had badly hooked Clarke's horse)

and as their heads all go up together when they see any one I let drive and shot five, but could not catch but 3, had I a dog or another person with me I could have saved all. Prairie Hens are very plenty this fall, they are all the color of a "gray duck" and their feathers lay closer to them than to barn-yard fowls. With a trap a person could catch as many as they could eat during the winter. Partridges are too small game to shoot at. If you were only here, we could live like princes.

I do not know exactly where I shall go yet,—but if no better chance offers, I shall teach a private school on Indian Creek, Morgan County, where M. J. S. lives. As N. Salem is the nearest postoffice, you can still send there. I wish your house, barn and shop could be transported here and then how happy could we live together. They would be worth \$2,500 here.

There is still a 40 acre lot west of No. 8 but I can't enter it, but luckily a speculator can't either. C. has also a lot west, which he can and will enter. When we came we could have entered N. W. or South, but then we thought there was so much land in the state that no one would want any so far out and that we could have the use of it for nothing, but the Emigration has been Enormous. If I had laid out \$2,000 in land round here (say within 3 miles) when I came, it would have been worth \$10,000 now, but as I before said, I had no idea of its value.

A Canal route 2 miles East of my farm and half a mile from my timber is about being surveyed.

Love to All.

M. S. M.

Sept. 20.

M. J. S. very much resembles Mehitable.

Two or three items in this letter will bear comment.

First, we discover that even in September, 1835, New Salem was manifestly doomed. Lincoln was not among the first to see it; he was more nearly among the last. The Rutledges and Camerons had departed to Sand Ridge, where they were tenants in their old homes, the property of that shrewd financier John McNamar, or McNeil as he had previously been



called. McNamar had once made love to Ann Rutledge, but her family distrusted him, as well they might after learning that he had been masquerading under a false name, a name assumed, as he explained, for the unfilial reason of protecting himself from the support of his needy parents in New York State. McNamar apparently had lost his love for Ann Rutledge as soon as her father failed in business, and having been recalled to New York State to the tardy and begrudged assistance of his dying father and widowed mother, had no inclination to assume responsibility for Ann Rutledge's impoverished family or that of the equally impoverished household of Ann's cousins, with the disappointed miller-preacher John Cameron, his wife and eleven daughters. John McNamar never let sentiment interfere with success in financial matters. Already he had the Rutledge farm and the Cameron farm—why should he marry a girl who might bring with her neither land nor gold, but a lot of relatives, some of them aging and the rest dependent girls? He permitted Ann Rutledge and her father to die in their old home, no longer theirs, and then turned the widowed mother of Ann Rutledge out to shift for herself, and was unable to identify the grave either of Ann Rutledge or of his own mother buried in the same cemetery near her. But thirty years later he told William H. Herndon that it was his sentimental regard for the memory of Ann Rutledge that led him to procure the farm where she died, and pull down the double log-cabin in which she and her father bade farewell to earth, and by its removal make room for his own fine large house, erected in that Naboth's vineyard, the Rutledge door-yard. He also modestly told Herndon, and Herndon unfortunately believed him and told the world, that Ann Rutledge had loved him, John McNeil-McNamar, with so tenacious an affection that she never could give her whole heart to Abraham Lincoln, and that Lincoln had mourned so disconsolately for Ann that he went insane, and never sufficiently recovered to love the woman whom he married. Herndon wiped his eyes as he listened to this contemptible lie, and in a month the world was given this silly and shameful story. The simple truth is that Lincoln and Ann Rutledge loved each other with

whole-hearted affection, and that she and her father died of malaria or typhoid fever in the late summer of 1835. And John McNamar was in New York State at the time of her death, and any affection Ann had ever felt for him was far in the past and had no remotest relation to her sickness and decease.

The letter of Matthew Marsh states that there was an unusual amount of sickness in the late summer of 1835, but few deaths up to the date of the letter, September 22. Ann Rutledge had then died, not here but at Sand Ridge, and her father was sick but had not yet died.

It is interesting to note that the tornado which Marsh describes, a storm of such severity as to terrorize even the wolves, occurred exactly one week before Ann's death. You can picture the anxiety in the Rutledge cabin, and the dying girl terrified by the tempest. It must have been a tragic night to that already sorrowful family.

We have good reason to believe that the death of Ann Rutledge profoundly saddened her lover. But Mary Owens, to whose heart he soon laid siege, and who was related by marriage to half the women of New Salem, could not remember ever to have heard of her, and Joshua Fry Speed, to whom Lincoln bared his heart as never in all his life to any other man said "it was all new to him", and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, as her nieces declare, could hardly recall the tradition beyond the fact that there had been such a girl whom Lincoln had honorably loved in his youth, and who died. Virtually she knew all that anyone knows, and all there is to be known. The rest is partly the unworthy creation of John McNamar and the imagination of sentimental writers.

We notice that Matthew S. Marsh, writing three weeks after Ann Rutledge's death, had no question in his mind of Lincoln's ability to attend to his duties as postmaster, and that Lincoln did so attend to them, franking his letter in a firm hand on September 22, and that a little later Lincoln made the survey for Marsh and computed the measurements and area of the lot which Bowling Green sold to Matthew S. Marsh, and Lincoln's mind was apparently normal so far as

measurements, computation, draughtsmanship and penmanship can disclose the condition of a mind.

I must comment on Matthew S. Marsh's reminiscence of the otherwise unknown "H. P." whom he had loved and lost, and of his sad memory that he had been made a fool of by one girl and believed that thereby he had learned wisdom. Most men in this audience have at sometime confided some such information to paper. You will notice how many girls he discussed and appraised, and how he looked across his paragraphs and the prairie thirteen miles in the direction of Indian Creek where Martha Jane Short resided. You will have noticed, too, that masculine evasion of any responsible share on the part of a prospective husband for the dozen children that might be expected if a New Englander married an Illinois girl. Adam himself could not more gracefully have sheltered himself behind Eve.

But this apprehension did not cause him to view the charms of Martha Jane in detachment. Reading his detailed description of her, who can blame him for looking from this elevation in the direction of Indian Creek?

And his last postscript recurred to "M. J. S." She resembled *Mehitable*—she must have been some one his relatives knew—and probably some one he knew they thought beautiful.

A lover is hard put to it when he describes his lady as being like some other girl. Other people say, "She is like her sister." He says, "She is like a star." Other people say, "She resembles her mother." He says—

"My love is like a red, red rose

That's lately sprung in June;

My love is like a melody

That's sweetly played in tune."

But Matthew could not trust these descriptions as carrying to his relatives the picture of Martha Jane—"She very much resembles *Mehitable*"—that was the best he could do—under the circumstances.

You will desire to know something further of the fortunes of Matthew S. Marsh, particularly with reference to his relations with Martha Jane Short. For the information I am to

give you, as for much beside and that through a series of years, I am indebted to the patient and painstaking assistance of Miss Georgia L. Osborne of the Illinois State Historical Society. Matthew S. Marsh removed from New Salem precinct. His name does not recur on the polling lists after 1837. He removed to Indian Creek in Morgan County, and taught school there. From his letter, although it is not wholly free from errors, we may be sure that he was a competent teacher. His wooing of Martha Jane is not recorded, and was probably uneventful, but it terminated happily. Mr. Oliver R. Barrett is my authority for some further knowledge concerning her. He tells me she was one of three children of Stephen Short, who had come from Long Lick, Washington County, Kentucky, and that the Short land patent is dated 1826 and refers to land entered in 1820. If Stephen Short brought his family with him at the beginning of his settlement, Martha Jane had spent seventeen of her twenty years in Illinois, when Matthew wrote. Her birth place was in the county where Abraham Lincoln's father grew to manhood; Stephen Short and his prospective wife may even have been at the wedding of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, June 12, 1806; we do not know. But Martha was born near where the Lincolns lived. Mr. Barrett says that Mr. and Mrs. Matthew S. Marsh made their home in Prentice, Morgan County, where he kept a general store, and that they then lived for a time in Springfield, and later went to Jacksonville to educate a daughter, presumably in what later became the Illinois Woman's College, whose President, William F. Short was presumably a relative. Mr. Barrett further says that Matthew S. Marsh and his wife later moved to Chicago, and became active members of a church on the West Side. Their home was on Washington Boulevard, and he died upon his knees in the very act of family prayer.

I have not learned who Mehitable was. She, whom Matthew Sheafe Marsh used as a measure and ideal of womankind was probably a relative, and certainly not a rival of Martha. When, in due time, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Matthew S. Marsh, she was given the name of Sarah Mehitable. This is the daughter for whose education the Marsh family removed



for a time to Jacksonville. Sarah Mehitable Marsh, daughter of Matthew Sheafe Marsh, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H., but then resident in Springfield, Illinois, was married, July 25, 1863, to John B. Mayo, for many years a prominent jeweler in Chicago. She is still remembered as a worthy and attractive woman. This is no more than we might expect of a young woman who had inherited the virtues of Martha Jane Short and the name of the lovely Mehitable.

It remains to say something about New Salem as it is now restored and in process of some further possible restoration. The detailed narrative of this interesting and worthy undertaking is to be found in the booklet "Lincoln and New Salem" issued by "The Old Salem-Lincoln League of Petersburg," who deserve high commendation for their initiation of and continued interest in this enterprise. Not always is such an undertaking grounded in such strong and effective local sentiment.

This stone museum is, of course, a wholly modern structure, dignified, unobtrusive, and commendably harmonious with its surroundings. While there is no attempt to incorporate it into the original plan of the town, as might have been done by the erection of a combustible log structure, it is worthily planned and located, and is satisfactory. Already it is the depository of valuable gifts, and increasingly will become the home of such relics as ought to be here.

The buildings thus far re-erected are builded out of log houses conveniently near to the site of old New Salem. In only one or two instances has it been possible, nor could it have been necessary, to find the identical logs that were once in houses on this plateau. Those, for the most part have perished. But these logs are fitted to the proportions of the original buildings. The old survey shows the size, location and ownership of the lots. On a number of them the original foundations, or at least the stone corners, have been found. The buildings already restored are those most intimately associated with Lincoln. They are, first the Offutt Store, where Lincoln was first employed, and the Rutledge Tavern where for a part of the time he boarded. Then, on the south side of the road that was the main street, the Berry and Lincoln Store, and, in its

proper location, the Hill and McNamar store. A part of the house of Dr. John Allen, the beloved physician, has been re-erected, and finally, out of its original logs, as is believed, the Onstott Cooper Shop, a favorite loafing place. These constitute a full quarter of the original houses. So far as I am aware, there is no present plan to add immediately to this list and there is no reason for haste. Yet it would be strange if a plan so well begun were not carried further, and those who visit this spot in twenty-five or fifty years may possibly see every one of the original houses restored as it was in 1835. It would be safe to make a guarded prophecy that a movement to complete this village may be looked for not later than nine years from now, the time of New Salem's possible centennial.

We who are here today are near enough to the beginnings of this completed scheme to have some of the sensations of pioneers, while seeing a sufficient accomplishment of the plan to indicate what it may eventually become. Of all the various and widely separated habitations associated with the memory of Lincoln through his successive residences in Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Washington, and his journeys as far westward as Kansas and east to New England, there is none that thrills the historian with such diversified interest as the spot on which this notable assembly is now convened.

Hodgenville brings us in reverent awe to the place of his birth. Washington cherishes with solemnity the room where he died in the hour of his triumph. Gentryville honors the scenes of his lusty youth, and his own city, Springfield, has innumerable associations with his domestic and professional career. The seven cities where he matched strength with Stephen A. Douglas, the more than twice seven county seats of the Eighth Judicial District whose circuit he rode, and the places where on occasion he addressed assemblies large and small, thrill each of them with its own cherished recollections of him. Beardstown, where his plea saved a widow's son from the gallows, and Gettysburg where he uttered in immortal words an imperishable tribute to the nation's honored dead, together with his faith in the principles which their death made deathless, still echo with the memory of his eloquence. But no one place appeals to so

many emotions or touches us at so many points of interest as New Salem. Fitting is it that the slab sides of the Lincoln-Berry store should rise again upon their original foundations, that the log walls of the Rutledge tavern should stand in their mute eloquence, and that one by one the humble habitations of Old New Salem should rise in counterfeit presentment of their former selves, for on this spot as nowhere else on earth the fragrant memory of Abraham Lincoln lingers amid the prairie flowers a hundred feet above the placid flow of the Sangamon. Here reminiscence and romance blend with living memory to paint with vivid colors of lasting reality the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln first saw this lovely spot when the year was at the Spring. He beheld it also in the Spring six years later on the day of his final departure. We are here in the same season, with the wood violets under our feet and the forests displaying to us their wondrous variety of verdure and efflorescence. It was so when he beheld it at the beginning and at the end of his residence, when the town was still in its infancy and again before the season of its departed glory. Look well about you, for all that you behold of earth and sky, of prairie and forest and river, he saw from where you now behold it. And look yet again on these half-dozen houses, rebuilt where and as they stood in Lincoln's day. Nowhere else in all the world shall you find another spot that is just like this. Old New Salem that has called to you across the plains and brought you hither, and some of you from afar, to share in this celebration, salutes you with a hundred cherished and honorable traditions.

Abraham Lincoln was twenty-eight years old when he rode away from this lovely spot. He did not know it, but he had lived just half his life. He did not know it, and no one who knew him suspected it, but in him were the qualities, some of them still nascent, that were to constitute the ingredients of his leadership. Memory is a tidal stream. Human experience ebbs in the narrow channel of daily event, but recollection flows inward from the ocean of accumulated knowledge, and floods the channel to the level of its banks. We can see, as we stand here,

with a vision which though long subsequent to the event, is not lacking in the prophetic element. We can see Abraham Lincoln riding away from New Salem, lonely and in debt and facing a future dark to him but luminous to us. And we rejoice that because of what we thus have come to understand, little old New Salem has been recalled from the tomb, to share his immortality.



## LINCOLN AND THE AMERICAN TRADITION OF CIVIL LIBERTY

BY ARTHUR C. COLE,

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The American tradition of civil liberty has its roots in those Anglo-Saxon institutions that carry back to the earliest days of English History. The more distinctive American development begins with the war of the revolution, when a new nation was having its birth in the storm and stress of the first American civil war. Interestingly enough, the first state constitutions which bear the dates of this revolutionary era led off in sweeping declarations in favor of individual liberty—freedom of speech and press, freedom of petition and assemblage, freedom of religious worship, and the rest. George Mason, the father of the Virginia bill of rights, could rejoice in the general tendency to emulate the example set by the Old Dominion. It did not seem inconsistent with these guarantees, perhaps, that the "Tories," traitors to the American cause, and even suspects, who would not take their stand with the patriot party, should become the victims of persecution, at first by irresponsible mobs and later by revolutionary committees and governments until at length the liberty of the individual was hedged on every side. However much practice may have failed to square with principle, the formal promulgation of these bills of rights marks an era in the development of the American concept of civil liberty.

When a new fundamental law was under discussion in 1787 and 1788 one of the outstanding issues was the question of adequate safe-guards for the rights of the individual. No one challenged those rights; the only question was whether or not specific guarantees against possible encroachment by the central government should be incorporated in the new constitution. In due time the insistent defenders of human rights forced the addition to the federal constitution of the first ten amendments to constitute such a national bill of rights.

No real strain upon these principles came until war clouds gathered in 1798, when *de facto* hostilities were actually waged by French and American vessels upon the high seas. Then the conservative forces in power became fearful of democracy, which they regarded (in the language of George Cabot) "in its natural operation . . . the government of the worst;" they felt that the opposition forces should be effectively checked. They pointed to the alien agitator in the country, to the "red" propaganda, and to the necessity of curbing the spread of the democratic ideal. In that day it was the Frenchman, the defender of the French revolution, of the contemporary brand of "Bolshevism," which was designated as "Jacobinism"—for the French revolution had passed into the hands of the radical party, the Jacobins. "Jacobinism" must be checked; so an alien act was passed authorizing the president to order the withdrawal of any undesirable alien. But the president who signed the act did not have the courage in the face of public resentment, to order the deportation of a single alien. At any event, it seemed that radical thought and speech must be checked—for there were many points of contact between American democrats and the radical alien agitators; hence a sedition act which provided a heavy penalty for any criticism of the government or of its agents. The administration allowed this act to be used against a few aggressive opponents; thereupon a popular revulsion took place at the ballot-box and swept the conservatives from power. As to the small group of offenders who were still under the penalties of the law, Jefferson decreed their release as one of his first official acts as president.<sup>1</sup> He had already proclaimed in the famous passage of his inaugural address the right of opponents to criticize and attack his own administration; "if there be any among us," he declared, "who would wish to dissolve this Union or change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>In 1840 Congress refunded certain of the fines collected from the victims of this legislation.

<sup>2</sup>Richardson. *Messages and papers of the Presidents*, 1, 322.

Thus in the early days of the fathers was established the tradition which has been a national heritage for later generations, a tradition which furnishes the background for Lincoln's attitude toward civil liberty when he piloted the nation through civil war. As he well knew, this tradition had twice withstood the test of actual war-time conditions.

During the war of 1812, the very men who had enacted the sedition law of 1798 claimed for themselves the right freely to criticize the government and to oppose the war. They found an eloquent spokesman in the rising young Webster, who took a moderate and dignified position, as compared with the many who were ready even "to go as far in active opposition to the war as was possible without incurring the risk of an indictment for treason." Webster was delegated to draw up the famous Rockingham memorial in which it was solemnly declared: "If we could perceive that the present war was just; if we could perceive that our rights and liberties required it; if we could perceive that no Administration, however wise, honest, or impartial, could have carried us clear of it; if we could perceive its expediency, and a reasonable hope of obtaining its professed objects; if we could perceive those things, the war would, in some measure, cease to be horrible. It would grow tolerable, in idea, as its expediency should be made manifest. Its iron and bloody features would soften, as its justice grew apparent. . . . But we are constrained to say, that we cannot, in conscience, ascribe the foregoing characteristics, to the present war. . . . We are wholly mistaken if the causes assigned for the present war against England will bear the test of these principles."<sup>3</sup> No restraint was imposed upon so frank and outspoken a criticism. In recognition of his capable anti-war leadership, the Rockingham convention honored Webster with the nomination to a seat in Congress and in the following election he led his party to victory.

In 1846 the nation was again at arms at the call of a president who made the soul-stirring appeal that a ruthless neighbor had caused the shedding of American blood upon

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<sup>3</sup>*Writings and speeches of Daniel Webster*. National edition, xv. 601-602.

American soil. Abraham Lincoln was then on the threshold of a career in national politics—the Whig candidate for Congress in the Springfield district. There is no evidence that during this canvass he proclaimed himself the champion of peace against the forces of Mars. Some time later, however, he joined in the Whig challenge to the war policy of the administration. Then did he set few bounds upon his defiance of the President. Then Abraham Lincoln and a hundred others assumed the role that had been essayed by Webster. He boldly summed up the situation in a speech delivered in Congress, July 27, 1848: "If to say 'the war was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President' be opposing the war, then the Whigs have very generally opposed it. Whenever they have spoken at all, they have said this; and they have said it on what has appeared good reason to them. The marching of an army into the midst of a peaceful Mexican settlement, frightening the inhabitants away, leaving their crops and other property to destruction, to you may appear a perfectly amiable, peaceful, unprovoking procedure; but it does not appear so to us. So to call such an act, to us appears no other than a naked, impudent absurdity, and we speak of it accordingly."<sup>4</sup> All this and more Lincoln said, knowing that he was risking nothing more than the support of a constituency responsive to the lure of a successful war.

Meantime in Lincoln's home town of Springfield, the Rev. Albert Hale in a public sermon proclaimed the injustice of the national cause and characterized the returning volunteers, whom the community was welcoming as heroes, by some such designation as "moral pests to society."<sup>5</sup> The state constitutional convention was then in session in Springfield and Mr. Hale was one of the clergymen who had offered opening prayers. One of the members of the convention now denounced Hale's

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<sup>4</sup>Nicolay and Hay. *Works of Abraham Lincoln*, II, 84.

<sup>5</sup>*State Register*, July 22, 1847. This sermon with another of the same date was published "by request" and offered for sale at the office of the *Sangamo Journal*. It bore the title: "Two discourses on the subject of the war between the United States and Mexico; preached in the Second Presbyterian Church, in Springfield, on Sabbath, 11th July, 1847,—by Albert Hale, pastor of the church."—*Sangamo Journal*, August 27, 1847.



sermon, and proposed that the clergyman "be excused from holding prayers in this Convention for the future." The convention, however, by an overwhelming vote adopted a motion to lay the resolution on the table. A long debate followed: the resolution was renewed, but John M. Palmer, a pro-war leader who later became governor of Illinois, moved a substitute declaring the principles of the freedom of worship and freedom of speech and disclaiming "all censorship over the pulpit, or the opinions expressed therefrom, inasmuch as such censorship is in violation of the rights of the Reverend gentleman."<sup>6</sup> The resolution virtually sustaining Mr. Hale was barely tabled (60-54), but the general declaration in favor of the principles involved was upheld (9-102). The convention then adjourned in order to proceed to Jacksonville to participate in the ceremonies attendant upon the funeral of Colonel Hardin, the Illinois war hero, in whose memory the delegates were, according to unanimous agreement, wearing cr pe upon their left arms for a period of thirty days.<sup>7</sup>

The *Chicago Tribune* of that day upheld the clergyman war heretic and deplored the attempt to censure him. *The Western Citizen* of Chicago even applauded the Rev. Mr. Hale for having declared the war's "corrupting and demoralizing influence upon the volunteers." "We rejoice," it declared, "that in that region where the war spirit so generally prevails, there is one man of sufficient moral courage to tell the truth on this subject. It is truly a moral oasis in the desert."<sup>8</sup> When one of the anti-war papers implied that the original resolution involved an attempt to interfere with freedom of opinion or of utterance, the *Illinois State Register*, the state organ of the pro-war party, denied this interpretation and explained: "The mover of the resolution of expulsion did not care what Mr. Hale did in his own pulpit; he simply wished that the Convention should not be the theatre of his 'religious performances.'"<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup>*Journal of the Illinois Constitutional Convention*, 1847, 168.

<sup>7</sup>Cole. *The Constitutional Debates of 1847*, *Illinois Historical Collections*, XIV, XXVII-XXVIII, 387-390, 457.

<sup>8</sup>*Western Citizen*, July 20, 1847.

<sup>9</sup>*State Register*, July 22, 1847. *The Chicago Democrat*, July 20, 1847, in its Springfield correspondence for July 12, had a brief description of the debate in the Convention over Hale's sermon, but no editorial comment.

It was obvious that the Mexican War did not disturb American traditions to the point of interfering with the civil liberties of persons who insisted upon proclaiming their disagreement with the war policies of the government. To be sure, it produced the famous anti-war anecdote later repeated by Lincoln when he could look back upon his anti-Mexican war stand as having contributed to his enforced retirement from active political life. This story originated in or near the editorial office of the *Illinois Journal* under auspices not far removed from Lincoln himself. A witty friend of the editor, asked if he was in favor of the war, replied: "Yes—I am in favor of the war. I went against a war once to my great cost, and you will never catch me in another scrape of that kind. This time . . . I go in for war, pestilence and famine."<sup>10</sup> The pro-war party deplored such wit and the questionable patriotism that it implied but had to concede the right of the opposition to a full and untrammelled statement of its position. The Whig critics of the war resented any tendency to question their right to designate the war as unnecessary and unconstitutional, the work of a weak president and an incompetent cabinet.<sup>11</sup>

Fifteen years later, Abraham Lincoln, the war heretic of 1847, was in the presidential chair. In the background lay this well-tested tradition of freedom of opinion, of speech, and of press; immediately before him lay the responsibilities of office at a time when the very existence of the nation was threatened. He faced problems such as not only try men's souls, but also such as strain to the utmost the safe-guards of civil liberty. Let Lincoln himself explain the complexity of the situation: "Every department of the government was paralyzed by treason. . . . Even in the portions of the country which were most loyal, political combinations and secret societies were formed furthering the work of disunion, while, from motives of disloyalty or cupidity, or from excited passions or perverted sympathies, individuals were found furnishing men, money, and materials of war and supplies to the insurgents' military

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<sup>10</sup>*Sangamo Journal*, cited in *State Register*, October 1, 1847.

<sup>11</sup>Editorial, "The War," in *Alton Telegraph and Review*, February 26, 1847.

and naval forces. Armies, ships, fortifications, navy-yards, arsenals, military posts, and garrisons one after another were betrayed or abandoned to the insurgents."<sup>12</sup> In this emergency, the president "caused persons who were represented to him as being or about to engage in disloyal and treasonable practices to be arrested by special civil as well as military agencies and detained in military custody when necessary to prevent them and deter others from such practices."<sup>13</sup>

This was Lincoln's explanation made through his secretary of war on February 14, 1862, in an order in which he accepted responsibility for arbitrary arrests that in reality probably represented the wishes of his secretaries of state and war. In this same way he later acquiesced in the arrest and trial by court martial of the noted Ohio Copperhead leader, Clement L. Vallandigham, although he clearly acted against his better judgment. He even rationalized his official course, and publicly upheld the right to make military arrests "in localities where rebellion or insurrection does not actually exist;" he went further and asserted the right to interfere with the agitator who proclaimed that the Union armies were fighting in a bad cause and for a wicked administration.<sup>14</sup> Officially, Lincoln accepted responsibility for a policy which his friend, Senator Trumbull of Illinois openly condemned, and which General John M. Palmer, writing from the field, forecasted would convert "this Constitutional Republic into a despotism."

But probably none of these official commitments so well indicates his real policy as the remainder of this executive order of February 14, 1862, in which he directed that "all political prisoners or state prisoners now held in military custody be released on their subscribing to a parole engaging them to render no aid or comfort to the enemies in hostility to the United States." Few of these "political prisoners" were mere war critics; they were mainly those who had aimed to come to the assistance of the southern confederacy or who had played the

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<sup>12</sup>*Works of Abraham Lincoln*, VII, 101.

<sup>13</sup>*Ibid.*, 102.

<sup>14</sup>Lincoln to Erastus Corning and others, June 12, 1863. *Works of Abraham Lincoln*, VIII, 298-314.

part of active and dangerous obstructionists. Lincoln knew, when he issued this "EXECUTIVE ORDER NO. 1, RELATING TO POLITICAL PRISONERS," that there was no unanimity in the attitude of northerners towards his war aims; yet, feeling that the line between loyalty and disloyalty had become "plainly defined," he was unwilling to interfere further with the civil liberties of those who would promise to render no aid or comfort to the enemy.

Lincoln was anxious to make every possible distinction between the political prisoner and the ordinary criminal. He was ready to free the war offender as soon as he became convinced that he could adjust himself to a constructive contribution to his home community. It was in this spirit that Lincoln on December 8, 1863, when the cause of the Union was still dark and uncertain, issued his famous Amnesty Proclamation, in which he offered a full and complete pardon "to all persons who have, directly or by implication, participated in the existing rebellion," excepting only the civil and military leaders of the Southern Confederacy, upon condition that they would take an oath to support the constitution and laws of the United States.<sup>15</sup> This offer was made to active traitors in the meaning of the Constitution; the policy outlined in this Amnesty Proclamation was executed by Lincoln and by his successor, Johnson, as the best way of obliterating the scars of the national division of 1861.

Criticism of Lincoln and of the administration arose in every part of the loyal North. Often it was in most aggravating forms. Lincoln was called a "widow-maker" and "a tyrant only fit to split rails."

"There is so much sameness in the history of all tyrants that a line of demarcation can hardly be drawn between them. Compare Nero to Abraham Lincoln, and you will see a wonderful similarity. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning; Abraham Lincoln told a non-sensical joke while the field of Antietam was still smoking with the hot blood of the patriots who had fallen there. . . . Great Heavens! How much more

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<sup>15</sup>*Works of Abraham Lincoln*, IX, 218-223.



iniquity will the freemen of America stand from the usurper and tyrant who is only fit to split rails."—(*Cairo Democrat*, July 14, 1864.)

"This accursed war has lasted over three years, and never, since its commencement, has our cause seemed so gloomy as now. . . . If Abraham Lincoln be re-elected President of the United States, ere his term of office shall expire we shall be wiped from the list of great nations, and the name of America will be considered with reproach and scorn by the old nations of the world."—(*Joliet Signal*, August 9, 1864.)

"We shall all breathe more free, now that the graceless set of fanatics, demagogues, toadies, and minions of executive power, that formed our American Rump Parliament, have dispersed and gone to their homes. We pray heaven that the political rapscallions, the Praise-God-Barebones, and Fight-the-Good-Fight of Faith Fellows, who submissively sat in their seats and obeyed the behests of their Sovereign Lord, Abraham Lincoln, may never return to the halls they have disgraced."—(*Belleville Democrat*, July 9, 1864.)

These are but a few of the items of criticism made by opposition papers in Lincoln's own State. Few of the most active journalistic critics suffered from any interference whatever, whether direct or indirect. There were certain journals, however, which found it difficult to exercise free expression in war-time. A number of newspapers suffered from the raids of loyalist mobs, and a few were temporarily suppressed by military commanders. A considerable outcry arose from the opposition. It was therefore charged to the account of Lincoln that no proclamation was issued by him as President against such violations of constitutional and civil rights.

In general, however, there is no evidence that Lincoln countenanced such action in even the most indirect way. A technical responsibility he may have had,—but one which he would gladly have shelved. His home newspaper, *The Illinois State Journal*, early in the war proclaimed a doctrine that he

seems to have thoroughly shared: "Public men are, to a certain extent, public property, and the Press are free to praise or censure their actions. We would never see this right abridged."<sup>16</sup>

The *Chicago Times* and the *Jonesboro Gazette* were two of the most serious thorns in the side of the Illinois war party of 1861. For six weeks in the spring of 1863, the office of the *Jonesboro Gazette* was closed by the local military commander pending his work of arresting deserters in that vicinity; and the paper was later laid under interdict by General Burnside. As early as August 7, 1862, Governor Yates wrote to Secretary of War Stanton, "There is an urgent and almost unanimous demand from the loyal citizens that the *Chicago Times* should be immediately suppressed for giving aid and comfort to the enemy."<sup>17</sup> Its circulation was temporarily forbidden by certain generals in their commands. Early in 1863 the Chicago Board of Trade and the Chicago Y. M. C. A. started a boycott of the *Times* and the Chicago and Galena Railroad prohibited its sale on the company's trains.

On June 1, without waiting to confer with the War Department, General Burnside, in command of the Department of the Ohio, issued general orders, Number 84, which proclaimed the suppression of the *New York World* and of the *Chicago Times* "on account of the repeated expression of disloyal and incendiary statements." Before daybreak on June 3, a military detachment from Camp Douglas took possession of the *Times* printing establishment. Within a few hours a meeting of prominent citizens of both political parties presided over by the Mayor unanimously agreed to request the President by telegraph to rescind General Burnside's order,—a request which was reenforced by the personal solicitation of Senator Trumbull and Representative Arnold of the Chicago district. The lower house of the State Legislature simultaneously passed a resolution condemning the Burnside order. In Chicago that evening a mass meeting of twenty thousand representative

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<sup>16</sup>*Illinois State Journal*, June 25, 1861.

<sup>17</sup>War of the Rebellion. *A compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Series III, 11, 316.

voters gathered, and enthusiastically resolved that the freedom of speech and of the press should be upheld by the subordination of the military power to the civil authority. The next day, while sixteen earloads of soldiers were on the way to Chicago to handle the threatened crisis there, Secretary Stanton issued general order, Number 91: "By direction of the President of the United States, the order suppressing the publication of the *Chicago Times* is hereby revoked."<sup>18</sup>

Lincoln acted in this case under most trying conditions. It was not easy to overrule an important military commander—indeed, in the case of the arrest of Vallandigham, the President had swallowed his objection to the course of General Burnside and had acquiesced in the authority of the Court Martial. Duly pondering his action in revoking the *Chicago Times* order, after many had made evident their disagreement with the course he had taken, President Lincoln, on May 25, 1864, confessed to having been embarrassed "with the question between what was due to the military service on the one hand, and the liberty of the press on the other;" as to the Burnside order, he announced himself "still from certain that the revocation was not right."<sup>19</sup>

Meanwhile the *Times* had continued "to deplore the continual cry of the Administration for more men—more human lives—more widows and orphans—more suffering and a despair," but was allowed to go its way undisturbed. General James Oakes, with emphatic conviction, summed up the role of the *Chicago Times* in his report as acting Assistant Provost Marshal General for Illinois, on August 9, 1855. The *Times* was "chief among those instigators of insurrection and treason, the foul and damnable reservoir which supplied the lesser sewers with political filth, falsehood, and treason," "a newspaper which would not have needed to change its course an atom if its place of publication had been Richmond or Charleston instead of Chicago." "The pestilential influence of that paper in this state," he continued, "has been simply incalculable. I have not the slightest doubt that it is responsible for the shedding of

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<sup>18</sup>*Works of Abraham Lincoln*, VIII, 290.

<sup>19</sup>*Ibid.*, X, 108.

more drops of the patriot blood of Illinois soldiers than there are types in all of its four pages of political slime and scandal. The conspiracy that came so near was fomented and encouraged by the teachings of the *Chicago Times*. Without that paper there would have been no conspiracy. In my opinion, without desiring in the least to abridge the regulated liberty of the press, it is as much the duty of the Government to suppress such newspapers in time of public danger and war as it is to storm the fortresses, sink the navies, and destroy the armies of the common enemy; and should war again break out I will urge the prompt adoption of the policy."<sup>20</sup> Here was nothing of the forgiving spirit of the colossal figure who had cherished "malice toward none." Was the excited general conscious of pillorying for negligence the martyred President whose broken body lay in a grave a short distance away?

President Lincoln showed a remarkable sensitiveness for that day to the problems of the early conscientious objectors. Few people of that day could understand the Quaker who was willing to attest his sincerity as an objector by refusing to purchase, or even allow his friends to purchase a legal exemption, or to furnish a substitute. An idealist like William Lloyd Garrison could proclaim the logic of the right of an objector to exemption, whether or not a member of a recognized pacifist sect. Lincoln stood upon high middle ground. Upon the appeal of a number of influential Quakers, he ordered the immediate release of Cyrus Pringle, whose devotion to the pacifistic ideal Secretary of War Stanton was unable to break even with the assistance of the brutal efforts at coercion undertaken by sergeants who could not recognize the spirit of a saint and martyr. "For those appealing to me on conscientious grounds," Lincoln wrote in the fall of 1864 to Mrs. Eliza P. Gurney, a Quakeress and an abolitionist, "I have done and shall do the best I could and can, in my own conscience, under my oath to the law."<sup>21</sup>

Amid the trials of civil war Abraham Lincoln seems to have made an earnest effort to maintain the American tradition

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<sup>20</sup>War of the Rebellion, *Official Records*, Series III, V. 837-838.

<sup>21</sup>*Works of Abraham Lincoln*, X, 215-216.



of civil liberty—to protect the nation from an undue encroachment of the military mind and of martial law. There were tides that he could not always stem; then he devoted all his energies to getting them under control. One cannot but wonder whether these contributions may not have been more significant for the preservation of the Union and for the future of the Republic, than his reluctant assaults upon the institution of slavery. Indeed, the time seems at hand when Lincoln's career in the presidential office must be appraised as that, not of the "great emancipator" but of the "great conciliator."

Such homage was paid the martyred president in the lament of the Illinois journalist who within a ten-month had characterized the President as "a usurper and tyrant only fit to split rails:" "Illinois claims Abraham Lincoln as her gift to the nation; and receives back his lifeless body, marred by traitors, weeping, like Niobe, and refusing to be comforted. Many of us have been active opponents of his administration—have warred against him with the determination of earnest enemies. . . . In the past, we believed him to be pursuing the wrong path of policy, and we told the world so, using language the strength of which was prompted by the passious of the passing moment; but when the end drew nigh . . . we saw this man whom we had condemned, rise above party, and disregarding his private anger, if he had any, become the great conciliator."<sup>22</sup>

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<sup>22</sup>*Cairo Democrat*, May 11, 1865.

## INDIANS AND INDIAN FIGHTERS

BY CORNELIUS J. DOYLE

Address Before the Sons of the American

Revolution, Springfield, Illinois, November 17, 1926.

Tonight we meet to pay tribute to the American soldier of Indian warfare—one character of war at least which will never again require the nation's call to arms. The courage, fortitude, devotion and efficiency of the men of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the war with Mexico, the mighty conflict between the states, the overwhelming defeat of Spain, and the greatest of all wars since man went to war with man—the World War—demand the love and praise of the great heart of America. Tonight, however, this patriotic order has set apart as a special tribute to the memory of the American soldier who answered the call of his country for service in Indian conflict.

These men braved and endured a character of warfare stripped of many of the inspiring martial formations of military genius. The mortal struggle was oftentimes man to man, hand to hand, and extermination complete. The rocks and trees and swamps and tangled primitive forests were the theatre of these activities. Pillage and fire, scalping-knife and tomahawk were the instruments of death to be met and overcome. The Indian fighter must know the Indian. To meet his wily and secretive nature required the experience of privations, hardships, and perils on the vast plains and in the wilderness. The teaching of the usual military science was of little or no avail. Our soldiers by necessity were best equipped who lived the life of the great outdoors.

As to the genesis or causes of the Indian wars, the time allotted will not suffice for more than passing notice. "Welcome Englishmen" was the gladsome salutation the earliest of the white settlers heard from the American Indian. Certain it is that if the attitude of the Indian heart had been one of hostility to the first small and almost defenseless bands of pioneers,

when they first set foot on the Atlantic shores of new found America, none could have survived to have established the greatest government ever conceived and effectuated by men. The earlier days of the liberty loving men and women, who came hither to find a home in the new world, and the natives of the American soil were replete with friendliness and good will.

The story of the life work of William Penn with his program of concord, in contrast to conquest, will ever remain an enduring monument to his genius, humanity, and greatness. The oncoming white man did not originally teach the American Indian the primitive art of the expression of hate through the instruments of destruction of life and property. Countless battles had been fought for supremacy by the various tribes, but the white race can never be held blameless in the sight of God, nor man, for enlisting the savage in the earlier conflicts between the English, French, and Spanish on American soil. Firearms and firewater placed in the hands of the American Indian by his white brothers constituted a mighty agency of destruction.

America opened up new avenues for the mighty march of conquest for the monarchies of the old world. The French and Indian war became the military training ground for many of the men who were destined to lead and bear the terrific burdens of the war for American independence. Washington as a lieutenant-colonel of Virginia troops received his baptism of fire in this conflict. In this war, he made his first, last and only capitulation to an armed foe. He was later destined to win well merited honors by his bravery, skill, and devotion to the cause of England, and emerge from the conflict at the close of hostilities with matured experience and training qualifying him as the one conspicuous and successful figure to be chosen later as Commander-in-Chief of the American Revolutionary Army.

The splendid response of the colonists in support of England in the French and Indian war was as loyal as it was efficient and to make victory possible. The story of the capture of Montreal, and the subsequent dramatic death of

Wolfe and Montcalm thrills the heart of him who reads, and the recital of the power, courage and genius of Pontiac is unsurpassed in the history of the American Indian.

Pontiac and Tecumseh! What marvelous men they were in their day and time! The very name of Pontiac stirred the heart and quickened the pulse of every tribesman. He possessed tremendous power as an organizer, and a talent for oratory, as matchless as it was soul stirring in its effectiveness. Nature had been bountiful to him in her distribution of varied gifts—tall, erect, handsome and commanding, a generous friend, a hard fighter, an implacable foe and at times, a strange admixture of secretiveness and deception, while again humane and steadfast.

Many months elapsed after the surrender of Canada, before the information penetrated to the interior. Many frontier forts remained in possession of the French. An expedition under Major Robert Rogers of the New York rangers, undertook the mission of compelling possession. Detroit was the first important post taken, and the second was Fort DuQuesne, on the present site of Pittsburgh. After the change from French to English, at the latter point, Pontiac, without knowledge of the surrender of Canada, presented himself to Commandant Gladwyn, and with imperialistic manner, demanded to know by what authority the English dared to occupy this territory. Being assured of the subjugation of the French, and on promise that the new order would not disturb his people, the chieftain appeared content.

But many irritations continued to appear. The Indians missed the cordial manner, and many tokens of friendship of the French. The English were undemonstrative, or indifferent. Settlers began encroachments. Fur traders drove sharp bargains. The whole situation appeared to be one requiring tact and diplomacy, and there seemed to be an absence of these approaches. Pontiac maintained on the surface a spirit of acquiescence. He was, however, a dreamer of empires. He believed in the priority rights of the red man. He saw his people being crowded back and ever backward. He was the first



American Indian statesman. His vision was as boundless as the interests of his race. His reputation was known throughout the tribes of America.

He conceived the plan of a gigantic confederacy which would restore all of the territory from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, to his people. His messengers were dispatched even to the Seminoles of far-off Florida. An attack was planned on all English forts and frontier settlements. The plan was perfect, except for the element of the romantic world old story of love intervening. A young Indian girl, in love with an officer at Fort Pitt, to save the life of the object of her heart's affection, made known the plan. The day and hour arrived. Pontiac had arranged ostensibly for his warriors to put on the Calumet dance of peace for the officers at the fort. The stage was set for the signal of massacre. Under the blankets of the Indians were loaded filed off rifles. Great was the astonishment of Pontiac when he discovered every officer and soldier of the fort was armed and ready for the attack. Pontiac, realizing his plan had been made known, did not give the agreed signal for attack, but withdrawing, again protested his great desire for peace. His warriors, however, could not be easily calmed. Then followed a most fiendish attack on unprotected men, women and children. Pontiac continued to contend for his dream of Indian empire, but gradually and pathetically, he saw his influence steadily wane, but was never reconciled to his fate.

Later, he appeared at the newly founded French town of St. Louis. On the Spanish side of the river, he visited an old friend, Saint Ange de Bellerive. Thence, he crossed to Cahokia. A disgruntled English trader resolved on assassination. A Kaskaskian Indian was bribed with a barrel of liquor to kill Pontiac. Stealing upon his victim in a forest, the assassin buried a tomahawk in his brain, and "Thus basely," in the words of Parkham, "perished the champion of a ruined race." Claimed by Saint-Ange, his friend, the body was borne across the river and buried with military honors, near the new Fort St. Louis. The site of Pontiac's grave was soon forgotten, and today the people of a great city trample over and about it, without heed.

The English attributed the continued hostility of the Indians to French encouragements during the Pre-Revolutionary period, and bitterly complained of the alliance but the English, in turn, made use of the same savage warfare against the colonists in their struggle for liberty. With the encouragement of these two nations, the most relentless and cruel attacks were made on non-combatants and defenseless settlements of men, women and children.

England was early in the Revolutionary War confronted with operations on a large territorial scale. Troops were not available, but the one great resource—the Indians—was used with a reckless disregard of all consideration of humanity. The Cherokees were furnished with fifty horse-loads of ammunition, and turned loose upon Georgia and the Carolinas. This prompted other tribes farther north. White, half-breed and Indian agents went through the forests, inciting the natives to deeds of horror. The agents fixed a price on scalps of both men and women. In every corner of the wilderness, the bloody scenes of Pontiac's war were reenacted. It will be remembered, too, that the people of the back country were non-combatants. "God and nature," wrote the Earl of Suffolk, "hath put into our hands the scalping-knife and tomahawk to torture them into unconditional submission."

British Lieut. Governor Hamilton called a council at Detroit and harangued the assembled Chippewas, Hurons, Mohawks, and Pottawatomies on their duties in the war, and congratulated them on the increasing numbers of prisoners and scalps. Scarcely was the council over, however, until the news arrived from the Illinois country that a band of three hundred, under George Rogers Clark, had captured Kaskaskia, and exacted from the populace an oath of allegiance to the Continental Congress. It was reported, too, that Cahokia had been taken, and Vincennes was ready to capitulate.

Clark conceived the idea that the best way to protect Kentucky from the Indians was to stop the trouble at the source, by capturing the British out-posts. One great obstacle was in the way—Kentucky could spare neither men nor money. Clark returned to Virginia, and enlarged his plan to capture the whole

northwest. Clark's coming to Virginia was opportune. Burgoyne's surrender had heartened the cause of liberty. Governor Henry of Virginia thought well of the plan. It was approved by Jefferson, Mason, and Wythe. Clark was given two sets of orders; one for publication, to raise seven companies of fifty men each "in any county in the state" for military duty in Kentucky; the other, secret, to use this force in an expedition for "the capture of the British post at Kaskasky."

Only three hundred pounds in depreciated currency could be raised, but men and supplies were obtained at Fort Pitt and Wheeling and were carried down the Ohio, "to the Falls," opposite Louisville. The real object was not divulged to the men until this point was reached. Some of the men refused to go farther. But in a few weeks one hundred and seventy-five men, organized in four companies, were in readiness. At the deserted site of Fort Massac, the expedition left their boats and marched through the tangled forests and the rich prairies of southern Illinois. The story of the complete surprise and capture of Kaskaskia is familiar. Cahokia was occupied without resistance, and the French priest, Father Pierre Gibault, whose parish extended from Lake Superior to the Ohio, volunteered to go to Vincennes and win its inhabitants to the American cause. Within two days after his arrival, the inhabitants were won to the cause of American sovereignty, and the entire population filed into his little church and took the oath of allegiance. Thus, without the firing of a shot, or the shedding of a drop of blood, the vast Illinois and Wabash country was won for the future United States. Clark's plan was such that its success was assured by its very audacity.

When Lieut. Governor Hamilton learned what had happened, he promptly decided to put in motion a campaign to recapture the posts, and to take the Kentucky conqueror, captive. To this end, emissaries were sent to the Wabash country to again stir up the Indians. Boats were built and repaired; ammunition was collected; trinkets were purchased for the Indians; guns were provided. But weeks were consumed in waiting for reinforcements which never came.



With approaching winter, an expedition of recruits set out with thirty-six British regulars, forty-five local volunteers, seventy-nine local militia, and sixty Indians. Reinforcements were gathered on the road, so that when Vincennes was reached, the little army numbered about five hundred. It was near Christmas time, when the invaders reached their goal. The capture of Vincennes proved easy enough, because there were none left to defend it, and when surrender was demanded, one officer and one soldier solemnly marched out between the conquering army. Again the Cross of St. George was run up on the fort, but the British forces appeared to be content with their hollow victory, and did not attempt the recapture of Kaskaskia nor Cahokia. The completion of the campaign was postponed until spring—a decision which proved the salvation of the American cause in the west.

Clark had a band of slightly over one hundred men. He understood Hamilton's army to number five or six hundred, and by information through a friendly trader of St. Louis it was learned that Hamilton had sent most of his troops away. Clark immediately planned the strategy of defending his position by attacking the invaders while they were yet at Vincennes. Col. Roosevelt in describing this maneuver, said, "Confronting Clark there was undoubtedly appalling difficulty in the way of a mid-winter march and attack, and the fact that Clark attempted and performed the feat which Hamilton dared not try, marks the difference between a man of genius and a good, brave, ordinary commander."

By early February, the depleted companies were recruited to their full strength, and Clark and his forces numbering one hundred thirty men, pushed out upon the desolate, wind-swept prairies. The distance to be covered was two hundred thirty miles. The trip could have been made ordinarily in five or six days with little hardship, but the rainy season was now at its height, and the Illinois country was a vast quagmire. Streams were swollen out of banks, and could be crossed only at great risk. Ten days of wearisome marching brought the little expedition to the forks of the Little Wabash. The entire region was under water, there were no boats, and provisions were



running low. Game was scarce, and fires could not be built for cooking.

Clark was not to be turned back by such difficulties. He sprang ahead of his men, struck up songs, and going wherever danger was greatest, by almost unmatched display of bravery, tact and firmness, maintained the admiration of his suffering followers, and held them together. Finally, the supreme effort was made. The troops crossed the Horseshoe Plain, breast-deep in water, and finally emerged upon high ground, two miles from Vincennes. Buffalo meat and corn were confiscated from the canoes of passing squaws, and soon the troops were fresh and in good spirits. The battle with the enemy ahead seemed as nothing when compared with the struggle with the elements which they had successfully waged. No exploit of the kind in American history surpasses this, unless it be Benedict Arnold's winter march through the wilderness of Maine, in 1775, to attack Quebec.

Creole hunters reported that the inhabitants of Vincennes were tired of Hamilton's presence, and would gladly return to American allegiance, but some two hundred Indians had just arrived at the fort. Before making the attack, Clark drew up a high sounding, lordly letter, addressed it to the town, and dispatched it by one of the creole hunters. It read, "Gentlemen, being now within two miles of your village with my army, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this step to request such of you as are true citizens, and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you, to remain still in your houses. And those, if any there be, that are friends to the King, will instantly repair to the fort and join the Hair-Buyer General, and fight like men."

Having thus given warning, he led his "army" forward, marching and countermarching his small forces among the trees and hills, to give an appearance of great numbers, while he and his officers helped the illusion by galloping wildly here and there on horses they had confiscated. At nightfall, the men advanced upon the stockade, and opened fire from two directions. The inhabitants had not informed the fort. Consternation and surprise came from within. There was a beating of drums and hurrying to arms. By firing from behind houses

and trees, the Americans virtually escaped, while Hamilton's gunners were picked off as fast as they appeared at the port-holes of the fort. Clark's ammunition ran low, but the inhabitants furnished a fresh supply, and a hot breakfast for the men.

In a few hours, the cannon was silenced, and parleys opened. Clark gave Hamilton one hour in which to decide what to do. To assist him in making up his mind, the American leader caused half a dozen Indians who had just returned from the forests with white men's scalps dangling at their belts, to be tomahawked and thrown into the river within plain view of the garrison. Surrender promptly followed. Hamilton and twenty-five men were sent as captives to Virginia, where he remained in prison until paroled at the suggestion of Washington.

For a second time, the American flag floated over Indiana soil, never to be lowered. The whole of the Illinois and Indiana country was now in American hands. Tenure, however, was precarious as long as Detroit remained a British stronghold, and Clark now broadened the plans to capture that strategic place. Leaving Vincennes in charge of a garrison of forty men, he returned to Kaskaskia, and set about organizing the Detroit expedition. Kentucky pledged three hundred men and Virginia promised to help, but when in midsummer Clark returned to Vincennes to organize his forces, he found the numbers to be quite insufficient. Kentucky had only sent thirty men.

Disappointment followed disappointment. He was ordered to build a fort at the mouth of the Ohio, and just as he had marshaled an adequate force for the attack on Detroit, he was obliged to use it in meeting a fresh outbreak of the savages which had been stirred up by the new British commandant on the Lakes.

Thomas Jefferson succeeding Henry as Governor of Virginia, was deeply interested in the Detroit project, and at his suggestion, Washington gave Clark an order on Fort Pitt for guns, supplies and such troops as could be spared. Jefferson appointed Clark a brigadier-general, but again Clark was doomed to disappointment. Suitable opportunity for the ex-

pedition never came, and when peace was declared, the northern stronghold was still in the hands of the British.

The war in the west ended as it began, in a carnival of butchery. Treacherous attacks, massacres, burnings and pilagings were everyday occurrences, and white men were hardly less at fault than the red. In midsummer 1782, news of the cessation of hostilities between Great Britain and her former seaboard colonies reached the back country. The soldier had won the back country for the new nation and the Continental Congress formally laid claim to the whole of the northwest. A few months later, John Adams was instructed to negotiate for peace on the understanding that the country's northern and western boundaries were to be the line of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi.

In laying plans for the development of the western lands, the statesmanship of the Revolutionary leaders was at its best. Congress as early as 1780 pledged the national government to dispose of the western lands for the common benefit, and promised that they should be "settled and formed into distinct republican states which shall become members of the federal union and have the same rights of sovereignty, freedom, and independence as the other states."

In the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, there was mapped out a scheme of government wonderfully adapted to the liberty loving, yet law abiding inhabitants of the frontier. No one in the councils of the nation had an earlier nor broader vision of the possibilities of the great northwest to the future of the young nation than Washington. When the unanimous voice of his country again called Washington from retirement to become the first chief-magistrate of the nation, he carried the plan and purpose of the development of this territory as one of the most important principles of our national program. In both of his inaugural messages, he emphasized this program.

During the first administration, there was but little protest from Congress, and likewise meager assistance in the matter of proper or adequate defense against Indian depredations, but in the second administration dissention arose in Congress. Criticism was made of the reverses which the small army had

experienced in dealing with hostile tribes of Indians. The nation had a standing army of less than six thousand. More than five thousand Creeks alone were intermittently on the war-path.

Officially, the United States recognized the validity of Indian claims, but the pioneer homeseeker recognized no such boundaries. This condition was a constant source of irritation. The country south of the Ohio filled rapidly with settlers from Virginia and the Carolinas, until the white population beyond the Blue Ridge was believed to be considerably over one hundred thousand. The "Indian side" as the north shore was habitually called, was trodden only by casual hunters, traders, and explorers, but soon the frontiersmen grew bolder. They began to plant camps and cabins on the rich bottom lands of the Miami, the Scioto, and the Muskingum. Colonel Harmar commanded at Fort Pitt, sending a deputation down the river to drive the intruders back, but they refused to give up the lands.

Speculation in western land ran riot. Great companies were organized for this purpose. General Arthur St. Clair was appointed Governor of the territory. To this development, there was one serious obstacle—the Indians. Repeated expeditions from Kentucky had pushed most of the tribes northward to the headwaters of the Wabash. The Treaty of 1785 was supposed to keep them there, but it was futile to expect such an arrangement to prove lasting, unless backed up with force. In their villages in the swampy forests of Ohio and Indiana, the redskins grew sullen and vindictive. As they saw their favorite hunting-grounds slipping from their grasp, those who had taken part in the treaty repented their generosity, while those who had no part in it pronounced it fraudulent, and refused to consider themselves bound by it. Swiftly the idea took hold, that "the white man shall not plant corn north of the Ohio." This became the rallying cry of the Indians.

To add to this complicated situation, on account of alleged shortcomings of the United States, the British government refused to carry out completely the Treaty of 1783, and continued to occupy and keep possession of eight or ten forti-



fied posts in the north and west. One of these was Detroit, and the officials stationed there systematically encouraged the hordes of redskins about the western end of Lake Erie to make all possible resistance to the American advance. The British no longer had any claim to the territory south of the Lakes, but they wanted to keep ascendancy over the northwestern Indians, and especially to prevent the rich fur trade from falling into American hands.

Ammunition and other supplies were furnished the restless tribes. The situation grew serious. Marauding expeditions were growing in frequency, and a friendly Indian scout sent out by Governor St. Clair came back with the report that most of the Indians of the northwest had "bad hearts."

Washington decided that longer delay would be dangerous, and that the nation forthwith must prepare for its first war since independence. Kentucky was asked to furnish one thousand militiamen, and Pennsylvania five hundred. The forces were ordered to meet at Fort Washington near Cincinnati. General Harmar was put in command of an expedition against the Miamis. The recruits were raw, and Harmar was without the experience requisite for such an enterprise. This little army was accompanied by three hundred regulars. On reaching the Maumee country on the site of the present city of Fort Wayne, they destroyed a number of Indian huts and burned a quantity of corn, but in a series of scattered encounters, the white men were defeated, and Harmar thought it then the part of wisdom to retreat. On the contrary, he had stirred the redskins to fresh aggressions, and his retreating forces were closely followed by bands of merciless raiders.

Washington knew what the effect of this reverse would be. Accordingly, he called Governor St. Clair to Philadelphia and ordered him to take personal command of a new expedition. Washington's experience in Indian warfare impelled him to give a special warning to General St. Clair against ambush and surprise. Congress aided by voting two thousand troops for six months, besides two small regiments of regulars. But everything went wrong. Recruiting proved slow, and supplies were shockingly inadequate. St. Clair was a man of honest

intention, but old, broken in health, and of limited military ability, and when finally, October 4, 1791, he led his untrained forces slowly northward from Fort Washington, he utterly failed to act on the admonition of Washington, and took no pains, evidently, either to keep his movements secret or to protect his men against sudden attack. The army trudged slowly through the deep forests, rarely advancing more than five or six miles a day. As most of the men had no taste for Indian warfare, and their pay was but two dollars a month, the commander's threats and entreaties could not hold them in order.

On the night of the 3rd of November, the little army now reduced to fourteen hundred men, camped with divisions carelessly scattered, on the East Fork of the Wabash about a hundred miles north of Cincinnati. The next morning when preparations were being made for the forced march against some Indian villages, a horde of redskins burst unexpectedly upon the bewildered troops surrounding them and threatening them with utter destruction. A brave stand was made but with little chance of victory. "After the first onset," as Roosevelt described the battle, "the Indians fought in silence, no sound coming from them save the incessant rattle of fire as they crept from log to log, from tree to tree, ever closer and closer. Soldiers stood in close order in the open. Their musketry and artillery fire made a tremendous noise but did little damage to the foe they could hardly see. Now and then through hanging smoke, terrible figures flitted painted black and red, the feathers of the hawk and eagle braided in their long scalp locks. The soldiers knew their enemy only through the fearful rapidity with which their comrades fell out and wounded in their ranks."

At last in desperation, St. Clair ordered his men to break through the deadly cordon, and save themselves the best they could. The Indians kept up a hard pursuit for a distance of four miles, then surfeited with slaughter, they returned to plunder the abandoned camp. Almost half of the men in the engagement were killed. The survivors straggled into the river settlements starving and disheartened. The page on which is written the story of St. Clair's defeat is one of the gloomiest in

the history of the west. It was with a heavy heart that St. Clair dispatched a messenger to Philadelphia with the news of the terrible defeat. Congress ordered an investigation, but in view of the unhappy general's high character and courage, though blundering, he was finally exonerated.

The situation was now desperate. Everywhere the forest resounded with the exultant cries of the victors. Commissioners were sent to treat with the Indians, but received the curt ultimatum: "Brothers, we shall be persuaded that you mean to do us justice if you agree that the Ohio shall remain the boundary line between us. If you will not consent thereto, our meeting will be altogether unnecessary."

Washington, it is reported, intended to give the new western command to "Light Horse Harry" Lee, but consideration of rank made the appointment unexpedient, and "Mad Anthony" Wayne was named instead. In the Revolution, he had won distinction as a dashing commander at Ticonderoga, Brandywine, Germantown, Stony Point and other important engagements. He was a major-general in Green's campaign in Georgia. He was a man of much vanity which brought upon him considerable criticism, and it is reported that Washington, in a Cabinet meeting, characterized him as "brave and nothing else." Washington was apprehensive for fear that in the present critical situation, Wayne's impetuosity might lead to fresh disaster. Yet, the qualities that had enabled Wayne to snatch success from almost certain defeat—alertness, decisiveness, bravery, and sheer love of hard fighting—were those now chiefly in demand.

The first task was to create an army. Most of the three or four thousand men had to be gathered wherever they could be found. Those who responded knew little of warfare, but Wayne enforced rigid discipline, and drilling was carried on for eight and ten hours a day. By spring, the survivors formed a very respectable body of troops. Going beyond the ordinary manual of arms, Wayne taught the men to load their rifles while running at full speed, and to yell at the top of their voices while making a bayonet attack.

In October, the intrepid major-general advanced with twenty-six hundred men into the near stretches of Indian country, in order to have an early start for the spring campaign. They built Fort Greenville, and later a detachment built a post which they hopefully christened Fort Recovery. Throughout the winter, unending drill was kept up, and in June, fourteen hundred mounted militia arrived from Kentucky. Wayne found himself at the head of the largest and best trained force that had ever been turned against the Indians west of the Alleghanies.

In July, the army moved forward in the direction of the Maumee, with closed ranks, and was guarded by scouts so no chance whatever was given for a surprise attack. Washington's admonitions had been taken seriously, and the Indians could only wonder and admire. The news of the army's advance traveled ahead, and struck terror through the northern villages. When the troops reached the cultivated lands, they found only deserted huts and great fields of corn with which they replenished their stores.

Here they built another fort, and gave it the significant name "Defiance," and from it the final offer of peace was sent out to the hostile tribes. The Indians, relying upon the British to furnish all necessary aid, their chieftains returned evasive answers. Wayne thereupon moved his troops to the left bank of the Maumee, and proceeded down stream toward the British stronghold at Fort Miami. A few days brought the army to a place known as Fallen Timbers, where a tornado had piled the trunks and branches of mighty trees in confusion. The British post was but five or six miles distant, and there behind the breast-works which nature had provided, and in easy reach of their allies, the Indians chose to make their stand.

On the morning of the 20th of August, Wayne, now so crippled that he had to be lifted into his saddle, gallantly led an assault. The Indian fire was murderous, and a battalion of mounted Kentuckians was at first hurled back, but the front line of infantry rushed up and dislodged the savages from their covert, while the regular cavalry on the right charged the enemy's left flank. Before the second line of infantry could



get into action, the day was won. The whole engagement lasted less than three-quarters of an hour, and not a third of Wayne's three thousand men actually took part in it. The fleeing redskins were pursued to the very walls of the British fort, and even there many were slain. The British soldiery not only utterly failed to come to the relief of their hard pressed allies, but refused to open the gates to give them shelter. The American loss was thirty-three killed and one hundred wounded. The victory was the most decisive as yet gained over the Indians of the northwest—a warfare of forty years was ended in as many minutes.

At last, the Americans had for the time being, the upper hand of the Indian situation. As a result Wayne was able to announce a great treaty where the natives ceded all of what is now southern Ohio, southeast Indiana and numerous tracts around posts within the Indian country. The terms of the treaty were faithfully observed on both sides, and for fifteen years the pioneers lived and toiled in peace, and Wayne became a national hero.

This pacification made possible the second step in the form of government contemplated by the Northwest Ordinance. A legislature was convened at Cincinnati, and William Henry Harrison, a young man of twenty-six years of age, son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and aide on the staff of Wayne at the battle of Fallen Timbers, was selected as a delegate to Congress.

An additional new rush of pioneers again made the situation unstable. The Indian territory, under the Wayne treaty, was again trespassed by white settlers. William Henry Harrison was made territorial governor, and was especially equipped by training and experience for this position at such a critical time. Governor Harrison effected a number of treaties with the Indians, in order to anticipate disturbances, but in 1809, once more the crisis in the Indian situation was reached.

Tecumseh, "the Wild Cat that leaps upon its prey," was to become the successor of the great Pontiac. Like his predecessor, he was a tall, handsome warrior, daring and energetic, affluent and persuasive in speech, given to deep reflection, and

an implacable hatred of the white man. He possessed other extraordinary qualities seldom found among his race. He had a perfect self-command, a keen insight into human motives, and an exceptional capacity in matters of organization.

He, too, planned for a grand democratic confederacy of his people. It was his ambition to take up the task which Pontiac had left unfinished. He had even planned a form of government for his people, not alone of chieftains, but of warriors as well, and there was to be a warriors' congress, representative of genuine popular rule; joint ownership of all Indian lands was contemplated, and he desired to halt piece-meal treaties by small tribal chiefs, and recognized none of these treaties unless approved by the Indian congress. The plan was brilliant, and commanded admiration, even though impractical, and one of the great difficulties was that the Indians objected because its author was not a chief and had no sanction of birth or office.

These obstacles and objections, however, did not thwart the ambition of Tecumseh. When Governor Hull of the Michigan territory indiscreetly negotiated a new land treaty at Detroit, the northern tribes at once joined Tecumseh's league. Governor Harrison became apprehensive, and called Tecumseh into conference. There was a show of firmness, yet of good will on both sides. Harrison negotiated another tribal treaty, and as a result, the powerful Wyandottes promptly joined Tecumseh, and war was made inevitable. Tribe after tribe in rapid succession in Indiana and Illinois elected Tecumseh as their chief. Another conference took place without result.

General Harrison proceeded to organize troops for the inevitable conflict. Tecumseh was defiant. Harrison assumed command of the army in person, and set forth for the purpose of destroying the Tippecanoe rendezvous. The Indians, before daybreak, under orders from the "Prophet," brother of Tecumseh, the latter being absent, began a general attack. The fight was so determined and terrific, that it developed into rifle butt and bayonet against tomahawk and scalping-knife, in hand to hand combat. For two hours, the battle raged in darkness, and only when daybreak came were the troops able to charge the redskins, the Indians being driven into a neighbor-

ing swamp. Throughout the western country, the news of the successful battle was received with delight, and it was fondly believed that the backbone of the Indian conspiracy was broken. General Harrison was acclaimed as a deliverer. The legislatures of Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois formally thanked him for his services. It was the glamor of Tippecanoe that later carried him into the President's chair.

In precipitating this clash while Tecumseh was absent, history records that the "Prophet" committed a capital blunder. Tecumseh returned from a very successful visit to the Cretes, Choctaws, and Cherokees. He proclaimed that had he been present, there would have been no Indian attack at Tippecanoe. Tecumseh continued to assert his friendship for his "white brothers," and to treat the battle of Tippecanoe as a matter of no moment. It was believed that in his conduct, he was simply awaiting a signal from Canada of the impending war with Great Britain, and was preparing to aid England in every possible way in the approaching conflict.

With the declaration of war, Tecumseh threw the full power of his influence and his personality in the war against the United States. General Harrison was again placed in command of the western forces, and Commodore Perry's signal victory and Harrison's equally important defeat of the British land forces on the Thames River brought about the conclusion of the war. At the battle of the Thames, perished Tecumseh, who was the real force behind the British campaigns in the west. Before going into the battle, Tecumseh stripped off his British uniform, and arrayed himself in the fighting costume of his own people. It was a terrible engagement, and the death of Tecumseh was highly dramatic.

The visit to Springfield, Illinois, in 1843, of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, former Vice-President of the United States, and candidate for the democratic nomination for President, gives a close connecting link between one of the great heroes of the battle of the Thames and this city. Colonel Johnson's regiment was at the forefront of the fighting. He was carried from the field of battle almost lifeless. He passed through incredible fatigue, severities, and privations as he was carried back from the battlefield to his home in Kentucky, for a distance of

over three hundred miles, through the wilderness, in the midst of winter, suspended between two horses. He remained about two months in Kentucky when he had recovered sufficiently from his wounds that he was able to repair to Washington and resume his seat in Congress.

The fame of his exploits had preceded him, and at the Capitol he was received with distinguished testimonials of respect and admiration. On the way to the House of Representatives, he was cheered by the populace, and Congress passed a joint resolution ordering a suitable testimonial for his commendable service. In 1819, at the close of his congressional term, Colonel Johnson was elected to the United States Senate, and subsequently reelected and served until 1829. At the election of Martin Van Buren to the presidency, Colonel Johnson was chosen to that position—no choice having been made by the Electoral College. He was subsequently returned to Congress and was a member of that body at his death.

Colonel Johnson, on his appearance at Springfield, was greeted by its entire citizenry. He was a popular and beloved hero. He was eloquently introduced to a magnificent audience, and delivered a gracious speech so full of thrilling incidents that it is said "the vast hall was so still as to render the fluttering window curtains heard all over the room." At the conclusion of his address, Colonel Johnson was beseeched by the audience to tell of the actual killing of Tecumseh. Reluctantly, he gave this recital:

tering window curtains heard all over the room." At the conclusion of his address, Colonel Johnson was beseeched by the audience to tell of the actual killing of Tecumseh. Reluctantly,

"The Indians were fourteen hundred strong, commanded by Tecumseh, one of the bravest warriors that ever drew breath. He was the Washington among the Indians. The Indians were in ambush on the other side of what we were told was an impassable swamp, but just before the battle came on, a narrow passage over the swamp was discovered. Knowing well the Indian characteristic, I determined to push forward with about twenty men, in order to draw the entire Indian fire so that the remaining of the regiment might rush forward upon them while their rifles were empty. Having promised wives, mothers and sisters of my men before we left Kentucky, that I would place their husbands, sons and brothers in no hazard



which I was unwilling to share, I put myself at the head of these twenty men and advanced upon the covert in which I knew the Indians were concealed. The moment we came in view we received the whole Indian fire. Nineteen of my twenty men dropped on the field. I felt that I was severely wounded. The mare I rode stumbled and fell to her knees. She had fifteen balls in her as was ascertained later, but the noble animal recovered her feet by a touch from the rein.

"I waited but a few moments when the remainder of the troop came up and we pushed forward on the Indians who instantly retreated. I noticed an Indian chief among them who succeeded in rallying them three different times. This I thought I would endeavor to prevent because it was by this time known to the Indians that their allies, the British, had surrendered. I advanced singly upon him, keeping my right arm close to my side. He took to a tree and deliberately fired upon me. Although I had previously had four balls in me, this last wound was more acutely painful than all of them. The ball struck me on the knuckle of my left hand, passed through my hand and came out just above the wrist. I ran my left arm through the bridle rein, for my hand instantly swelled and became useless. The Indian supposed he had mortally wounded me and came out from behind the tree and advanced upon me with uplifted tomahawk. When he had come within my mare's length of me, I drew my pistol and instantly fired, having a dead aim upon him. He fell, and the Indians shortly after either surrendered or had fled. My pistol had one ball and three buckshot in it, and the body of the Indian was found to have a ball through his body and three buckshot in different parts of his breast and head." ("Thus, fell Tecumseh!" cried someone in the audience.) Colonel Johnson said he did not know it was Tecumseh at that time.

Further intervention of the white man, even though accompanied by treaties, continued to be resented by the Indian tribes who guarded the northwest above the Illinois River. These Sioux, Sauk, Foxes and Winnebagoes, with remnants of other tribes, carried on intermittent warfare for years, despite the efforts of the federal government to define tribal boundaries

between redmen and white men coveting the same lands. Chief Red Bird was the principal instigator of the renewed outbreak, and Governor Cass, in command, compelled the surrender of Red Bird and his followers. These engagements, in comparison with other outbreaks on the part of the Indians, were not so important, except that the troubles were in Illinois or the adjacent territory. They were mostly in the Galena and Rock River country and included what is known as "The Black Hawk War."

One of the first persons to come forward to offer his services at this time was Abraham Lincoln. Other men whose names appear conspicuous in American history were also attached to this little army. Colonel Zachary Taylor, afterwards President, was in command of the regulars. Among his lieutenants were Jefferson Davis and Albert Sidney Johnston, leaders of the Confederate cause; and Robert Anderson, the defender of Fort Sumpter, was a colonel of Illinois volunteers. It is said that the oath of allegiance was administered to young Lincoln by Lieutenant Jefferson Davis.

A company, under Black Hawk, suffered defeat at Wisconsin Heights, and the remnants of the Indian forces were caught between a fire from a force of regulars on the land side, and a government steamer on the water side, and the Indians were practically annihilated, and thus ended the Indian disturbances of the great northwest territory.

No history of American Indian warfare should leave from its account the wonderful victory of Andrew Jackson. The Creeks of Florida were not the character of tribe who would relinquish their lands without a desperate struggle. The Spaniards supplied these Indians with all the necessary equipment of war, and the British government gave them open encouragement. Before plans of defense could be carried into effect, the war broke out, and the wretched settlers crowded into the flimsy stockade, where they were massacred. A shudder over this atrocity swept over the country. The people's demand for vengeance was overmastering, and from north, west and east volunteer armies were soon on the march. Jackson was lying helpless from wounds received in his duel with the

Bentons, but he issued the necessary orders from bed, and let it be known that he, the senior major general, and no one else, would lead the expedition. With his arm tightly bandaged to his side, and a shoulder so sore he could not bear the pressure of an epaulette, he led the expedition.

At Horseshoe Bend, the Indians elected to make their stand. Here a thousand warriors with many women and children took refuge behind the breastworks which they believed impregnable. Jackson ordered an attack. No quarter was asked, and none given. The battle quickly became a butchery. Driven by fire, the Creeks broke from their fortification and were shot down, or bayoneted by the hundreds. Those who plunged into the river for safety were killed as they swam. Scarcely a hundred survived. This victory practically ended the war, and Jackson returned to Tennessee to find himself the most popular man in the state.

Again backward ever backward, were the redmen of America being driven. Between the Missouri and the Rockies lay our last frontier. The Indians of this country were known in history as "Horse" Indians, in contrast to the Indians east of the Mississippi, known as the "Foot" Indians. The Indian fighter of the plains was a magnificent horseman. The unsettled land so long held in small repute by the early Americans was the buffalo range and the country of the Horse Indians. It was these tribes that held back the settlements of Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Wyoming, and Colorado. To the army soon after the Civil War fell the task of extermination or at least evicting these savage tribes. It was a process not altogether simple.

For a considerable time, the Indians were able to offer effective resistance to the enterprise of white settlement. The Indians knew their country; they knew the natural supplies, and hence the army fought them at great disadvantage. In fact, our army had to learn to become half Indian before it could fight the Indians on anything like even terms. They had conquered their environment and were happy in it. They were prepared to make a bitter fight before they would relinquish it.

In reality, the greatest of our Indian wars took place after the close of the Civil War, and the most notable of all battles are those which were fought on the old cow range—in the land of our last frontier. Our army at the close of the Civil War, and beginning of the wars with the Plains tribes was in better condition than it ever was before. It was made up of the soundest and best seasoned soldiers. The regular army not counting the volunteer forces was sixteen thousand. The Indians of the Plains in conflict with our army set the land aflame from the Rio Grande to our northern line. The Sioux, then at the height of their power, were especially distinct by many warlike qualities. They fought hard, and were quick to seize upon any sign of weakness in their enemies. When in the course of the Civil War, troops were withdrawn from the upper posts, the Sioux quickly edged in and pressed back the whites to the eastern confines of the plains. During the terrible period of 1862, when our soldiers were required between the battle of the states, the Sioux rose in one savage wave of rebellion, and massacred the whites of Minnesota and South Dakota. The diminishing of buffalo herds, and the shrinkage of their means of livelihood brought about by the inrush of increasing settlers, these tribes believed to mean death to them. There must be but one answer to all this, the whites must be killed.

Red Cloud, Crazy Horse, Roman Nose, American Horse, Black Kettle were the great Indian generals of this period who proved their ability to fight. Between 1869 and 1875 more than two hundred pitched battles were fought between our army and the Indians. The account which the army gave of its own scores of unremembered minor fields which meant life and death to all engaged would make one of the best pages of history could it be written today. The frontier army consisted of riding and shooting men, able to give a good account of themselves at the Indian's own game. They were led by army officers whose type has never been improved in any later stage of our army, or any army of the world.

The massacre near Fort Phil Kearney was a blow which the army never forgot. "In a place fifty feet square lay the bodies of Colonel Fetterman, Captain Brown and sixty-five enlisted men.



Each man was stripped naked and blacked and scalped, the skulls beaten in with war clubs, and the bodies gashed with knives almost beyond recognition." This tragedy brought the Indian problem before the country as never before.

While the Sioux and Cheyennes appointed a peace commission to endeavor to remove the causes of friction, nothing came of the attempt. General Sherman wrote to his brother, "We have now selected and provided reservations for all, off the great roads. All who cling to their old hunting-grounds are hostile and will remain so till killed off. We will have a sort of war for years, every now and then to be shocked by indiscriminate murder, and the advantage of the Indians is so great that we cannot make a single war and end it. From the nature of things, we must take chances and clean out Indians as we encounter them."

General Sheridan in command of the Department of Missouri, believed that a general war was imminent. He determined to teach the tribesmen a lesson they would not forget. In the dead of winter, our troops marched against the Cheyennes, then in their encampment beyond the Kansas line. The Indians did not believe that white men could march in weather forty below zero during which they sat in their tepees around their fires, but our cavalymen did march in such weather. Among these troops was the Seventh Cavalry, Custer's regiment, formed after the Civil War and led by Lieutenant-Colonel George A. Custer, himself, that gallant officer whose name is to go into further and melancholy history of the Plains.

Custer's forces picked up the trains of the Cheyennes, whom he knew to belong to Black Kettle's band. He did not, however, know that below them in the same valley of the Washita were the winter encampments of the Kiowas, the Comanches, the Arapahoes, and a few Apaches. He attacked the Indians at dawn, on a bleak winter morning, killed Black Kettle, and another chief, Little Rock, and over a hundred of their warriors. Many women and children were also killed in this attack. The result was one which sank deep into the Indian mind. For the first time, they began to respect the men who could outmarch them and outlive them on the range. The

Indians began to be more pacific, and this spread over the country south of the Platte. The lower Indians began to come in and give themselves up to the reservation life.

General "Sandy" Forsyth, at South Fork, taught them another lesson when his scouts for nine days fought over six hundred Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Forsyth had no chance to obtain a command of troops. He enlisted fifty scouts and with his body of fighting men carried out the most dramatic battle perhaps ever waged on the plains. Forsyth came upon the Cheyennes under Chief Roman Nose. Roman Nose and his warriors surrounded this small band, but Forsyth and his scouts took refuge on an island, and dug themselves in under fire. They were outnumbered ten to one. All their horses had been shot down, and as they lay in their rifle pits, there was no hope of escape. Roman Nose enraged at the resistance, led a band of four hundred warriors in the most desperate charge that has been recorded in all our Indian fighting annals. It was rarely that the Indian would charge, but these tribesmen stripped naked for the encounter and led by their giant chief, charged not only once, but three times in one day, and reached within one hundred feet of the island where the scouts were lying. Each time, they were met by the fire of repeating carbines and revolvers, but they charged again, and again. Roman Nose was killed on the last charge within touch of the rifle pits. At the time the chief fell, the bed of the shallow stream was filled with fallen horses and dead Indians. Forsyth, himself, terribly wounded, with his men lay under fire beneath a blazing sun in their holes on the sandbar for nine days. At last the Indians made off, their women and children beating the drums, and the entire village mourning their unreturned brave.

The Baker Massacre was the turning point in the half century of warfare with the Blackfeet. Major Baker surprised the Piegans and, like Custer, attacked at dawn. He killed one hundred seventy-three Piegans, including many women and children. It was deplorable warfare, but it ended the resistance of the savage Blackfeet, and they have been disposed to peace to this day.

The Sioux and Cheyennes took terrible revenge in the battle by annihilating Custer and his men on the Little Big Horn. The running fight made by Chief Joseph baffled our best generals and their men, for this campaign lasted one hundred ten days, over more than fourteen hundred miles of wilderness. These are events so well known that it is needless to repeat them on this occasion. Chief Joseph and his tribe at last surrendered, saying: "From where the sun now stands I fight against the white man no more forever."

After the Custer fight, many of the tribes went north to the Canadian line.

The Modoc war against the warriors of Captain Jack was waged in the lava beds of Oregon, and the army gave a splendid account in revenging the murder of General Canby. At the conclusion of these campaigns, the extreme northwest remained free from that time on, but far in the southwest the blood thirsty Apache waged a warfare which tried the metal of our army. The Spaniards had fought these Apaches for nearly thirty years and had not beaten them. The Apaches became mountain outlaws. Hemmed in and surrounded, with no hope of escape in some instances, they perished literally to the last man. To General Crook belongs the great credit of finishing the work of cleaning up the Apache outlaw situation, but he had the assistance of Pima scouts, and without them, he never could have run down the Apaches as he did. They were the hardest of all the Plains Indians to find and fight, but in 1872, Crook subdued them and concentrated them in reservations in Arizona. Then years later, under Geronimo, the Apaches broke loose and yielded to General Crook only after prolonged war. Once again, they raided New Mexico and Arizona. General Miles forced Geronimo to surrender, and together with his chief warriors, was deported to Fort Pickens in Florida.

In all these savage pitched battles and bloody skirmishes, there were hundreds of settlers killed, hundreds of our army men, including some splendid officers. In the Custer fight alone, the army lost Custer himself, thirteen commissioned officers, and two hundred fifty-six enlisted men, in addition to the wounding of two officers and fifty-one men. Custer had in

his full column about seven hundred men. The number of Indians was perhaps five thousand when they met Custer in this, the most historic and ghastly battle of the Plains.

Thus, we recount most of the principal activities of our American soldiers in Indian warfare. Our soldiers have done their work splendidly and uncomplainingly, such work as no other body of civilized troops have ever been asked to do in the history of a country's settlement. The frontier has ever produced its own pathfinders, its own saviors, and in a large measure, its own fighting men. So now, the frontier lay ready, waiting for the man with the plow. The dawn of that last day is realized.



## OUR INDIANS

By JOAN PIERSEN\*

### OUTLINE

- I. Pottowatomies in General.
  - A. Before in Kane County.
  - B. Seven Villages.
- II. Fox Valley as a Place for Indians.
- III. First Indian Settlements Known in County.
- IV. Village of Waubonsie.
  - A. Homes.
  - B. Customs.
- V. Famous Indians.
  - A. Black Partridge.
  - B. Shabbona.
  - C. Waubonsie.
- VI. Shabbona.
- VII. Waubonsie.
- VIII. Removal of Indians.
- IX. Anecdotes.
- X. Conclusion.

## OUR INDIANS

### I

Our Indians, the Pottowatomies, are first known to have been in southern Canada, settled along Lake Huron. Later, when Marquette and Joliet were on their long journey to the Mississippi, the Pottowatomies inhabited the Green Bay Country. From there they slowly pushed southward, taking the place of the Miami tribe.<sup>1</sup> They always chose the places best for hunting and fishing for their settlements, whether temporary or permanent. About the southern end of Lake Michi-

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<sup>1</sup>"Historical Encyclopaedia and History of Kane County," Page 619.



JOAN PIERSEN



gan there were finally seven large villages: at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin; Saint Joseph, Michigan; Plymouth, Indiana; in Illinois on the Calumet River, the Desplaines River, Au Sable Grove, and on the Fox River near Aurora.<sup>2</sup> Each village was connected by a trail, and each village had a trail leading to Chicago. The trail of Waubonsie's tribe to Chicago went from Aurora along the Fox to where St. Charles is now, then east to Chicago. When I say "Aurora", I mean the present site of Aurora. When only the Indian village was here and for some time afterwards, the place was called "Waubon" after the Chief; however, when the settlers came, many of whom were from Aurora, New York, they gave the town its present name.<sup>3</sup>

## II

The Fox valley, with its groves of timber, far-reaching prairies, temperate climate, and all its natural beauty, was an ideal place for the Indians—later for the settlers. The river was wide and rather high, since the surrounding swamps, pools, and streams were not artificially drained as they are now, but their waters were held by the tough prairie grass, and allowed to drain slowly and feed the river for the whole summer. The soil was rich with only a little clay, sand, and gravel. Game was absolutely no source of worry to the redman, for there were herds of deer, wild cats, lynx, wolves, quail, wild ducks, geese, sandhill cranes, crows, wild pigeons, robins, and smaller birds. The waters of the Fox were pure and clear, and contained a supply of fish of many varieties.<sup>4</sup>

## III

It has been said that the Pottowatomies were in Kane County as early as 1671. In 1823 pioneers remarked that the squaws had planted vast fields of corn along the banks and on the islands of the Fox.<sup>5</sup> When the pioneers began to settle in this county, the village of Waubonsie was on a bluff on the

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<sup>2</sup>"Chicago Magazine."

<sup>3</sup>Mr. John Love.

<sup>4</sup>"Commemorative Record of Kane County, Illinois," Page 825.

<sup>5</sup>"Aurora, Illinois," Page 1.



west side of the river about a mile north of the present center of Aurora.

#### IV

The people of Kane County may be well proud of having inherited their lands from Waubonsie's tribe, because of all the Indians this tribe was the least hostile after the whites were finally settled. And it is a well known fact that the Pottowatomies declined to join with or have anything to do with the Indians who fought against the Americans in the Black Hawk War.<sup>6</sup>

In this friendly village there were at least three hundred and probably six or seven hundred Indians. During the winter they emigrated to territory along the Illinois River, but always returned to the same place.<sup>7</sup> Since it was a permanent home, there were some substantial dwellings. Waubonsie had the best one, which they called a palace. This was remarkably well constructed, considering the fact that the only real tool used was the tomahawk. It was rather a large cabin, twenty by thirty feet, built of red cedar. The outside was covered with bark from the basswood tree to keep the wind out. Within, a hall about eight feet wide ran through the middle, with a door at each end. Beds, of which the bottoms were wood with bark for mattresses, bordered the room and upon these there were skins of the animals they had killed. Sometimes they had government blankets but more often buffalo skins for coverings. In the center of the hall they built the council fires around which the braves gathered to discuss important matters.<sup>8</sup>

The only work the men did was hunt wild game for meat and carry on war. The squaws had to do the planting of the corn, tobacco, and beans; they had to cook, cut and haul wood, and keep the fires up.<sup>9</sup> Colonel Lyon, who lived on a farm between Geneva and Aurora, told an interesting story about one of Waubonsie's sons whom the Colonel wanted to

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<sup>6</sup>"Commemorative Record of Kane County," Page 826.

<sup>7</sup>"Aurora Beacon News," March 28, 1926.

<sup>8</sup>"Aurora Beacon News," March 28, 1926.

<sup>9</sup>"History of Kane County, Illinois," Page 48.

educate. The Colonel told Nenqua that if the latter would come to the man's farm and plant and raise a field of corn, he might have all the corn he raised. The boy seemed satisfied and was to return the next day to begin work. He did return, but with about twelve squaws carrying hoes with them! Colonel Lyon reproved the boy, saying that he had to do the work himself. Nenqua wouldn't lower himself to such a degree, and he said to the Colonel, "Me hunt meat, squaws hunt corn."<sup>10</sup>

On some of their hunts the Indians burned the prairie grass to chase out the wild game, and the fire would spread to the wooded lots, enabling them to catch a great number of animals at one time.

The natives, as well as the first settlers, had several uses for the game they hunted other than for food. The hide of the deer, for instance, was made into moccasins and other clothing; the flesh of the animal furnished tallow.<sup>11</sup>

The Indians had some very unique ways of cooking. At one time a friendly Indian came to Samuel McCarty's home to ask if he might cook there a live catfish which he had brought with him. The McCartys said he might; so he raked aside the hot ashes and coals, which he found ready, and placed the fish where the coals had been. He then raked the ashes and coals back over the fish, and held it down with a stick. As the fish was alive at first, it tried to flop over several times, but the cook was firm. When the process of cooking was over the Indian took up his victim and peeled the skin off with the ashes, revealing a fine white meat, which he immediately ate.<sup>12</sup>

Jesse Oatman, an early settler of Dundee, reported a meal of which he had a share at a small village of about twenty-five Indians (related to those of the Waubonsie tribe) near where Dundee is now—their chief was Nickoway. When Oatman arrived at the settlement, he was invited to stay for a supper of sandhill crane. The squaw of chief Nickoway removed a few of the largest feathers from the bird, placed

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<sup>10</sup>"Aurora Beacon News," 1907.

<sup>11</sup>Mr. Ira Beldon.

<sup>12</sup>"Aurora Directory" of 1857.

it in a kettle of water and beans, and put it over the fire to boil. The white man said nothing about his idea of the result.<sup>13</sup>

In preparing the meal the squaw would often throw fish, roots, meal and anything else which was at hand and edible into the pot, boil the mixture and put it out for her family to eat.<sup>14</sup>

Many of the settlers would trade meal, dried squash, or pumpkin for the fish of the Indians. John Elliott's mother used to peel her squash and pumpkin, slice it like bread, a process which made it into rings, and string these rings on poles or cord. This was a favorite delicacy of the redmen.<sup>15</sup>

Before the settlers came, the only way for the natives to get meal was to grind the grain on a hollow stone with a pestle. Perhaps one reason why the McCarty brothers were popular with the Indians was that they simplified their means of obtaining meal. At one time the whole white colony at Aurora except Samuel McCarty was threatened, because one of the new arrivals had transacted a crooked deal with the Indians over a certain pony which the man had coveted. The Indians later told McCarty that he would have been the only white man saved had they been attacked, because he ground their meal for them.<sup>16</sup>

A peculiar custom of some of the families was to keep a pet skunk among them, as we do dogs or cats.<sup>17</sup>

After death an Indian would be buried in his best outfit, with his horn for powder, guns, bows, and arrows.<sup>18</sup>

Among the many Indians familiar to the pioneers were three who are particularly important in Kane County history: Black Partridge, Shabbona, and Waubonsie. I mention Black Partridge, not because he was in Kane County in person much, but because he was chief of the whole tribe of Pottowatomies and a great leader and orator who was highly respected among his race. Shabbona was the great peace chief of the race and can be said to have been the best friend among the Indians that

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<sup>13</sup>"History of Kane County, Illinois," Page 44-45.

<sup>14</sup>"Aurora Directory" of 1857.

<sup>15</sup>Mr. John Elliott.

<sup>16</sup>"Aurora Directory" of 1857.

<sup>17</sup>"History of Kane County, Illinois, Page 51.

<sup>18</sup>Mrs. Belle Landry.

the white settlers ever had. Lastly, Waubonsie was the chief of our Indians here and the war chief of the tribe.<sup>19</sup>

Shabbona, or "Built-Like-a-Bear," was a most fitting title for the great peace chief. He was a big, well proportioned man about five feet nine inches tall having broad heavy shoulders, a large neck, and a head of extraordinary size. He was a favorite both among the whites and the Indians, and was always attentively listened to. Several of the old settlers in the county remember having seen and admired the famous Indian when he came to Aurora from his grove, which was named after him. He came to the town two or three times a year to draw his pay from the government at Mr. King's office on the corner of Galena Boulevard and Oak Street.<sup>20</sup> Mr. Martin Tarble tells about how Shabbona usually came with many of the tribe, riding a pony and followed by other ponies and perhaps a wagon or two. The squaws and others would follow these. They traded with a certain Mr. Street on River Street, and this man would ask old Shabbona in for supper, have Mr. Tarble and other boys in too, and they all would have a treat at being near and watching the chief eat the meal in his Indian fashion.

When he was in the county it was a favorite pastime of Shabbona to dine with his friends, the white men. He was generous with them all, sometimes bringing a quarter of venison, a goose, or a wild duck.<sup>21</sup>

Shabbona's last squaw, Coconako, of whom the chief was very proud, weighed about four hundred pounds. One time at a ball in Ottawa, Illinois when Shabbona was asked to be judge of the ladies—to pick the prettiest and most graceful—the Indian watched the dancers for a time and carefully considered them all; when it was time to give his decision he put his hand on his squaw's shoulder, and turning to her said, "Much heap big prettiest squaw".<sup>22</sup>

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<sup>19</sup>"Chicago Magazine," April, 1857, Page 105.

<sup>20</sup>Miss Kate Marshall.

<sup>21</sup>"History of Kane County, Illinois," Page 48.

<sup>22</sup>"History of Kane County, Illinois," Page 47.



Shabbona's career was a very successful one in which he did many kind and helpful deeds for the white men; also he was what might be called a great statesman among his race.

## VII

Waubonsie, the tribal war chief, and a fine representative of his race, was a striking, erect, powerful, bright-eyed Indian about six feet four inches tall. He had a high forehead and an intelligent face. His bearing was proud, independent, and pompous, and he was very influential among his people. C. B. Dodson of Geneva, Illinois said that the chief was the greatest man he had ever known. Matson, in his "Memories of Shaubena" tells us that Waubonsie was made war chief by scalping one of four English soldiers sneaking up the Wabash River on their way to Fort Harrison to cause trouble. Waubonsie leaped out from behind the underbrush and into the boat of the soldiers. In a moment the Indian had the scalp of one of the soldiers and had disappeared. After he had settled on the Fox River he was always known to carry two scalps, one red (supposedly the Englishman's) and one black, in a dirty old pouch of his white buckskin hunting-shirt, and the brave was very proud of them.<sup>23</sup>

One of the ways in which Waubonsie's tribe was helpful to the pioneers was to aid them in the "raising" of McCarty's mill. Many of the Indians assisted in the actual work, and then when the work was done they brought corn, cultivated on the islands, for a feast.<sup>24</sup>

## VIII

Waubonsie was the leading Indian who sold the lands in Illinois and Indiana to the United States government. When it came time for the Indians in these lands to depart to a point west of the Mississippi there was a great deal of feeling, for the Indians loved their home, and it was hard to leave the hunting grounds where they had been so happy and contented. In "The History of Kane County" in "The Historical Ency-

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<sup>23</sup>"Memories of Shaubena," Page 106.

<sup>24</sup>"Aurora Beacon," March 21, 1926.

clopaedia of Illinois" we find the story of the departure.<sup>25</sup> When Captain C. B. Dodson, probably Waubonsie's greatest white friend, came to the village to transport the tribe to its new reservation the white men found only a few of the Indians in camp and neither Waubonsie nor many of the squaws there. The absence of these troubled the Captain, but he had to start west with the few whom he found. After about three days journey the white men became so agitated that Dodson with three escorts returned to the Fox to surprise the great chief and his squaws still at camp. That whole day the Captain stayed in the village to reason with the Indian, but he could get nothing but grunts from him. Finally toward evening the squaws were persuaded to get into the carts and were started toward their new home. This was too much for the old man, and he had to give in.

We know now that after he had gone west he was scalped by a party of Sacs and Foxes for having fought against them in the Black Hawk War.<sup>26</sup>

## IX

There are a few Indian stories which have been preserved that show the relations between the pioneers and the Indians. An early resident of Aurora who kept a store on River Street, Mr. Livingston, was highly disgusted with a drunken Indian. The redman was told to leave, but he refused to go. Mr. Livingston then took down his whip, which was hanging in a convenient place and again told him to go. Upon the second refusal the Indian received one wallop across his bare back, after which he silently slunk away. He was seen sitting by the river for the rest of the day, and at sunset he disappeared. The next day he came to Livingston and said, "Good Shomokoman" (white man). From then on he was perfectly harmless.<sup>27</sup>

Another Indian was soundly thrashed by a man named Mills for having taken food from a table. The day after the beating the Indian came back to shake hands with Mr. Mills and to say, "Indian bad, white man good".<sup>28</sup>

<sup>25</sup>Page 620.

<sup>26</sup>N. Matson, "Memories of Shaubena," Page 107.

<sup>27</sup>"Aurora Directory," of 1857.

<sup>28</sup>"Aurora Directory," of 1857.

The Indians had a certain sense of humor; at least Mr. Elliott remembers his mother's telling of a time when she was horribly frightened by a group of Indians noisily approaching the farm. Her husband was out working in the fields, while she was alone with the baby. She snatched the baby from its cradle and sped across the fields. When she reached her husband the Indians came up laughing, for they had only been trying to play a joke on her.

The new mill had a great fascination for the natives for of course they had never seen anything like it before. One time when Samuel McCarty was on the point of pushing a great slab off below the mill, he luckily noticed that an Indian was lying drunk upon the very spot where the slab would have landed. Had McCarty not seen the Indian, and had the latter been struck, the case probably would have been a sad one for the miller to straighten out.<sup>29</sup>

## X

In the first part of this treatment of our Indians I have praised them, principally because they interfered so little with the settling of our country, and because nearly all relations were friendly. On the other hand, to quote "The Historical Encyclopaedia of Illinois" and "History of Kane County": "As a race, they developed no intellectual or moral force, evolved no national or governmental system worthy of perpetuation, indicated no inventive genius whatever, and seemed utterly incapable of progress. . . . No enduring monument did they rear, no structure of beauty or utility did they erect, and there is no trace of literature or art in all their traditions or history. They left absolutely nothing to mark their long, long occupancy, save the narrow trail which the elements and vegetation almost obliterated in a single year, and the low mounds above their dead that cultivation quickly smoothed into utter oblivion.

Now and again among the Indians, individuals appeared who rose far above their low environment; yet their rarity but flashes into more vivid distinctness the brutal characteristics

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<sup>29</sup>"Chicago Magazine," May, 1857, Page 247.

of the race. They passed as the wild beasts and birds have perished, and, while there is pathos and pity that it should be so, nevertheless it is well."<sup>30</sup>

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<sup>30</sup>"Historical Encyclopaedia of Illinois and History of Kane County," Page 621.



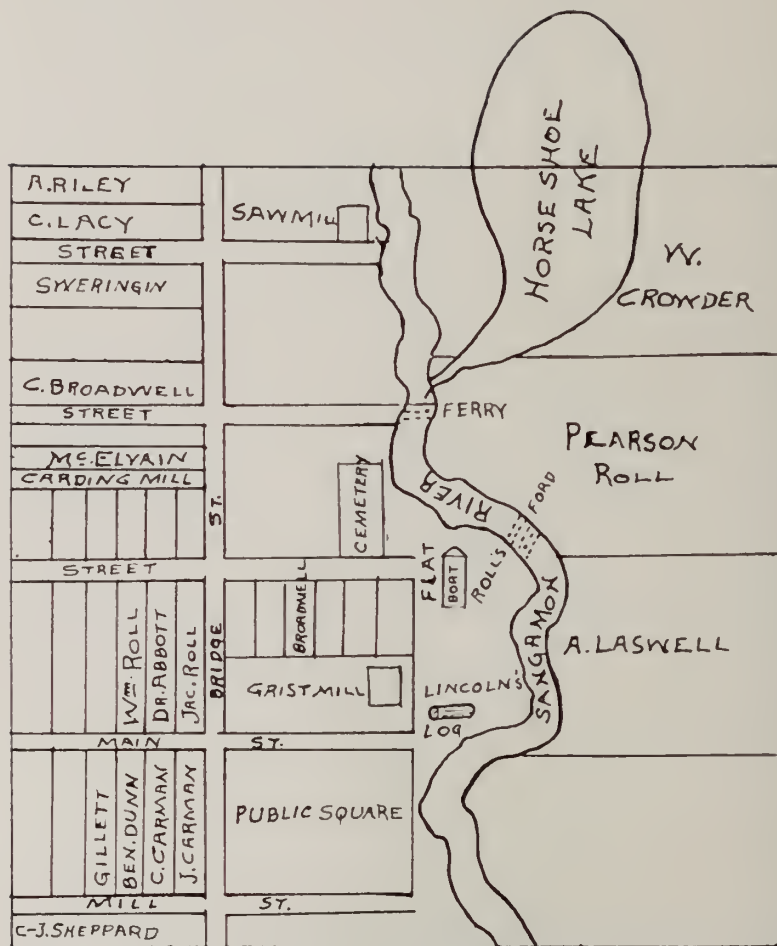
## INTERVIEWS

Mr. Ira Beldon  
Mr. John Elliott  
Mr. Fred Hotz  
Mrs. Hiram Johnson  
Mrs. Belle Landry

Mr. Charles Love  
Mr. John Love  
Miss Kate Marshall  
Miss Robinson of the Library  
Mr. Martin Tarble

Mr. Lutz White





SANGAMO TOWN, SANGAMON COUNTY PLATTED JUNE 1, 1824

## SANGAMO TOWN

BY JOHN LINDEN ROLL

The village of Sangamo was incorporated and the plat filed on June 1, 1824 and recorded on the same date. The records show that the County surveyor was James C. Stevenson and the Recorder was C. R. Matheny. Charles Broadwell owned the land where the town was located.

When Sangamo, or Sangamo Town (as it was best known by the earlier settlers), became extinct, Sangamon County and Illinois lost to view one of its most historic spots, so J. Linden Roll, 825 Henrietta Street, Springfield, Illinois will undertake to restore it to its proper place and dignity. This ancient village was located seven miles northwest of Springfield, on the banks of the picturesque Sangamon River. From the fact that it is one of the bright spots in the early life of our most illustrious citizen "Abe Lincoln" (as he was familiarly known by his associates of those days) I have collected the following facts. This narrative however, would not be complete, without the mention of the Roll family, as they were among the earliest settlers of the town in a business and social way.

In the spring of 1828, William Roll and his brother Jacob Roll and Pearson Roll, a son of Jacob, emigrated from Green Village, Madison Co., New Jersey and settled in Sangamo, Sangamon County, Illinois. Two years later in the spring of 1830, there came from the same locality in New Jersey, the son of William Roll, John Eddy Roll and a son-in-law of William by the name of Alfred Riley and settled in Sangamo Town. A brief sketch of John E. Roll who was so intimately associated with Lincoln in 1831 and some of his stories and observations concerning his acquaintance with the great Emancipator, I think will not be out of place in this narrative.

John Eddy Roll was born June 9, 1814 in Madison County, New Jersey, the son of William and Mary Eddy Roll. Mr. Roll resided in Springfield until his death on March 31, 1901.



He, with his family of brothers and sisters started westward April 29, 1830. The party consisted of ten persons, with two, two-horse covered wagons for their accommodation. Their route was by way of Mendham and Easton, Pennsylvania, on the Delaware, thence by Allerton to Harrisburg and Pittsburgh where they sold their teams and wagons and boarded the steamboat "Highlander", voyaging thence down the Ohio River to Louisville, Kentucky, where they re-shipped below the falls of the Ohio, on the steamboat "Huntsman" for St. Louis, which was reached on June 4, 1830. There they crossed the Mississippi to "Illinois Town" now East St. Louis. There Mr. Roll and Mr. Riley "took to their feet and walked every step of the way to Springfield" arriving June 7, 1830. Having relatives in Sangamo they continued on to that point. Mr. Roll became acquainted with Mr. Lincoln in the following spring, where he assisted Lincoln in building the famous flatboat of historical interest.

When William Roll settled in Sangamo he became interested in farming. His brother Jacob was a store keeper and Pearson Roll took up land on the opposite side of the river from the village and engaged in farming. He had to ford the river to reach the village and to this day the crossing is known as "Roll's Ford". It is one of the most picturesque spots on the River, only a short distance from Camp Colgan, the resort of the Catholic Boy's Brigade. Other residents of the village, as recalled by Mr. Roll were Jacob Carman, the tavern keeper; Charles Carman his son; Dr. Abbott, physician; Benj. Dunn, merchant; Gillett, a store keeper; James and Joseph Sheppard who operated a grist mill; Charles Broadwell who operated the saw mill; Benj. McElwain who ran a carding machine and a man by the name of Sweringen.

At the time John E. Roll located in Sangamo it was a more pretentious town than Springfield, but was finally overwhelmed by the more enterprising and energetic citizenship of the latter town. John E. Roll visited the former location of the town sixty-one years after he had worked there with Lincoln on the flatboat, and this was his first visit there after a half century. Without much trouble he located the scene of the once thriving



JOHN EDDY ROLL



village, which is now completely obliterated, and the exact spot on the bank of the river, where the flatboat was constructed and launched. An old saw mill stood there and was used in sawing the lumber for the boat. The spot on which the mill stood seems to have been washed away. It was a low, flat strip of land along the river on which the work was done and the stream made great inroads on it. At low water sixty years before, a tree stood on the bank, but high water brought it near the middle of the stream. It was from this tree that Lincoln rescued three of his companions. The tree is gone and Mr. Roll found that the river, having cut away the bank, now runs over the place where the tree stood. Not a trace of the old town was Mr. Roll able to find, except an occasional brick used in the construction of some of the buildings.

Mr. Roll was unable to find in the neighborhood any of the survivors of the town. He did, however, find John Lacy, whose father walked from St. Louis to Springfield with Mr. Roll and Alfred Riley in 1830. Mr. Lacy owned a farm near the site of the village. Mr. Roll says he wrote down the names of about 50 persons who lived at the place at the time he was there, but he was the only survivor of Sangamo on November 12, 1892. "My first acquaintance with Lincoln", says Mr. Roll, "was in the spring of 1831." Lincoln at that time was about 22 years old. He was tall, gaunt and bony, and as homely as he has ever been pictured to be. He was the rawest, most primitive looking specimen of humanity I ever saw, his clothing all too scant for him. His trousers lacked four or five inches of reaching the ground, usually with the legs stuffed into big rawhide boots. At this time he wore an old roundabout far too short for him, so that when he stooped over he showed four or five inches of his suspenders. His hat, drab colored, small crown and broad brim, was well worn. He was a general favorite of all with whom he came in contact, and with his story telling and genial spirit he soon made friends and became the life of the village.

Upon his arrival in the village he made it known that he came from New Salem to build a flat boat for Offutt and Green, for which he was to receive \$15.00 per month for his services.



Sangamo was selected as the place for the construction of the boat because of the saw mill at that point, and timber in abundance. He had to have help in building the boat and as I was then in my seventeenth year and could do practically a man's work, he set me to work making the pins for the boat. While the flatboat was being built it was a common thing for the men of the village to get together at noon and night and take their seat on a sleek, barkless log which had been fixed for that purpose. Lincoln invariably had a seat with the boys on this log and it was here that he acquired the reputation as a joker and story teller. For years after, the log was known as "Abe's log".

Mr. Roll relates a stirring adventure regarding the launching of a canoe, dug out of a log, made to accompany the flat boat, in which Lincoln's heroic efforts saved three men from drowning. The incident referred to by Mr. Roll was as follows: "We took the canoe to the water's edge and pushed it in. John Seaman and Walter Carman, (each anxious to get the first ride) jumped into the little craft as soon as it touched the water. The canoe shot out into the river with Seaman in the stern and Carman working the paddle. The preceding winter was the one of the historic deep snow and spring rains and melting snow had swollen the Sangamon until it was far out of its banks. In a few moments the two men in the dugout found themselves at the mercy of the turbulent waters, powerless to control the boat, or to get back to shore. After making a frantic effort to paddle ashore they headed for the wreck of an old flatboat (the first ever built on the Sangamon) which had sunk, leaving one of the stanchions sticking above the water. As they approached the wreck of the old boat, Seaman managed to keep hold of the stanchion, but Carman, being thrown into the water, was unable to reach either the wrecked flatboat or the canoe, which was rapidly floating down the river. The whole proceeding had been watched with considerable consternation by Lincoln and the rest on the shore. Just below the flatboat was an old elm tree which stood on the banks of the river when the stream was within its banks, but which now was far out from the shore, its branches touching the



ROLL'S FORD, CAMP COLGAN



water. Lincoln called to Carman to swim to the tree. He was a good swimmer and after some difficulty reached the tree and pulled himself into the branches. The water was extremely cold and Carman was almost frozen. Lincoln then called to Seaman to let go of the flatboat stanchion and swim to the tree. He was so chilled he could hang on to the stanchion only a few moments longer at best and his only hope was to get to the tree. He plunged into the water and by desperate efforts reached the tree in safety and his companion, Carman, helped him to climb into it. The situation now was more critical than ever. The men half frozen and exhausted, it was only a question of time when they could hang on no longer.

The canoe had been swept down the river and there was no other boat at hand. By this time quite a crowd had gathered. Lincoln was instinctively conceded the leadership in the effort to save the perishing men. A log which was nearby was selected and around the end of the log Lincoln tied a rope. It was rolled into the water and was then towed some distance up the stream with the expectation that it would be carried by the current to the tree. A daring young fellow named Jim Dorrell took his seat astride of the log and it was pushed into the stream. Dorrell however, proved unequal to the emergency. In the excitement he seized a branch of the tree and the log was swept from under him. He managed to climb into the tree and joined the other two. The log was pulled back to the shore. Lincoln now resolved to go to the tree. He straddled the log, and it was pushed out into the stream again. The log again went to the tree and the future president threw the rope over the stub of a limb, then gradually broke the speed of the log, slowly drawing it up to the tree and held it there until the three perishing men had climbed astride the log. He then directed those on shore to hold tightly to the rope and the current swept the log ashore." "I shall never forget" Mr. Roll says, "the cheer that went up for Abe Lincoln as he reached dry land with the three men. The incident made a hero of Abe all along the Sangamon."

Those assisting in the building of the flatboat were John Johnston (Lincoln's stepbrother), Walter Carman, (a son of



Jacob Carman) John Seaman and a man by the name of Cabanis. Mr. Roll says when it was completed it was shoved into the river. "It was an event that created something of a stir in the town and a crowd of us got onto the boat, with Mr. Lincoln and rode down the river as far as Lemon's Bend, about two and a half miles below Sangamo. At that point we landed and Lincoln and his companions proceeded on their way."

Mr. Roll says he has seen as many as fifty horses and teams hitched in Sangamo. "One time" continues Mr. Roll, "I remember seeing Lincoln on the Salem road walking along reading a book with another under his arm. He got tired and sat down on a log to rest and while he rested, continued to read. One time after I moved to Springfield, Tom Lewis and I were standing on the street talking and Tom said, 'John, why don't you run for some office? You have got so many tenants you could make them elect you.' And I told him I didn't want an office 'till Lincoln was elected president of the United States, then I would expect him to give me an office because I had worked with him on the flatboat. Lincoln came along and Tom told him what I had said. Lincoln laughed and said when he got to be President he would give me an office. So I was the first man he ever promised an office to, but I never got it. Oh yes, I guess he would have given it to me, but I was making more money than any office was worth and didn't want any. This was long before Lincoln was ever thought of for President. I remember when he made that speech in which he said the country could not live half slave and half free. He said 'We were all slaves at one time or another, but that white men could make themselves free but the negroes could not. There is my old friend John Roll; he used to be a slave but he has made himself free and I used to be a slave and now I am so free they let me practice law'."

Regarding Lincoln's views on one's ambitions to make something of himself and attain higher standards in life, the writer of this narrative quotes Lincoln's own words, which are as true and wholesome now as when in his clear wisdom he penned them. He writes: "Many independent men everywhere in these states, a few years back in their lives, were hired

laborers. The present penniless beginner in the world, labors for wages for a while, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his account another while and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is a just and generous and proper system which opens to all and consequence energy and progress and improvement of condition of all." Then after referring to the superior usefulness of men who have risen from poverty through habits of prudence and economy he makes this remarkable and worthy statement. "That some should be rich, shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who homeless is pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when it is built."

Mr. Roll tells of an incident when he and Mr. Lincoln occupied the same seat on the train going to Alton during the abolition excitement there. "Lincoln was talking and men were standing up around him listening to the conversation. Two men, (I think they were Southerners) who were listening asked him if he was going down the river and remarked they would pay his fare down for the privilege of hearing him talk. One of them asked him if he was an abolitionist. Mr. Lincoln in reply, reached over and laid his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Alsopp who was a strong abolitionist and said, "I am mighty near one", thus showing how quick he could turn things to suit himself. Mr. Roll's son, J. Lin Roll has in his possession a certificate of membership of his father in the Northwestern Freedman's Aid Commission, acknowledging the receipt of the membership fee of twenty dollars, signed by R. W. Patterson, President and J. R. Shipherd, Secretary. The cancellation date on the revenue stamp attached shows date of 1865, Jany. 18th. Mr. Roll was at that time considered a "black abolitionist".

The writer of this narrative remembers many instances when his father befriended negroes and poor whites who were driven from the south because of their loyalty to the Union. In 1849 when the Lincoln home was remodeled Mr. Roll took in part payment, for work done on the home, six walnut doors,

which he had constructed into furniture, which is now in my possession. He also has the ledger which shows the transaction dated April 23d of that year. The same ledger shows an account with Lincoln in March and August, 1850. Mr. Roll's brother-in-law, John F. Rague, was the architect of the old State House (now the County Court House). A memorandum in his possession shows that Mr. Roll and his brother-in-law, Isaac Smith and a man by the name of George Leggott had the contract for plastering the building. This memorandum shows the contract price was \$3,406.22, expense of the work \$1,096.09. The net proceeds after deducting Leggott's share left Mr. Roll's share \$577.53. J. F. Rague has a grandson living in Omaha, Nebraska, named Lyman Sholes. J. L. Roll has Illinois State Journals of 1849 and 1853 containing advertisement of the law firm of Lincoln and Herndon, also his father's advertisement as a building contractor.

## FOREWORD

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### JUDGE JOHN A. ARENZ

Judge John A. Arenz, Beardstown, Illinois, was born October 28, 1810, in Blankenburg, Province of the Rhine, Prussia. After having received a good school education, he was sent to an institute, where he received instructions in languages, drawing, engineering, surveying and music. Then he was employed for a year in a corps of surveyors, working for the Government. He then entered as a student in a college and for two years in a seminary at Bruhl, near Cologne. After having passed his examination, he received an appointment as teacher, and after having served in that capacity one year, was promoted to the office of principal, with three assistants. He held that position until 1835 when he resigned and came to the United States at the solicitation of his brother Francis, with whom he resided for several years. In 1836 he was employed as assistant engineer in the survey of a canal. For the purpose of perfecting himself in the English language and acquiring a knowledge of mercantile business, he entered a store at Springfield, where he remained until 1838, when his brother took him as a partner in his business. In 1844, he became editor of a campaign paper, advocating the election of Henry Clay for the Presidency, published at Springfield in the German language. He had been engaged in various business enterprises and held many different offices. His first commission as Justice of the Peace, is dated August 21, 1843; his first commission as Notary Public, is dated May 1, 1850, which office he held ever since. He was the first mayor of the city of Beardstown, in 1850. He was twice elected to the office of county judge, was admitted to the bar March 13, 1865; he also holds a diploma from the German National Society for trade and industry, dated February 22, 1850, at Leipzig.



He never followed the practice of law before the Courts but he settled up more estates, and of more value, than any man in Cass County. In the memorable county seat contest, in 1867, between Beardstown and Virginia, he was the justice chosen by Beardstown, and selected by the two other justices, as presiding officer. The citizens of Beardstown were so well satisfied with his services, that when the decision had been made, they serenaded him. He has retired from all active business affairs, to settle up his own matters. He married in 1849, Miss Mary L. Miller, who is yet living, and the mother of two daughters, one of whom is the wife of Philip Kuhl, in Beardstown, and the other the wife of S. O. Spring in Peoria. (History of Cass County, Illinois, 1882, (Perrin) page 227.)

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## ADDRESS OF WELCOME

JUDGE JOHN A. ARENZ

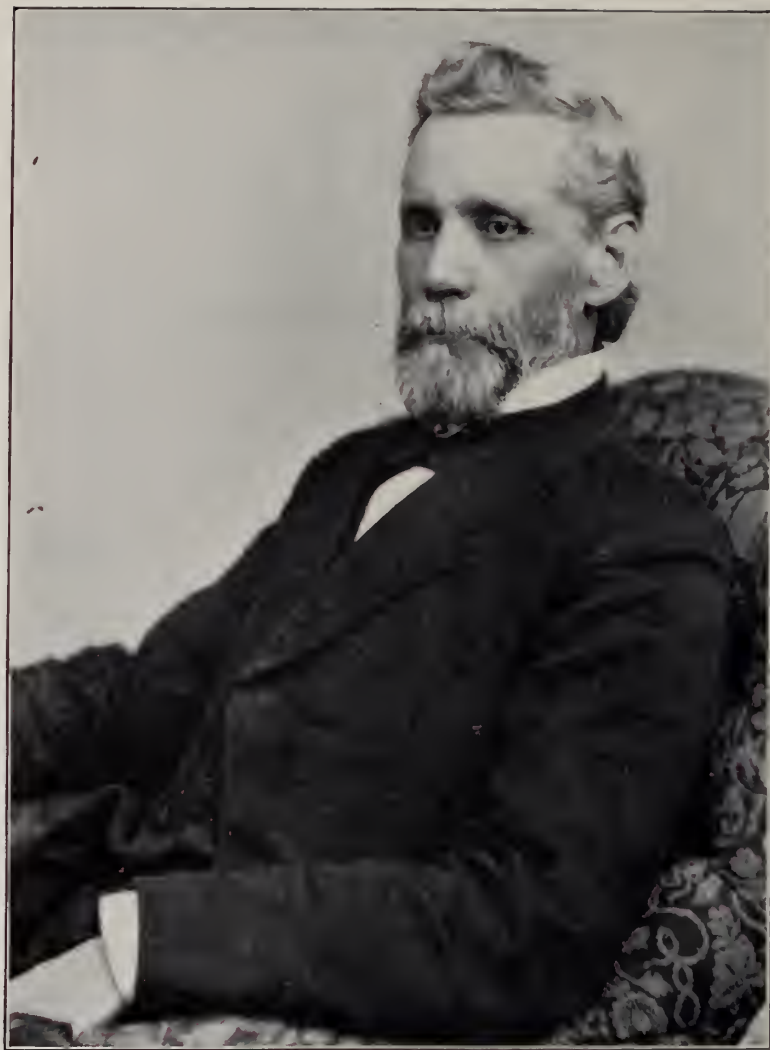
Mr. Lincoln :

On behalf of the people of this city and county, I welcome you to this place.

While we cannot greet you with such numbers, nor with such display, as we might desire, for the reason, that your kind acceptance of the invitation of the Beardstown Republican club, to speak here on this day, of which notice could be given only for a few days and to a very limited extent; yet, there is ample evidence, judging from the vast numbers in attendance, that a patriotic people will,—even upon very short notice,—come to hear an orator, whose name and fame is well known, not only in Illinois, but also in other States.

You have filled with great ability and distinction, many important political stations, you have gallantly borne the flag of the great Whig-party in many an hot contest, and when that party at last lost its great leaders and finally succumbed, you surrendered not, nor did you abandon the principles advocated by the immortal Clay and Webster; but you were one of the foremost to rally again and unfurl to the breeze the banner of a party, which, by its organization upon immutable





JUDGE CYRUS EPLER

principles of justice and true liberty, is bound to be victorious sooner, or later.

By an honest, candid and straightforward conduct you have not only earned the full approval and confidence of your political friends; but you have compelled unwilling praises even from your political opponents, among whom I especially name your distinguished competitor, Senator S. A. Douglas.

We behold in you a man eminently fitted to represent Illinois in the United States Senate, and we confide in you as a trustworthy expounder of the Constitution and the great and glorious principles taught by the immortal fathers of American Independence and true liberty.

Mr. Lincoln, once more, in the name of this people, I bid you welcome!

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## HISTORY OF THE MORGAN COUNTY BAR

BY JUDGE CYRUS EPLER

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the  
Morgan County Bar Association:

I have been requested by your presiding officer to say something on this occasion reminiscent of the bench and bar of the Circuit Court of Morgan County.

Much of the little that I have to say on this occasion may reach beyond the limit of mere reminiscence and cover knowledge of facts and history obtained from other sources than from my own observation, and some things written in this paper are borrowed from other papers written by myself and in some form published.

The County of Morgan was established by an act of the legislature of the date of January 31, 1823, and the County was placed in the First Judicial Circuit, of which the Hon. John Reynolds was Judge.

The County Commissioners located the temporary County seat at Olmstead Mound, near Sminnerton's Point, now known as Allison's Mound, situated almost six miles west of the City of Jacksonville.



The first term of the Circuit Court of this County was held at this place in the fall of the year 1823. The officers of the Court were, Hon. John Reynolds, presiding Judge; Wiley B. Green, Sheriff; Milton Ladd, Clerk, and James Turney, Attorney General.

The Attorneys present at that term were: Murray McConnel of Morgan County, James Turner and Alfred W. Cavarly of Carrollton, Benjamin Mills of Vandalia, Jonathan Pugh and William S. Hamilton of Springfield.

Gen. Murray McConnel has given us this traditional account of this term of court. That the temple of justice in which this court was held was a round log cabin about sixteen feet square with a lean up against one side of the building and was at the time the residence of Mr. Olmstead. The family vacated the house for the use of the Court and took up their abode in camp in front of the house and furnished meals for the Judge, Attorneys, Jurors, officers and attendants and the guests slept on beds laid on the floor of the Court room. The Grand jury occupied the shade of a neighboring tree for a jury room. The petit jury box consisted of split logs set up on legs forming benches and when they took a case for consideration of their verdict, they were led by the Sheriff to some convenient grass plot in the edge of the grove, where they deliberated on their verdict. Sometimes the parties to the suit, the witnesses and some of the jurors got into a rough and tumbled fight but the Court did not undertake to punish any of the offenders for contempt of Court, for the reason that there was no jail within eighty miles of the Court and to punish them by fine would have been useless, as no one of the offenders had any money or property except his gun and that was exempt from execution.

In January, 1825, John Howard, Abraham Rickett and John Lusk were appointed commissioners to locate the County seat for Morgan County and in the same year they located it on the quarter section of Government land in which in the same year the town, now city, of Jacksonville was laid out.

In the year 1826, the first Court house was erected on the Northwest quarter of the public square of the town, the same

being on the aforesaid quarter section of land. The Court house was a one story frame building set on blocks sawed from the trunk of a tree. The cost of the building was Four hundred and sixty Dollars. Within two years after it was built, it with all its contents burned down, including County and Court records, except Book A of deeds which Dennis Rockwell, the clerk, had taken home with him in order to transcribe in it in the evening some unrecorded deed.

In the year 1825 the brick Court house was built on the Southwest quarter of the public square, the northeast quarter of which was about forty-five feet, nearly southwest of the center of the public square. The building stood forty-two feet square on the ground, a hall on the ground floor running north and south through it, the floor being a brick pavement laid on the surface of the ground. Another hall extended from the east door to the main hall. County offices occupied the rest of the ground floor. The building was typical of the southern style of court houses so common in central and southern Illinois.

The Court room and jury rooms were on the second floor; a belfry over all containing a swinging bell and topped off with rod, metal globe and weather cock.

For forty years this building was the home of the Courts and the County. The Court room was a forum for political meetings and conventions of all political parties, a place for town meetings and wrangles and often religious bodies worshiped in this room. As early as 1835, and until as late as 1850, a quadrangle line of black locust trees were growing around the court house, then the ornamental tree of the town, and as late as 1840 large parts of the public square were overgrown with jimpson weeds so tall, thick and strong that a pig would not be able to make his way through them. At that time ten or a dozen hitching racks were standing around the square, made of sapling poles resting in the forks of sapling timbers set in the ground, extending upwards six or seven feet with wooden pins in the upper sides of the poles for hitching purposes. Free and easy days these—no local option interfering.

According to the judicial system created under the first Constitution of the State, the judges of the Supreme Court were elected by joint ballot of the two houses of the general assembly and the judges were required to do Circuit Court duties in all the Circuit Courts of the State and some one of them was assigned to each of the Circuits.

Samuel D. Lockwood was elected one of the judges of the Supreme Court by the general assembly in the early history of the state and was assigned to the First Judicial Circuit to do Circuit court duty, which circuit was composed of the counties of Morgan, then comprising the present counties of Cass and Scott, Greene, Macoupin, Jersey and Calhoun, and Lockwood generally presided over all the Courts in this circuit until the year 1848, when he was succeeded by Judge David M. Woodson.

Judge Lockwood was one of fine personal presence and presided in his courts with easy dignity and grace. He was a learned jurist and just judge. The salary of Judge Lockwood and other Supreme judges doing Circuit Court duty was one thousand dollars a year. Under the law and first constitution of the state each judge of the Circuit Court had the right of appointment of the clerks of his Courts. Judge Lockwood appointed Dennis Rockwell clerk of the Morgan County Circuit Court in the year 1826, the time of his first assignment to said Court, and Rockwell continued to hold the office until the year 1848, when he was succeeded by Charles H. Hardin who was at that time elected to the office under the constitution of 1848.

Dennis Rockwell appointed Joseph H. Cassell his deputy, who did all the business of the office during many of the later years of Rockwell's Term, who rarely appeared in the Court or office.

My first appearance in the Court was in 1844, then being a student in Illinois College. Looking around for something new, I wandered into the Circuit Court room in the Old Court house. The Court was in session, Lockwood on the bench, there was being tried the case of Eliza S. Cabot versus Francis Regnier, a slander suit for damages for defamation of character.

The parties resided in Menard County, the plaintiff was a school teacher recently from one of the New England states, of good reputation and was teaching in Menard County. The defendant was a practicing physician in said county, professionally and as a citizen prominent, prior to the time of the commencement of the suit the plaintiff was living with the family of defendant.

Thomas L. Harris, then a young lawyer in Menard County, as plaintiffs attorney, instituted the suit and on a change of venue it was brought to Morgan County for trial.

In the trial Thomas L. Harris and Edward D. Baker of Springfield represented the plaintiff and Doctor W. S. Robbins and Abraham Lincoln of Springfield represented the defendant. Each side was assisted by one of the local attorneys but I have forgotten who they were.

The case was noted on account of the character of each of the parties to the suit, it aroused unusual interest among the people of Menard, Morgan and Sangamon Counties. The four leading and aspiring young attorneys in conducting their respective sides of the case were stimulated to put forth their very best efforts.

I was intensely interested in the trial and delighted with the charming eloquence and brilliant oratory of the silver tongued Baker; some of his glowing appeals and flashing eloquence still vibrate and hum on my ears. While I remember generally the efforts of the three other attorneys named, no special impression is left on my mind in regard to them. The verdict and judgment were for the plaintiff for sixteen hundred dollars damages. The defendant appealed to the Supreme Court and the judgment was affirmed. The case is reported in 2nd Gilman, page 34.

Three of the four leading attorneys in the trial of the case were at the time young in life and in the practice of their profession and this was one of their first important cases in Court. It is notable that all three of them reached eminence in their profession and later greater and wide spread eminence in war and in Civil councils of State. Harris was a gallant soldier and officer in the Mexican war under Gen. Scott and three



times an active and prominent member of the house of representatives in Congress. Baker represented one of the Northern Districts of Illinois one term in Congress, was colonel of the Second Illinois regiment in our war with Mexico and later represented the State of Oregon one term in the United States Senate, was a gallant soldier and officer in the Civil war of the rebellion and courageously fell in battle at Ball's Bluff.

Lincoln, having become president of the United States and having successfully conducted the war on the side of the Union, died a martyr by the hand of the assassin.

Col. John J. Hardin, James A. McDougall, Josiah Lamborn, Henry W. Dusenbery, Myron Leslie and John W. Evans became members of this bar at some time between the years 1830 and 1840.

I commenced the practice of law in the year 1852 in the office of state's attorney for the First Judicial Circuit. At that time the members of the Morgan County bar were Murray McConnel, David A. Smith, William Thomas, William Brown, Henry B. McClure, James Berdan, Richard Yates, John L. McConnel, Isaac L. Morrison, James W. English, all of whom except myself are now deceased.

Those who became members of the bar subsequent to 1852 and are now deceased are Henry E. Dummer, Barbour Lewis, James W. Strong, Henry J. Atkins, Robert Russell, William Gallaher, H. J. Whitlock, James N. Brown, William P. Callon, C. M. Morrison, Myron L. Epler, William H. Barnes, Oscar A. De Leuw, Harry Stewart, George W. Smith, Henry Case, James Martin, Thomas W. Smith, William McWilliams, Thomas G. Taylor, Alexander Robertson, Harrison O. Cassell, James S. McMillan, John W. Meecham, James H. Kellogg, Edward L. McDonald, Charles H. Fox, F. Augustus Hillig and Edward McConnel.

The first election for Circuit Judge under the Constitution was held in the year 1848. David M. Woodson and Alfred W. Cavarly of Carrollton and Henry W. Dusenbery of Jacksonville were the candidates and Woodson was elected and thereafter twice elected, having served three terms for a salary of one thousand dollars a year was succeeded in the year 1867

by Charles D. Hodges. In the year 1873, I was the successor of Judge Hodges.

Judges Woodson and Hodges were learned in the law and able jurists. They performed their duties in their respective office to the greatest satisfaction of the people.

During the presidency over the Court by Judges Lockwood and Woodson it was the practice of the Court to have the record of the proceedings of the preceding day read by the clerk immediately after the convening of the Court in the morning, when any attorney had an opportunity of moving for the correction of the record for any omission or mistake.

During the same time it was the custom of the Court to have the jurors and witnesses take the oath with their hands on the Bible and finish the ceremony by kissing the Bible, this Bible and its use became and doubtless was in the minds of some a sacred means of qualifying witnesses to tell the truth and jurors to act justly. This reminds me of one of the best men that I have ever known, being examined as a witness to impeach another witness who had testified in the case, on being asked if he would believe the other witness on his oath answered, that if he had sworn with his hand on the Bible and then kissed the Bible he would believe him on such oath.

I have often thought that whatever good things there may be in the oath administered to witnesses or jurors it is often lost by the flippant, indifferent and perfunctory manner in which it is often administered by the officers.

The first indictment for murder in Morgan County was found in the year 1839 against John H. Hall, charging him with the murder of Robert Denny. Hall was a tailor in Jacksonville, Denny went into his shop, then in a dispute Denny threatened an assault on Hall who threw his shears at and into Denny and killed him. Hall was tried and acquitted, Judge William Thomas was presiding. Judge William Brown, then State's attorney for Morgan County, prosecuted and Josiah Lamborn of Jacksonville was defendant's attorney.

The only man ever sentenced in Morgan County to be hanged was George Gardner, who was indicted in Scott County in the year 1841, charged with the murder of Philip W. Nash

at Exeter by shooting him with a shot gun. The case was brought to Morgan County for trial on change of venue.

Gardner was tried, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged at Jacksonville on the 23rd day of July, 1841, but on the night before that day Gardner broke jail and made his escape. Some insinuated that he escaped through the front door of the jail although the jail was broken, Judge Stephen A. Douglas presided in the trial of the case. John S. Great-house, State's attorney, prosecuted and John P. Jordan of Winchester defended. I was in town that day to see the hanging but did not look at it.

Josiah Lamborn was a native of Kentucky, came to Jacksonville and was admitted to the Morgan County bar about the year 1835. He was a lawyer by nature more than by learning, a ready and forceful speaker, an unyielding advocate at the bar, and one of the most noted criminal lawyers in this part of the State. He was prominent in state politics—sometimes a democrat and sometimes a whig; and was elected attorney general of the State by the General Assembly for one or two terms. He was somewhat convivial in his habits as were some of his brethren at the bar and to keep themselves within proper limits they formed a Temperance society binding themselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors and adopted a rule by which they were to meet together and hold a kind of love feast and tell the truth if they had violated their pledge. At the first meeting all the other members were able to report their faithfulness to their pledge, but Lamborn confessed that he had given way to Temptation every day and did drink for which his associates undertook to discipline him by assuring him that he could abstain from drink if he would, to which he answered that, I understand that but the devil of it is that I can't would.

He was a large, tall, fine looking man but from nativity had a large, ugly club foot and always carried a large, heavy cane. Being asked by a friend why he always carried that cane Lamborn answered, "It is my peace maker, don't you know that nine times out of ten when a man is seriously attacked by an assailant if he will draw his cane and boldly press on

his assailant he will run." "But how about the tenth time?" "O, then," replied Lamborn, "the man must not be so damned a fool that he will not run himself."

Lamborn died in the year 1846 at Whitehall and was buried in the Whitehall cemetery.

John J. Hardin was born and educated in Kentucky. When a young man in the year 1831, he moved to this state and located in Jacksonville and entered into the practice of his profession on his admission to this Morgan County bar. He was possessed of fine native ability and well read in the law for one of his age. He was ambitious and aspiring, was a Whig in politics and soon became a leader of the Whig party in the County and prominent in politics in the State. He was active in military affairs and obtained the position of brigadier general in the State military organization, represented Morgan County in the State legislature several times and was once elected to the United States Congress in this district. In the practice of his profession he was successful and prominent. He became a partner with David A. Smith in the year 1839 or 1840. I once inquired of Mr. Smith how Hardin stood as a lawyer. He said when he took a case and studied it thoroughly he was strong. He went into the Mexican war leading a regiment and was killed at the battle of Buena Vista.

I have been informed that the income of the legal co-partnership with D. A. Smith so long as Hardin was in the army was divided by Smith with Hardin and paid over to the wife of Hardin.

James A. McDougall was a thoroughly read lawyer and of marked success in his practice at this bar and in central Illinois generally. He was a son-in-law of Gen. Murray McConnel and moved to California in the year 1849 or 1850 and later represented that State in the United States senate.

John W. Evans was a practicing attorney at this bar as early as 1847. He served one term as State's attorney under his election by the general assembly of the State. He was a son-in-law of Capt. John Henry, deceased, and died about the year 1850.



John McConnel was admitted to the bar in this County in the year 1847. In my early reading of the law he was my close companion and encouraged, instructed and advised me in my early reading. He grew up in the black jacks, a few miles north of our city, was a son of a widowed lady and in some way related to the Henry family of this County but in no way related to Gen. Murray McConnel.

By nature he was gifted with a legal mind and studied law on account of his love of it. His primary education was limited and he did not possess wealth. After practicing at this bar a short time, in the year 1849, he went to California and after a short gold hunting he resumed the practice of law in California and later was twice elected attorney general of the state of California.

To preserve the memory of the membership of two young men to the Morgan County bar I refer to their names.

Myron L. Epler, my brother, was a graduate of Illinois College and read law in my office. On his application for leave to practice he passed a highly credible examination by David A. Smith and Henry B. McClure, appointed commissioners for that purpose and was admitted to the bar in the year 1864. After a few months preparation he located in Chicago and commenced the practice of his profession in the office of William C. Goudy. His literary and legal education and learned knowledge of the law and rich natural endowment of mind and character pointed him future success in his profession, but a few months thereafter his health failed and to recover it he traveled west and died at Helena, Montana Territory, in the year 1866.

Harry Stewart, son of the late Matthew Stewart of Jacksonville was a graduate of Illinois College, studied law in this city, attended law school at Ann Arbor from which he graduated, was admitted to this bar and commenced the practice of his profession at Jacksonville in the year 1876. He was a young man of unusual brightness, strength and vigor of mind, had a fine literary education and well read in the law, but soon after he commenced the practice of his profession he lost his health and died in the year 1876.

Sometimes amusing things as well as sad occur in courts.

William W. Chapman, a nondescript member of the Scott County bar, was conducting a suit in the Circuit Court of Morgan County, respecting the estate of one Jackson, deceased. Judge Woodson was presiding and made inquiry how Jackson came to his death. Chapman answered by stating that Jackson was going home from town in his wagon and his horses ran off and threw Jackson out against a stump and he came to his death in that capacity.

Chapman was plaintiff's attorney in another case in Scott County, Woodson was on the bench, who sustained a demurrer to Chapman's declaration. He filed an amended declaration and the court sustained a demurrer to that declaration and Chapman amended his declaration three or four times more, and the court sustained the demurrers to the amended declarations right along in the same order. Chapman then looked as though he felt he was at his row's end, but not yet—he pushed himself up to the Judge's desk, handed him the papers and said, "Here Judge take the papers and fix it up to suit yourself," and good naturedly the judge did so.

George W. Smith, deceased, late a member of this bar, was defending a man named Massey, an old acquaintance, in a suit brought by a man in the Circuit Court of Cass County, alleging a criminal assault. In the trial I was the judge presiding, Massey was a witness in his own behalf and being severely pressed on cross-examination dodged and refused to answer. Attorneys on the opposite side appealed to the Court to compel him to answer and Mr. Smith said to the witness, his client, "Mr. Massey you must answer the question or the Court will punish you for contempt." The witness turned round and looked up into the face of the judge and said, "Huh, I have known Cy for forty years."

Attorneys Barbour Lewis and H. B. McClure were trying a suit before Justice Jeremiah Pierson in our city, Mr. Lewis after having examined all of his client's witnesses was sworn himself and testified as a witness in behalf of his client. Mr. McClure, seeing the weight of Lewis' evidence said to the justice, "Squire has Mr. Lewis been sworn?" "Yes," said the Squire

and Mr. Lewis said also that he had been sworn. Mr. McClure then said, "Swear him again Squire."

As opposing Counsel Barbour Lewis and Capt. John L. McConnel were trying a case in our Circuit Court, Woodson presiding, the Court was then in the old brick court house. In his argument before the jury the Captain in his strictures was very severe on Lewis, so much so that Lewis called on the Court to protect him. The Court answered him by saying in that particular he could not protect him, that in such cases the gentlemen of the bar had to protect themselves. The argument then proceeded and the Captain became more severe than ever in his remarks, when Mr. Lewis sprang to his feet and the Captain turned facing Lewis with his heels against the floor of the jury box. Lewis struck the Captain with his fist in his stomach and knocked him over the jury box and dirty floor and then took his seat. The Captain picked himself up off of the dirty floor, brushed the dirt off from his clothing, whistled a lonely, solemn, short whistle and then proceeded with his argument. Lewis seemed to be satisfied and the Captain seemed to be satisfied and the Court seemed to be satisfied. The Captain did not use his sharp probe on Mr. Lewis any more in that trial.

John Baker, a noted lawyer of Belleville, Illinois, and later a member of Congress from the Belleville district, and David A. Smith were opposing Counsel in the hearing of a case before Judge Woodson when the Courts were held in the old Court house. The weather was warm and in their heated, persistent and contentious argument before the Court the attorneys became warm in their feelings toward each other. During a short recess of the Court David A. Smith stepped down to the office floor below for a paper and on his return met Baker on the brick floor where their legal contentions were renewed and their feelings intensified. Mr. Baker struck Mr. Smith with his heavy, hickory cane on the top of his naked, bald head, cutting a long, ugly gash and causing a profuse flow of blood. Mr. Smith grappled with Baker and slashed him down on his back on the brick floor, holding him by the coat collar and without great force churned him up and down

on the floor, crying out at the same time to the crowd of people standing around: "Gentlemen, I don't want to hurt him," and then gave him another severe thrust. Baker's back from neck to hips must have been bruised black and blue.

George Dod, a rising and prominent attorney of this bar, and James M. Epler were opposing attorneys in the trial of a case in the County's present Court house. During Mr. Dod's somewhat lengthy argument to the jury, one of the members fell over and died within a few minutes. After the dead juror had been carried away Mr. Dod renewed and concluded his argument. Mr. Epler in his reply argument to the jury assured them, that he would be very brief, inasmuch as Mr. Dod had already talked one of the jurors to death.





## NECROLOGY



## MARY LOUD LLOYD, 1865-1926

BY MRS. R. D. BERRY

Mary Loud Lloyd, who became a member of the State Historical Society February 15, 1919, was born in Virden, Macoupin County, Illinois July 30, 1865 and died at her home in Springfield, Illinois March 11, 1926.

Her father was Samuel Woodbury Loud and her mother, Sarah Tankersley, both natives of Illinois.

Mrs. Lloyd's paternal grandfather was Rufus Woodbury Loud, who came to Illinois at an early age from Maine. Mrs. Lloyd lost her only son in his youth and leaves her husband, John Henry Lloyd, to whom she was married, August 30, 1888, and five grown daughters to carry on her work.

She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the society of the Mayflower Descendants and was a life long member of the Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Lloyd became greatly interested in missions in her youth and the crowning joy of her life was to know that her beloved daughter, Agnes, was safely settled, a missionary in India, a short time before her mother's death.

Mrs. Lloyd's life was an outstanding one of service, faithfulness, loyalty and love. Faithful first of all to her home and loved ones and then extending outside to her church and all kinds of philanthropic work. "Well done" could be said of everything in which she had a part. Our lives will be sweeter and richer because we have known and worked with her for, "she being dead, yet speaketh".

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## HARRY WOODVILLE ROBERTS, 1851-1296

May 9, 1926, Harry Woodville Roberts, who for almost three quarters of a century had been a resident of Chester, passed away. The passing of Mr. Roberts leaves a vacancy



that will never be filled in the business and professional interests of the city.

Harry Roberts, known to his host of friends as "Cap", had been spending the winter in Texas and came back just about the time the bad weather struck this section. He fell ill with the flu, and although for a time he seemed to gain, yet it only remained but a short time until he grew worse and finally on Sunday, May 9th, he passed peacefully away, leaving two devoted sisters.

Harry Roberts was the son of William and Susan Entler Roberts, pioneer residents of Randolph county, who had emigrated from Virginia. All his life with the exception of a few months he had resided in Chester. During those few months he went with the family to St. Louis where he was employed as bookkeeper for the Simmons Hardware Company. But he never liked the city and soon returned to Chester, where he engaged in the abstracting business with R. J. Harmer, continuing in that line until the death of Mr. Harmer when he retired. The contact with the abstracting business brought Mr. Roberts in touch with a great deal of valuable information about the county, and until the time of his death he was regarded as the best posted man on lands in the county.

He always had a lot of boys about him, and was interested in baseball and for many years he was always in demand as a trainer and instructor for the youth of the town.

Another hobby of Mr. Roberts was the delving into history, and every day he could be found at the court house looking up the history of Randolph county and Southern Illinois. He kept a valuable collection of historical books and also pictures of steamboats. His collection of photos of steamboats is probably the largest in the state. At one time Mr. Roberts told the editor of the Herald-Tribune that he had a picture of practically every steamboat that had ever been on the Mississippi river.

Mr. Roberts served four years as postmaster during the first term of Grover Cleveland as President. Outside of that he never cared to hold public office and contented himself with

living a quiet and unassuming life. He had friends innumerable, all of whom mourn his death.

For the past few years he, together with his sister, Miss Katherine, spent their winters in Southern states and the pleasures of these visits were only enhanced to them by the returning to Chester each spring.

People journeyed many miles to get information about early history of Illinois, especially about Kaskaskia and Randolph county did Mr. Roberts have a great knowledge.

Even to his last days he was thinking of his collection of papers in the court house and feared that they might be destroyed by someone to whom they might seem worthless.

The last historical work of Mr. Roberts was published in a recent issue of the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, Vol. 18, No. 3, Oct. 1925. It was entitled "A Voice From the Past." Mr. Roberts found the letter of Jean Girault among the French papers at the Circuit Clerk's office dated May 8, 1786, a lapse of 139 years. After several months of research work Mr. Roberts succeeded in translating the letter and verifying the names and dates. The letter written on a doubled sheet 10x7 1-2 inches and the writing covers almost three pages. The paper was hand made and water-marked. Mr. Roberts thought it a remarkable specimen inasmuch as the wording was legible after the long lapse of time.

The ruthless hand of time has gathered a friend of mankind, and one of whom no one could speak a harmful word. Roberts was a likeable fellow, and although he seemed to keep apart to himself during his long hours with his books and historical matter, yet there was something about him that was interesting and made those who knew him love him.

Funeral services were held at the family residence Wednesday afternoon, May 12, conducted by Rev. Frederick T. Roberts of the Presbyterian church. The interment was in Evergreen cemetery. Pall bearers were old friends, Sig. Aszman, Isaac Beare, D. H. Holman, Jos. Morrison, Charles Thies and J. Fred Gilster.

Surviving Mr. Roberts are two sisters, Misses Eugenia and Katherine, who were his constant companions and who with a host of friends mourn his death.

Mr. Roberts was an enthusiastic member of the Illinois State Historical Society and contributed many interesting articles to the publications of the society.

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### THOMAS RINAKER, 1857-1926

BY FRANK W. BURTON

Thomas Rinaker was born in Carlinville, Macoupin County, Illinois, on August 15, 1857. His father Gen. John I. Rinaker was an old citizen of this community whose name has long been prominent in the history of our nation, state and county. His mother, Clarissa Keplinger, was a member of a family of old settlers of Morgan County, the members of which have left their impress upon the several localities in which they have lived. Martin Luther Keplinger, a brother of Mrs. Rinaker, is now a citizen of Carlinville and is one of its oldest and most highly respected citizens.

Thomas Rinaker was the eldest of a family of four boys. His brothers who now survive him are Samuel Rinaker, Beatrice, Nebraska; John I. Rinaker, formerly of Springfield, Illinois, now of Los Angeles, California; and Judge Lewis Rinaker, now a prominent farmer residing near Modesto in this county, formerly a member of the General Assembly and County Judge of Cook County.

Thomas Rinaker was married to Miss Fanny E. Kelly, of Kankakee, Illinois, October 13, 1880, a member of one of the old and respected families of Kankakee County, Illinois, who, together with the following named four children, born of this union, survive him. Clarissa Rinaker, Assistant Professor in English in the University of Illinois; Mrs. Harriet Howe, Washington D. C.; Mr. Thomas Kelly Rinaker, Carlinville, Illinois, who was associated with his father in the practice of law at the time of his father's death; and Mrs. Janet Ten-Broeck, Peking, China.

Early in life he became prominent in the political and business affairs of his home county and state. In politics he was a Republican but big enough to recognize a friend across the dividing line of partisanship. He served two terms as a member of the Board of Aldermen of the City of Carlinville. He was elected to the House of Representatives of the Illinois General Assembly in 1900, and re-elected in 1902. He was a member of the Illinois Constitutional Convention of 1920; also a member of the Illinois Centennial Building Commission. In 1905 he was appointed receiver of the Enterprise National Bank of Alleghany, Pennsylvania, and the affairs of that bank were closed under his receivership. He was one of the promoters and prime movers in the establishment of the Carlinville Loan & Building Association and was identified with that institution at the time of his death. This institution has developed into one of the prosperous and substantial institutions of this locality. He was a stockholder of the Carlinville National Bank at its organization. His father was one of the first Directors of this bank and at his death Thomas Rinaker succeeded him as a Director, and was a Director at the time of his death. His son Thomas Kelly Rinaker has been elected as the successor of his father Thomas Rinaker in that institution.

On June 7, 1892, he was elected a Trustee of Blackburn University and was a Trustee of that institution at the time of his death. For a long number of years he was Secretary of the Board. He graduated from Blackburn University, now known as Blackburn College, in 1874. He attended Brown's Business College and was a graduate of the University of Michigan Law School. He was active also in Fraternal Associations. He was a member of the following lodges. Masonic, Knights of Pythias, Moose, Modern Woodmen of America. He has held a high position and been active in each one of these organizations. Mr. Rinaker was a member of the Illinois State Historical Society and much interested in the work of the organization. He was active in every enterprise he undertook or with which he was associated.



No citizen of Carlinville was more active in as many varied and different enterprises which tended to the development of the city and community.

On June 18, 1926, he attended a joint meeting of the Macoupin County and Madison County Bar Associations at the Country Club in Carlinville and while apparently in the enjoyment of vigorous and mature manhood, and while a participant and adding to the enjoyment of all present upon that occasion, he was suddenly stricken and within a few minutes died. His death occurred within a few blocks of the place of his birth. No citizen of this city has left us who has been more greatly missed and whose departure more sincerely regretted.

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### SHERMAN W. SEARLE, 1863-1926

BY FRANK E. BRANDT

*Managing Editor of the Rock Island Daily Argus*

When the announcement was made that Sherman W. Searle, assistant director of the department of public welfare of Illinois, and veteran newspaper man of the tri-cities, had passed away on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 20, 1926, in St. Luke's hospital, Davenport, Iowa, many hearts were saddened.

Mr. Searle died as he had wished to die, "in harness". Stricken one week before the end came, while in his office at Springfield, with pneumonia, and rushed by train on the following day to his home in Rock Island, it was found necessary to provide hospital treatment. He was taken across the Mississippi to Davenport where every medical facility was employed in the endeavor to effect a cure. It soon became evident that his case was beyond human power to heal, and when the end came, just as a summer's day was near its close, it was not unexpected.

His many friends, located in various sections of the state he served so faithfully, will be glad to know that he was spared the dread of a lingering illness in a condition of incapacitation. At the time of his passing he was the assistant director of the

state department of public welfare, of which the parole and pardon board is a unit. He had served Illinois in an active capacity since 1917, beginning his public duties as assistant superintendent of the division of paroles and pardons, being appointed to this post by Governor Frank O. Lowden, then the state's chief executive. In this position of trust and responsibility he remained for nearly four years. Early in the administration of Governor Len Small he was made assistant director of the department of public welfare, a department charged with the administration of all penal and charitable institutions, such administration including the provision of humane and scientific treatment and care of unfortunates, the education so far as is possible of such dependents, and the study of the causes of dependency and delinquency, as well as mental, moral and physical defects, with a view to their cure and ultimate prevention.

In this environment, Mr. Searle was peculiarly fitted, both by nature and by his previous experience in the newspaper field, to render a very high form of service. His newspaper work stood him in good stead in one line of endeavor in this department, namely, the publication of the magazine "Welfare". This monthly periodical was instituted by Mr. Searle, and he was its editor from its inception, contributing many articles which were widely quoted by newspapers and magazines throughout the country. During this period he was an active member also of the Illinois Welfare Conference, an organization whose work is in harmony with that of the welfare department of the state. The conference honored itself as well as Mr. Searle, when he was elected president of the organization at its meeting in Moline, Rock Island county, on Nov. 25, 1924.

"Service" was the keynote of Mr. Searle's career as school teacher, attorney, newspaper man, and state official.

He was born at Osborn, Ill., Dec. 29, 1863, the son of James and Elizabeth Ann Clark Searle, who had come to Zuma township, in Rock Island county in 1837 from Lancaster county, Ohio. As a boy the subject of this sketch attended the rural school of Zuma township, and later took a teacher's normal course in a school located at Geneseo, Ill. On its com-

pletion he taught in several country schools and was highly thought of in his capacity of instructor.

It was his ambition to become a lawyer, so his next step, taken in the "eighties", was to enter the law school of the Iowa state university, from which institution he was graduated in 1889, and at once formed a partnership with Charles J. Searle of Rock Island, a relative, who is at present the judge of the Rock Island county circuit court. Mr. Searle fully expected to continue the practice of law, but an opportunity presented itself in the newspaper field which he could not ignore, and in 1894 he terminated his active legal career and joined the business staff of the Davenport (Ia.) Leader, later becoming attached to the business staff of the Davenport Democrat. When he left this newspaper in 1908 he was its advertising manager.

In that year he returned to Rock Island to accept the post of president and general manager of the Rock Island Daily Union, a newspaper which was purchased by the Rock Island Argus in 1920. Always a staunch Republican in party affiliation Mr. Searle was able to perform notable service to the political cause he had espoused after taking over the management of the Union. This service received recognition in 1917 when Governor Lowden appointed him assistant superintendent of the division of pardons and paroles. His state work increased to such an extent that in 1918 Mr. Searle found it necessary to relinquish his management of the Union. He disposed of this interest, although remaining for a time as secretary of the corporation, thus ending twenty-four years of newspaper work in the publication of newspapers in Davenport and Rock Island, having been with the Democrat and Leader 14 years, and with the Union 10 years.

It was during his residence in Davenport that Mr. Searle began to take special interest in the rich historical legacy which is the possession of the tri-cities. His research work produced many sidelights on the happenings of former days in Davenport and Scott county, and when he returned to Rock Island he continued to apply his energies in this direction, delving into the past and greatly enriching the local archives. He became

a member of the Rock Island county historical society, and in 1916, when he was president of that organization, he took a leading part of the planning and conducting of a celebration commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the erection of Fort Armstrong on the Island of Rock Island on the Mississippi river, which for many years has been a government domain, the site of the famous Rock Island arsenal. Mr. Searle was also a member of the Illinois State Historical Society and contributed to its publications.

It is understood that when Congressman Wm. J. Graham of Aledo, retired a few years ago to accept a federal judgeship in Washington, he favored Mr. Searle as his successor, but Mr. Searle declined to become a candidate, affirming that he believed he could accomplish more good for a greater number of people in state welfare work. Later still, when Will Colvin resigned as superintendent of the division of pardons and paroles, this post was offered Mr. Searle. The state of his health rendered acceptance inadvisable, although he filled Mr. Colvin's post temporarily, pending the appointment of the present incumbent.

There is no question but that only the condition of Mr. Searle's health stood in the way of his advancement to positions of the highest honor and responsibility in his native state.

The subject of our sketch was married in Iowa City, Ia., in 1891, to Blanche Ewing, daughter of the late George Ewing, an attorney, this union being the result of a school romance, both having been students at the Iowa state university. Mrs. Searle survives the death of her beloved husband, as does their only child, a daughter, Mrs. Ella Anderson of Lamoni, Ia. A grandson also survives, as well as two sisters of Mr. Searle, Mrs. Clarissa Hubbard of Rock Island, and Miss Mary Searle of Ames, Ia. There is also a brother, Clarke Searle, of Ames.

Mr. Searle was a communicant of Trinity Episcopal church, Rock Island, and it was in this edifice that the burial office of the communion, to which he was attached, was read on the morning of Friday, July 23, 1926, by the Rev. Giles Sharpley, chaplain of St. Katherine's School, Davenport. Among the state officials, and others who were in attendance



were the following: Judge Chauncey H. Jenkins, director of the department of public welfare; Will Colvin, assistant commerce commissioner; Col. Frank D. Whipp, supt. of the school for boys, St. Charles; Ralph T. Hinton, supt. of the Elgin state hospital; Ira M. Lish, supt. of the Pontiac reformatory; Elmer Green, warden of the state penitentiary, Joliet; C. A. Perdun, president of the civil service commission; A. L. Bowen, former supt. of charities, now an editorial writer for the Illinois State Journal; J. H. Ellingsworth, supt. of the Alton state hospital; Robert Woolston, supt. of the Jacksonville School for the Blind; Thomas Devenish, supt. of the Industrial Home for the Blind, Chicago; Dr. Ryan, chaplain of the Pontiac reformatory; the Rev. Mr. Obenchain, attache of the state welfare department; C. A. McCall, member of the division of pardons and paroles, Morrison; Dr. Wm. A. Stoker, supt. of the Kankakee Hospital for the Insane; C. E. Robinson, farm, dairy and garden consultant, and Lawrence Becherer, supt. of purchases and supplies for the Kankakee Hospital; Dr. D. P. Phlippis, psychiatrist of the division of criminology; Ralph Stafford, supt. of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home; Miss Nellie Keeler, clerk of the division of pardons and paroles, and Mrs. Margaret Jones, reporter of the division of pardons and paroles.

The pall bearers at the funeral of Mr. Searle were: Dr. G. G. Craig, John W. Tremann, Morris S. Heagy, Judge Charles J. Searle, John T. Stafford and Robert Rexdale, all of Rock Island.

Expressions of sorrow and regret were very numerous following the announcement of Mr. Searle's passing, and many tributes were paid to his splendid character and the high quality of the services he had rendered to the state of Illinois.

Chauncey H. Jenkins, director of the state department of public welfare said: "Few people realize the loss to the state that results from the death of Mr. Searle. He was an efficient and able official of the department, and I feel that his death is a personal loss".

Will Colvin, until recently the head of the division of pardons and paroles expressed himself in similar language.

Mayor Walter A. Rosenfield of Rock Island said: "Sherman W. Searle died in the line of duty. The popular idea that a political position is simply one to draw money from the state or nation is disproven in his case. His place in the state government was probably one of the hardest in the system. So diligently and enthusiastically did he perform his duties that his health broke, and his vitality was not strong enough to come back. The state has lost an earnest, conscientious man".

It might well be noted here that Mr. Searle, for several weeks before his death had been doing double duty, particularly since the resignation of Mr. Colvin. The stress of this, together with his work as assistant director, and as editor of the *Welfare* magazine, greatly reduced his vitality, and when taken with pneumonia his constitution could not stand the added strain. It has been said of Mr. Searle that when he was associated with the division of pardons and paroles his aptitude for the work of this department was evidenced in many ways, but in a notable instance by his development of the system of writing opinions of all cases that came before the division. This plan is still in operation in this department of the state service.

The *Rock Island Daily Argus* in its issue of July 21, 1926, said editorially (in part): "The state of Illinois has lost a faithful and conscientious public official in the death of Sherman W. Searle of Rock Island, assistant director of the department of public welfare. Mr. Searle was a hard working servant of the state and performed his duties with entire fidelity, displaying a high degree of ability. An able writer, his newspaper work was of a notable character. He gave evidence of a solid mental endowment. It can be truly said of him that he was single-hearted in the performance of his duties in the important departments of pardons and paroles and public welfare, his work having to do with the management of penal and charitable institutions. He will be greatly missed by all who have been associated with him in these activities".

A. L. Bowen, editorial writer, attached to the *Illinois State Journal*, former superintendent of charities under the

Illinois Department of Public Welfare, contributed an appreciation of the character and public services of Mr. Searle, his friend of long standing, to the *Welfare* magazine of August, 1926. He concluded his estimate as follows: "For twenty-five years I have known the men who have filled the offices of trust and honor in Illinois' capital. Among them have been many sincere and devoted men who have given to their tasks full value for their compensation and more too. But I recall none, possessing the singleness of heart that animated Sherman W. Searle in his attitude toward his public service. No man could give more to his private affairs than Mr. Searle gave to his office in the Illinois State Department of Public Welfare.

"I conceive no tribute of greater value, or more beauty, than this. Had he been spared he would have taken rank with the best of American thinkers and writers on the humanities, and would have become an authority on the problems of eleemosynary institutions, and the administration of laws affecting the field of social welfare. His death is a loss that mankind suffers."

In his home city of Rock Island no citizen enjoyed a higher degree of respect or called forth more personal affection than Mr. Searle. Our paths seldom crossed, and it was not my privilege to know him intimately. We were fellow worshippers at Trinity Episcopal church, Rock Island, and I recall his regularity in attending services whenever his duties would permit. And it is within my knowledge how highly he was esteemed. Many have spoken to me of the ability he displayed as a newspaper man. His former associates here have often referred to his many splendid personal qualities.

I presume that Mr. Searle would, with his usual modesty, deem himself unworthy to have the following verses which I find in an old scrap book applied to him. The poem has attached to it the initials "E. A. A." which give me no hint of the author's identity. As I read it, it seems to me that it may fairly be quoted in connection with the sketch of the life story of Sherman W. Searle.

"They say that he is dead . . . .  
And silently the people throng  
To look once more upon the face  
Of him, of whom it has been said,  
All people loved, it mattered not what  
    creed was theirs,  
What language or what clime.  
He spoke the common speech of all,  
But, like a low sweet chime  
A note of love ran through it  
That made it near divine.  
And all men understood  
And knew that he had lived  
So close to Him, his Master and his God,  
His face had caught the radiance  
While yet this earth he trod.  
The friend of all, to him  
The rich and poor, the high and low,  
The young and old, they came  
Bringing their joys and sorrows,  
Their burdens of sin and shame.  
He was the Master's servant  
And helped them in His name.  
He is not dead.  
Such men can never die.  
Weary he was,  
And so God gently touched him,  
And he slept."

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### ISAAC S. BLACKWELDER, 1840-1926

Isaac S. Blackwelder passed away Aug. 14, 1926, at his home on the Stanford campus. He was born on a farm near Litchfield, Ill., in 1840, at a time when that part of the country was still in the pioneer stage. By the death of his parents he was left as the head of the family while still in his 'teens, but by hard work he managed to get a schooling that was adequate



for the times. At the age of 21 he was elected county clerk. After his term he entered the fire insurance business. He was sent to Chicago at the time of the great fire of 1871, and at the time of his death he was the last survivor of the group of adjusters who settled the losses of that disaster.

For 28 years he was western manager of the Niagara Fire Insurance Co. at Chicago and was also president of the Insurance Union. He was one of the oldest living members of the Union League Club of Chicago, which he served at one time as vice president. In 1922 he retired from business in Chicago, and, with his wife, came to live near his son at Stanford University.

During his 86 years of life, Mr. Blackwelder saw vast changes in the United States. He recalled the soldiers leaving for the Mexican war and neighbors starting for California in '49. He saw the plains of Kansas black with herds of buffalo. He visited Denver when it was a frontier village without a railroad or a telegraph.

He is survived by his widow and two sons—Paul Blackwelder of St. Louis, Mo., and Eliot Blackwelder of the faculty of Stanford University. Mr. Blackwelder was an interesting and prominent member of the Illinois State Historical Society, and contributed many historical papers and documents to the society, which were of great value to students of Illinois History.

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#### DR. HOMER MEAD, 1847-1926

Dr. Homer Mead died at his home in Augusta, Monday afternoon, Aug. 30th, 1926, at 4:00 o'clock after several months illness with cancer. Great solicitude has been felt for him, and the news of his death came with no less shock because of the hopelessness of his case.

Dr. Mead came of distinguished revolutionary ancestry. His grandfather was Baker Ewing of the famous Ohio Ewing family and his grandmother Letitia Warren, a relative of General Warren of Bunker Hill fame. Dr. Mead's father's name was Andrew Jackson Mead, and so greatly did he admire

and love his father, that when his first child came, a little daughter, he bestowed upon her that cherished name. The Doctor's mother's name was Mary Jane Briscoe, also of distinguished ancestry.

Dr. Mead was born at Huntsville, Illinois, January 16, 1847, where his father had a large medical practice. In spite of the fact that he had only the meager school opportunities that a village school could afford, still he must have had exceptional teachers and a cultured home influence, for he early stored his mind with the best in literature, both prose and verse, and was a great student of history, deducting from his analysis of past events his unerring judgments of present day conditions political and social.

His youthful years were fed on the literary recitals of the great movements of history, the progress of civilization through occupation and conquest, and when the Civil War sounded its alarm that this land of the free and the home of the brave might perish from the earth, he felt the call of patriotic duty. Under age for military service, he stole away from home and through the good offices of a cousin he enlisted in the 8th Iowa Cavalry, just as that famous regiment was entraining for the scene of action in the south.

From the 30th of September, 1863 to the close of the war, Dr. Mead saw the most concentrated service. He must have exhibited unusually good judgment and fearlessness, for he was used continually as a courier, and on vedette duty where courage, resourcefulness, a clear brain and keen judgment are most needed.

He came out of the war an ardent republican and if possible a more enthusiastic American citizen.

Returning from the war, he took up the study of medicine, graduating from the Keokuk Medical College in 1867. During the early eighties he was employed as special examiner in the pension claims department in Washington under the Grover Cleveland administration, and later became a special field worker for this department.

In 1887 he returned to Huntsville and took up the practice of medicine, which he conducted with great success. A

great happiness came into his life when he met the beautiful Mary Ward, whom he married October 3, 1889. He had her take the course in medicine at Keokuk, where she graduated, and they continued to practice together until they moved to Augusta, when he retired from active practice, but she has continued with success.

To this happy union were born three children, two daughters, Andrew Jackson (Mrs. H. G. Austin, of Boston), and Clara Briscoe (Mrs. Mathew B. Tweedell, who died in 1918), and a son Hughes Barrow Mead, better known as "Judge", who has been the faithful friend and assistant to his father and mother.

As a member of the Christian church he was faithful and generous.

Dr. Mead was always an ardent G. A. R. member and held national and state offices in that organization. He was a keen but kindly politician, never seeking office himself, but in honor preferring others. He was loyally generous to the comrades of his own locality which accounts for the fact that so many of the veterans have been staff officers and held other positions at annual encampments.

Dr. Mead sensed the value of leaving to posterity the authentic records of the experiences of private soldiers and to that end he prepared and had published his own memoirs and experience in the 8th Iowa Cavalry. The pamphlet met with such approval and popularity, that the edition was soon exhausted. Recently he had been occupied in preparing a second edition which has been completed and is now on the press. He was able to see and pass upon the first folios of this work, but has had to leave its completion to friendly, loyal hands.

Dr. Mead exhibited his last illness with the comforting optimism of one who did not wish to distress those around him with the knowledge of his sure decline, but he talked to friends of current events, and to comrades of the stirring days of battle. But at last for him came the command, "Ground Arms," and like the good soldier he was, he made no complaint but dropped asleep for the refreshment of his soul and body until the Trumpeter should call him to action again.

The funeral was held at the residence Thursday afternoon Sept. 2nd and the body was laid to rest in beautiful Woodlawn cemetery, Augusta, with military honors.

Doctor Mead was an early member of the Illinois State Historical Society and a contributor to its publications.

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### HENRY HERRICK COLBY, 1845-1926

BY LYDIA E. COLBY

Henry Herrick Colby died at his home on Rock Creek, near Tallula, Illinois at eleven P. M. December 22, 1926, following an apoplectic stroke. He had been in failing health for more than a year, but for a few days before the stroke, which came twenty four hours before his death, he had been feeling better and hearing better than usual. He was born in Menard County, Illinois, April 15, 1845, the fourth child of Jonathan and Lydia Ingalls Colby. His name Henry dates back to an ancestor, Henry Ingalls, one of the founders of Andover, Massachusetts, who bought his land from the Indians, paying for it in clothing and trinkets. Henry Ingalls was a son of Edmund Ingalls one of the two brothers who founded Lynn, Massachusetts. The Herrick name came from the family name of his grandmother, Lydia Herrick Colby.

As a little boy Henry Colby went with his brother William, who was six years older, to watch the men under James Goldsby raise the last mill at New Salem. He had an unusually keen mind for facts and dates, and having seen Menard Co. change from a frontier to one of the staid settled counties, he had much to tell of historical interest. Much of the information recorded by his niece, Lydia Colby, was told by him. He had been a member of the Illinois State Historical Society for years and was an interested reader of the *Journal*.

On September 9, 1869, he was married to Mary Ellen Bone, daughter of Robert and Nancy McCoy Bone of Rock Creek. They made their home on a farm on Rock Creek, just west of the church. When the new church was built in 1892, Henry Colby, having learned to lay stone on his own buildings, with



the help of J. Q. Primm laid the stone foundation of the new church using the stones of the old. Mr. Colby also laid several stone culverts for the highways of the county, pleased that he had conquered the making of an arch.

Into the home on Rock Creek were born to Henry and Mary Colby three children, Arthur D., Nellie, and an infant that lived but a short time. Grieved at the loss of her last child, Mrs. Colby turned to those that needed a home and mother's care. She took into her home four orphans, two of whom died in infancy. The little neighbor girl taken was Ruby Sugg who always kept her own father's name. The boy Robert, carried the name Colby and lived to make a home for his benefactor in the last years of his life. Ruby cared for Mrs. Colby through her last long illness until she went home in 1915. She kept the home until Robert's marriage when she took a nurse's training at the Springfield Hospital. She nursed Mr. Colby through pneumonia in 1923 and was his nurse the last day he lived. Gratitude is rare in these days of flux and change. It is refreshing when we see it as in this case.

Arthur D. Colby married Laura Belle Bates. They had four children: Henry B. who is married and has two children; Hugh Irving who died in childhood; Mary Irene and Deane Bone who are at home with their mother. Arthur D. Colby died of pneumonia in 1912.

Nellie Colby married John T. Cherry. They have four children Colby L., Mary Ruth, Robert Paul, and Ellen Bone, all at home with their parents in Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

For many years, until he became too deaf to hear ordinary conversation, Mr. Colby was a teacher of the Men's Class in the Sunday School of the Rock Creek Church. He attended church services long after he ceased hearing the sermon. His wife was a teacher in the Primary department of the same Sunday School for fifty years. In fact she started the department as an "infant's class" in her girlhood when it was something very new in religious education. Rock Creek picnics, when Mrs. Colby hired a merry-go-round for her half hundred little folk and furnished ice cream and her brother conducted





CHAS. BENT

an original circus for them, were gala days in the community. When Mrs. Colby became too ill to carry on any longer, her son Arthur took up the Primary Department and carried it on with surprising success until his death in 1912.

The Colby family have no bent for politics though no one of them ever failed to express himself at the polls and their judgment as to the meaning of events was unusually keen. The family did have a real bent for business. It was a game and none of them enjoyed beating the game more than Henry Colby. One of the large land holders of Menard County, he was for years a familiar figure with his team and single buggy, making the rounds of his farms. He tried to go once a month. But as autos came, and his hearing grew too poor to hear them, he depended on his foster son, Robert, taking him in an auto considerably less often. Henry Colby was President of the Tallula State Bank for some time until his hearing made it impossible, when he was made Vice President and still continued to go to bank meetings with C. W. Houghton the new president.

The Peoples Telephone Company of Menard County received considerable of his time in getting organized and he bought liberally of its stock to make it a going concern. It was later absorbed by The Bell Telephone Company.

Henry Colby was uncompromising to the evil doer and to the do-less. He was equally quick to praise honest effort and to stand for the right as he saw it without fear or favor. He was the last of the Jonathan Colby family to go. He had spent his entire life in the County. Though the house where he passed away is a comparatively new one, it stood where he began housekeeping with his bride, fifty seven years ago. As one of the outstanding men of his county, he will be much missed by it as well as by his family and friends.

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### CHARLES BENT, 1844-1926

Charles Bent, pioneer citizen for nearly 71 years of Morrison, died suddenly at noon Thursday, Dec. 16, at his home on Lincolnway West, aged 82 years and 8 days. He had been



gradually failing in health the past year, and during the past few months had several attacks of an illness which confined him to his bed for a number of days each time.

His last struggle with the affliction occurred Sunday, but he rallied again, and was able to dress and be about the house Wednesday morning and again on Thursday. He had attended to a small business matter about 11:30 o'clock, and was resting in his chair when suddenly stricken. His life passed out quickly, and thus one more has passed on from a long life of activity and usefulness in this community.

Funeral services were held from the Presbyterian church at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, with burial in the family lot in Grove Hill cemetery; Rev. O. L. Walter in charge of the service.

Mr. Bent was the son of Alphonso and Elizabeth Bent, and was born in Chicago, Ill., Dec. 8, 1844, at the family residence at 186 Michigan Ave., and at a time when the population of Chicago was less than 9,000 people, and during the year when the first public school building was erected in that city. In his childhood days the shore of Lake Michigan, which fronted the home, was not obstructed by railroads or breakwater, but its waters laved the sandy beach as in the days of the early discoverers.

He attended school in his native city until 11 years of age, and in May 1856, removed with his father's family to Morrison, where he made his home. Here he attended school in what was known as Jacobstown for one winter, and then in the school house one mile east of the present city of Morrison. His school life ended with 1857, when he was 13 years of age, and in June, 1858, he entered the office of the Whiteside Sentinel, which was less than one year old at that time.

Serving a three year apprenticeship, he was later given regular employment, advancing to foreman, and then proprietor, and was virtually connected with the office for 61 years, retiring in 1919, when he leased the business to two of his sons. In April, 1864, when less than 20 years of age, he enlisted as a private in Company B, 140th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and was appointed 3rd sergeant of his company. The

regiment was mustered in at Camp Butler, near Springfield, the enlistment being for 100 days. He was mustered out at the conclusion of his service, Oct. 29, 1864, and re-enlisted Feb. 2, 1865, in the 147th Illinois Volunteers, which was attached to the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, Army of the Cumberland, and was honorably discharged at Savannah, Ga., Jan. 20, 1866, after serving respectively as sergeant, 1st sergeant and 2nd Lieutenant. After the close of the war he was assistant provost marshal at Fort Pulaski, Ga., where he was responsible for the safety of several million dollars worth of government property.

Upon returning home from the service he resumed his position in the Sentinel office, serving as foreman until July 1, 1867, when, in company with his brother-in-law, Maurice Savage, he purchased the office and business from its original founder and proprietor, Alfred McFadden. The partnership continued until May, 1870, when Mr. Bent purchased his partner's interest and published the paper alone until Feb. 1877, when he sold the office to Robert W. Welch, and at once commenced collecting the material for a history of Whiteside county, which is considered authority in matters pertaining to the county's history, and which enters into detail concerning the early development of the county, as well as its growth and progress. The history was published in 1878.

Mr. Bent purchased the Sentinel again in March, 1879, and was then its sole proprietor until 1918, when he entered into partnership with his son, Harry A. Bent, dissolving the firm a year later, when he leased the business to his sons, Charles Jr., and Harry A. The paper is the oldest in the county under one continuous name, and is Republican in politics. In 1887, Mr. Bent erected the present office building, which is used for the business, and which has all the modern improvements.

On the 15th of August, 1870, Mr. Bent was united in marriage with Decima Manington, who, with five children survive him, namely: Paul A., Charles Jr., Harry A. and George M. of this city, and Mrs. F. A. Sapp of Ottawa, Ill. One daughter, Elizabeth, wife of the late R. C. Sattley of Wheaton, Ill., died April 22, 1902. He is also survived by nine grand-

children and two great-grandchildren, and several nephews and nieces. Mr. Bent is the last survivor of his family, his brother George and sister Janet having preceded him in death a number of years ago. His twin sister Isabella died in infancy, and his sisters Ellen and Arabella and brother James passed away in early childhood.

In civil life Mr. Bent was duly honored by his fellow men. He was assistant assessor of internal revenue in the 3rd district of Illinois from Dec. 1870, until the office was abolished in 1873. He was alderman of Morrison in 1870-72, and again in 1875-77. He was a member of the board of education from 1877 to 1884, and from 1887 to 1896. In November, 1878, he was elected as a Republican to the state Senate from the 11th district, comprising the counties of Whiteside and Carroll, for the term of four years. In April, 1883, he was appointed by Governor Hamilton as a member of the state board of canal commissioners for the term of two years, and was president of the board during that time.

In Feb. 1889, he was appointed by Governor Fifer as a commissioner of the Illinois penitentiary at Joliet, and held the position until Jan. 1893, when he resigned upon the election of a Democratic governor. In June, 1906, he was appointed by President Roosevelt to the position of United States Pension Agent at Chicago, for four years, and was re-appointed by President Taft, holding the position until the office was abolished.

He also served as a member of the state Republican committee. In whatever position he held and in all his public and private acts he always endeavored to be faithful to the trust reposed in him, and to conscientiously discharge every duty for the best interest of the public.

Fraternally Mr. Bent was a member of Dunlap lodge No. 321, A. F. & A. M., Fulton Chapter No. 108, R. A. M., Sterling Commandery, Knights Templar; Grove lodge No. 257, I. O. O. F.; Bethel encampment No. 50, I. O. O. F.; Alpheus Clark Post No. 118, Grand Army of the Republic; Illinois commandery of Loyal Legion; Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and of the Illinois State Historical Society. He had







MRS. A. W. SALE

held offices in all or most of these organizations, and had represented them in state and national conventions.

However, it was as an editor that he was best known. He always endeavored to conduct his paper on a high plane, and gave aid and encouragement to whatever was of benefit to the city and county, which was his home for so many years. He had seen every home and business place erected in Morrison, knew every person here in his active days, had observed great developments of modern times, the advancement of commercial and social activities, and in his happy, contented and well-spent life was ready for the final summons when it was received.

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### NANCY JANE LEAVERTON SALE, 1850-1926

Nancy Jane Leaverton Sale, daughter of John A. Leaverton and Mary E. Smith, was born April 6, 1850, in Greenville, Bond county, Illinois, and passed away in Springfield, Illinois, Thursday, December 30, 1926. She was married to Anthony Wayne Sale, Nov. 9, 1876. On November 9, 1926, they celebrated in a quiet way their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Sale came of distinguished ancestry. Her revolutionary ancestor, Edward Smith, an Englishman, was drafted into military service about the year 1774 and sent to America, as a lieutenant in Colonel Tarleton's light horse cavalry in the British army, serving about two years. At the Battle of the Cowpens he became so disgusted with the treatment accorded the prisoners taken by the British, that he left the British army and joined the Revolutionary forces, serving under Lafayette as a lieutenant. At the close of the war he went into Virginia, and there married Nancy Black. After living here a while they decided to go to Mercer county, Kentucky, where they remained till the year of 1803, then moved to a farm near Corydon, Indiana. Here General William Henry Harrison was a frequent visitor, and here, one beautiful summer morning, he, with other friends, heard Jennie, the daughter of Edward Smith, sing the song, "Old Corydon". As the echoes of

the song died away, General Harrison said: "It is my intention to found a town in this vicinity, but I have as yet decided upon no name for it. Who can suggest one?" "Oh, General!" answered the singer "name it after your favorite song, "Old Corydon." "I shall do so," responded the General, and he kept his promise.

Mr. and Mrs. Sale often drove to Corydon on some of their summer outings, and it was always a source of pleasure and historic interest.

Mrs. Sale was a great lover of nature. She loved the woods, the trees, the flowers and streams, and spent many hours out of doors taking kodak views of historic places in and about Sangamon county. One of her latest contributions to State history was an article in the *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, Vol. 18, No. 4, January, 1926, on "The Old Mills of Sangamon County".

Mrs. Sale was a member of the Springfield Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and served for several terms as Registrar of the Chapter. She assisted many persons desirous of being identified with patriotic organizations, and had her health permitted, would have become a fine genealogist. She spent many hours in the Illinois State Historical Library compiling material on family history for friends and enquirers along their respective lines. She was an active member of the Illinois State Historical Society, and gave of her time and strength to its activities. She will be greatly missed.

Funeral services in charge of Rev. H. W. McPherson, of the Methodist Episcopal church, were conducted from the home on Saturday, January 1, 1927. Interment was in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois.

## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS OF THE ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY AND SOCIETY.

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- No. 2. \*Information relating to the Territorial Laws of Illinois passed from 1809 to 1812. Prepared by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 15 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1899.
- No. 3. \*The Territorial Records of Illinois. Edited by Edmund J. James, Ph. D. 170 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1901.
- No. 4. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the year 1900. Edited by E. B. Greene, Ph. D. 55 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.
- No. 5. \*Alphabetical Catalog of the Books, Manuscripts, Pictures and Curios of the Illinois State Historical Library. Authors, Titles and Subjects. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber. 363 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1900.
- Nos. 6-33. \*Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the years 1901-1926. (Nos. 6-26 out of print.)
- \*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. I. Edited by H. W. Beckwith, President of the Board of Trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library. 642 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1903.
- \*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. II. Virginia Series, Vol. I. The Cahokia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. CLVI and 663 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1907.
- \*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. III. Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858. Lincoln Series, Vol. I. Edited by Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph.D. 627 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1908.
- \*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IV. Executive Series, Vol. I. The Governors' Letter Books, 1818-1834. Edited by Evarts Boutell Greene and Clarence Walworth Alvord. XXXII and 317 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.
- \*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V. Virginia Series, Vol. II. Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790. Edited by Clarence Walworth Alvord. L and 621 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1909.
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- \*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VIII. Virginia Series, Vol. III. George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781. Edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James. CLXVII and 715 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1912.

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\* Out of print.



\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. IX. Bibliographical Series, Vol. II. Travel and Description, 1765-1865. By Solon Justus Buck. 514 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1914.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. X. British Series, Vol. I. The Critical Period, 1763-1765. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. LVII and 597 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XI. British Series, Vol. II. The New Regime, 1765-1767. Edited with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord and Clarence Edwin Carter. XXVIII and 700 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1916.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XII. Bibliographical Series, Vol. III. The County Archives of the State of Illinois. By Theodore Calvin Pease. CXLI and 730 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1915.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIII. Constitutional Series, Vol. I. Illinois Constitutions. Edited by Emil Joseph Verlie. 231 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XIV. Constitutional Series, Vol. II. The Constitutional Debates of 1847. Edited with introduction and notes by Arthur Charles Cole. XV and 1018 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1919.

\*Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XV. Biographical Series, Vol. I. Governor Edward Coles by Elihu B. Washburne. Reprint with introduction and notes by Clarence Walworth Alvord. 435 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1920.

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Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. XVIII. Statistical Series, Vol. I. Illinois Election Returns, 1818-1848. Edited with introduction and notes by Theodore Calvin Pease. LXVIII and 598 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1923.

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\*Bulletin of the Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1. September, 1905. Illinois in the Eighteenth Century. By Clarence Walworth Alvord, 38 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

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\*Circular Illinois State Historical Library, Vol. I, No. 1, November, 1905. An Outline for the Study of Illinois State History. Compiled by Jessie Palmer Weber and Georgia L. Osborne. 94 pp. 8 vo. Springfield, 1905.

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\*Publication No. 25. List of Genealogical Works in the Illinois State Historical Library. Supplement to Publication No. 18. Compiled by Georgia L. Osborne. 8 vo. Springfield, 1918.

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